THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 12, 1915 5c. THE COPY

In This Number: Former Governor George H. Hodges
Peter B. Kyne—Edwin Lefèvre—Mary Roberts Rinehart
Will Payne—Constance Skinner—Edward Mott Woolley

Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men, and Men Who *Stay* Young

A Summer Feature

"Just a Handful of Coat"

Note the *warm-weather* advantage in six Society Brand suit models this season. See how we've made the *coats* and *vests* of these suits. They are so soft and pliable that they form "just a handful" when rolled up in a ball.

If you're going to be *cool* as well as stylish this summer you must wear one of these models. They are Society Brand innovations—the six best designs for summer this house has ever turned out.

Called "Nothing" Suits

These six models are known as "Nothing" or "Lounge" Suits because of their perfect comfort. The coats, particularly in the light-weight fabrics, are so light and pliable that there is not the slightest incumbrance felt in wearing them.

They are made with no padding whatever—no stiffening or haircloth. They are simply light-weight cloth with a shoulder yoke. The yoke prevents "binding" in any position, makes them set well, and permits easy slipping on and off.

Men for years have wanted coats like these for summer. They are the first, to our knowledge, that combine smart *individual* style with *real summer comfort*.

Not a Fad—Not Extreme in Any Way

These clothes are not freakish. They are "different" only in *comfort;* and in the distinctive, but conservative style that characterizes Society Brand Clothes.

When worn open the coat lapels roll back, giving that natty "kink effect in the collar."

These "Nothing" or "Lounge" Suits are not merely for outing, but for any informal occasion or daily business wear.

They are just as *correct* as any lined suit; and for men of any age.

THE MILBANKE

The Milbanke is a "Nothing" or "Lounge" Suit—one of the smartest of the six models of this class. The Coat has a soft roll lapel, hook vent, slanting patch pockets and rope-sleeve shoulders. The Vest has five buttons, a soft roll lapel and is skeleton lined like the coat. Trousers are made narrow, with cuff bottoms.

* * * *

A Society Brand Design

Each of these models is a "Society Brand" design—a design by Mr. A. G. Peine, the young man's style authority. Mr. Peine—now a member of this firm—for ten years designed the clothes of New York's most particular dressers. No man better knows how to cut style into clothes.

And he works here with *master-tailors*, in sun-lighted rooms, and with every other *facility* for good clothes-making that a man can gather 'round him.

The result is stylish clothes that wear well and *stay* stylish because they hold their shape.

Just a REQUEST Brings the Style Book

A beautiful style book picturing these models—with the San Francisco Fair buildings as backgrounds—will be sent free on request.

When you send for it we'll send also the name of the merchant in your town who handles Society Brand Clothes and can show you a genuine Society Brand "Nothing" model.

Only one merchant in any town can get these clothes. They are made too slowly and carefully to permit of wide distribution. But you can get one of these models if you go direct to that store, within the next few days.

These "Nothing" or "Lounge" Suits are too *comfortably* stylish to let any clothes dealer swerve you from wearing one this summer. The surest and quickest way to secure one is to get the authorized Society Brand merchant's address, so mail a postcard for it now.

Milbanke Waist Seam

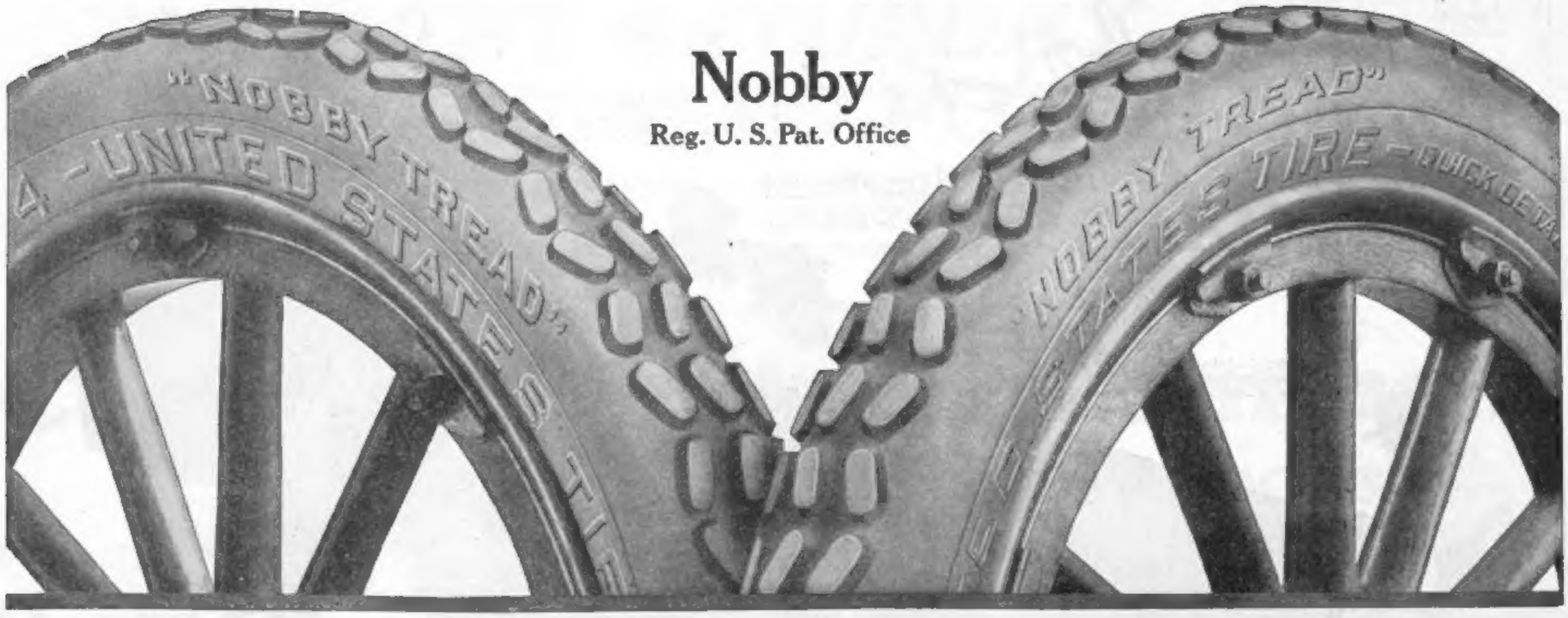
Note the skeleton-lined Tattersall vest with special waist seam, enlarged armholes and free-play shoulder.

Society Brand prices range from $20 up—dress clothes from $35 up. No garment is a genuine Society Brand "Nothing" Model unless the inside pocket bears the label, "Society Brand Clothes."

Made in Chicago by

ALFRED DECKER & COHN

Made in Montreal for Canada by
Society Brand Clothes, Limited



Nobby
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Lowest Final-Cost-Per-Mile

Actual tire expense depends on one thing and just one thing—viz: the final-cost-per-mile.

"Nobby Tread" Tires deliver more miles for less money than other tires.

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are adjusted upon the basis of

5,000 Miles

—but the great majority of "Nobby Tread" users secure vastly more than 5,000 miles, using proper inflation.

"Nobby Tread" Tires are today by far the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world.

"Nobby Tread" Tires are sold by Leading Reliable Dealers. Do not accept substitutes.

United States Tires

Made by Largest Rubber Company in the World
(Employing 55,484 Men)

Studebaker

SIX $1385

See how wide and easy-opening the doors are—hinges and catches cunningly hidden
And sit on the deep and restful cushions—glove-soft leather of highest quality
Note the room in the driver's seat—room for the tallest man to sit in COMFORT
Every detail of the motor simple and readily ACCESSIBLE
And then feel the satiny finish that's put on to stay BRIGHT with 20 finishing operations
And study that famous Studebaker FULL-floating Rear Axle with its extra strong pressed steel housing

Look for Quality EVERYwhere —not just in "spots"

You can find many cars that excel in this or that detail of construction. One will talk POWER steadily—because it has paid most attention to power—developed that one quality more highly than others. Another, perhaps, will talk of its light weight—because its engineers have devoted especial attention to doing away with useless weight. Others will tell you of this or that BIG excellence. But Studebaker emphasizes no ONE excellence in this Studebaker SIX to the exclusion of all others. For the simple reason that Studebaker has built this Six to be 100 per cent. quality from "stem to stern."

It's the "evenly built" SIX

Straight thro' the car you can go and find QUALITY in every detail. No one feature over-developed. But *every* one as highly developed as Studebaker's $45,000,000 resources permit.

And that is why men who have in the past paid high prices for Sixes—twice, thrice the price of this Studebaker SIX—now are buying Studebakers. They find that at $1385, this Studebaker SIX gives all that formerly they paid much higher prices for.

They want BEAUTY—and they find it in this SIX. They find a long and massive car—a car that sits close to the road. With long, unbroken lines sweeping back in graceful curves.

A satiny lustre that STAYS bright

And a finish that few cars at any price can match—a smooth and satiny lustre that STAYS new—because it is worked on thro' 20 operations during the two months the car stays in the paint-rooms.

And not a detail is overlooked to enhance the beauty of the car, either. Handsome CROWN fenders and running-boards free of tires and tool-boxes, hidden handles of the doors—all lend grace to the looks of the car.

They want COMFORT—and they find it in this SIX. They find a big, inviting car—with room enough in the driver's seat for the tallest man to sit in comfort, even thro' long days of touring. Plenty of room in the tonneau, too.

Deep, restful cushions of high-grade leather

And the wide, roomy cushions, so deep and restful, are alluring to the man who has owned the costliest of cars.

The doors, too, are wide and easy to open. The hinges and the catches are cunningly hidden so that no latch lies in ambush to rip even the fluffiest of summer dresses.

But what of POWER? comes the query. And merely a glance at that simple motor suffices to convince any man who knows motors of the silent and flexible power this SIX has.

See how simply and cleanly designed it is—marvelously accessible in its every detail—built to develop power—but ECONOMICAL power that takes you uphill and down, over any roads, always making every drop of gasoline PULL.

Silent and Flexible Power

And then, the simple, RELIABLE-at-any-speed Battery ignition system that Studebaker uses in place of the magneto. Most of the leading cars have discarded the magneto—but Studebaker is especially fortunate in having done so THREE years ago—and in having had THREE extra years' experience of over 100,000 Studebaker owners to work on in the development of this Electric System.

And then, as you study the rest of the car's make-up, that Studebaker FULL-floating Rear Axle, for example, catches the eye of every man who has ever driven a car. Simplicity itself in design, it says at a glance to the man who knows cars—"SAFETY" and "ACCESSIBILITY."

The EASIEST-riding Car you ever sat in

The radius rods and torque arm say that the car rides freely and smoothly on ANY roads. For they take the driving thrusts off the long, flat springs that you find in the rear. Wonderful springs they are, too—a marvel to the man who knows the difficulties of spring-designing. For they are the outcome of THREE long years' experiment with designs and steels of a hundred alloys. Three-quarter elliptic, with spring-shackles at both ends to take up end-play, they make the car marvelously EASY-riding.

You find a brake equalizer such as only one of the $5,000 cars uses. Oversize brakes, too, that insure SAFETY. You find a deft balance of the chassis that makes the car EASIER-riding, easier-driving—easier on tires, too.

Can you get more—even tho' you pay more?

And so you can go from stem to stern of this Studebaker SIX and find QUALITY—in every little detail. And when you stand it side by side with other cars, even at twice its price, you will have to answer a very decided doubt in your own mind as to whether you CAN get more than $1385 will buy in this Studebaker SIX. See it at your local Studebaker dealer's—and EARLY if you hope for prompt delivery.

Order NOW —if you want a Studebaker

That's our advice on the day this issue of *The Post* goes to press. With 148-acre plants, the largest in the industry, most of them running overtime, we aren't going to be able to fill anything like the orders we're getting. We've built 35,000 cars during the last six months—the winter months at that—and even then, there's a Shortage of SIXES in sight. Your local Dealer may have a few left—but not for long. Better see him NOW.

Studebaker Prices

Studebaker ROADSTER, . .	$ 985
Studebaker FOUR, ...	985
Studebaker SIX, 7 passenger, .	1450

F. O. B. Detroit

Prices in Canada

Studebaker ROADSTER, . .	$1250
Studebaker FOUR, ...	1250
Studebaker SIX, ...	1750
Studebaker SIX, 7 passenger, .	1825

F. O. B. Walkerville, Ont.

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Common Sense for Commonwealths

By GEORGE H. HODGES
FORMER GOVERNOR OF KANSAS

SINCE the formation of our commonwealths we have been following the calf-path method of lawmaking.

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migration of that calf,
And through the winding woodway stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf;
A hundred thousand men were led
By that lone calf three centuries dead.

"The bulk reading of omnibus appropriation bills totaling $1,318,779 was the only vaudeville feature of the day." So said the Topeka State Journal—the official state paper of Kansas—in its account of the doings of the Kansas Legislature.

With a dozen members reading and singing a dozen different appropriation bills at one and the same time—and members on the floor and visitors in the gallery shouting, "Louder! Louder!"—the House members considered, deliberated and appropriated over one and a quarter million dollars of the state's funds in an old-fashioned singing-school style.

It was a regular "Chorus of Money," the Journal continues, as the House sang out the appropriations—a real, true, genuine omnibus passage of laws. No member objected to the procedure, which represented the expenditure of a vast sum of other people's money!

The Speaker announced "A bulk roll call and a bulk reading of bills"; and, calling a dozen owners of basso voices to the stand, each member was given a bill that carried an appropriation for some state institution or state department. "Is everyone ready?" asked the Speaker. A dozen members, with a dozen bills, answered: "Aye, aye, sir!" "One for the money, two for the show, three to make ready—and four, they go!" shouted the presiding officer.

"If the People Knew What the Legislators Do They Would Mob Every One of Them"

And the reading members went. They sang and mumbled and shouted the words on the pages of the typewritten bills—each reading from a different bill, with separate provisions. "Louder!" shouted the members. "Louder! Louder!" chorused the gallery visitors, who saw a moment of revelry in an otherwise uneventful day.

While the bills were being read members pounded on their desks, and the reading ended in an uproar in which the members, clerks and visitors participated. The roll was called and a deliberative body of lawmakers placed its official approval on measures that called for the expenditure of one and a third million dollars, appropriated in bulk form, in a duration of possibly ten minutes of time.

Making laws is a serious undertaking and making appropriations is a vital part of the state's business. The one hundred and twenty-five members of the lower branch of the Kansas Legislature seemed to think that appropriating a vast sum of money—by a mass meeting, as it were—was only a vacational recreation; while at other times they discuss with owl-like wisdom for an hour or more the best method of shortening hatpins!

"The people ought to abolish the legislature. If the people knew what the legislators do they would go up to Jefferson City and mob every one of them. It's a shame the way they have been spending the people's money!" said Representative Lee, of the Missouri Legislature.

Similar statements from men who have served as legislators in almost every state where a legislative session has just closed—men who have endeavored to serve faithfully their constituencies, to attend to the function of state government as they attend to their own business—more than justify the vicious criticisms that are being made by advanced thinkers, magazines and newspapers of the legislative systems of the several states.

The total disregard of public welfare, as evidenced by the omnibusing of vast sums of money by legislatures, is ripening a more than growing distrust against assemblies in general and the individual members in person. On the convention of state assemblies legitimate business begins to organize for defense. The wholesaler keeps strict track of all measures introduced and is generally supplied with copies of all bills of a nature that has a tendency to regulate commercial corporations.

The retail merchant is in a constant state of perturbation until the session is closed, and generally the secretaries of the retailers' associations are constantly on guard to prevent some ambitious legislator from crippling the grocer, butcher or other merchant, by drastic, restrictive, foolish enactments.

When legislatures adjourn and the worst is over, there is a genuine feeling of relief. The contempt for representative bodies is characterized by the paragrapher as: "Kansas, having gotten rid of its legislature, will now turn to the task of eradicating the spring crop of dandelions"; and "The Missouri Legislature having adjourned, we can now run our business for at least two years without being sandbagged."

When the Colorado Legislature fixed its time for adjournment one Denver paper cartooned the public as dancing for joy and shouting: "Three Rousing Cheers!" This was under the heading "Oh, glory! The Legislature Will End April Tenth. Let Us All Rise and Rejoice!" Another paper's heading was: "Cheer, Brother, Cheer!"

The approaching sessions of legislatures witness the forming of offensive and defensive lobbies—lobbies whose business it is to importune or harass the members of various state assemblies. I have known lobbyists to have had certain sandbag bills introduced into the legislature for the sole purpose of harassing some legitimate business enterprise in order that they might procure a fee or commercial blood money to have the bills reported adversely by the committee or defeated in the Assembly; in fact, that seems to be one of the regular sources of income or means of procuring bread money by men whose exterior would give a fairly decent appearance of personal respectability. They flock round legislatures with sleek, oily self-assurance. These men make a tremendous impression on the member from Posey County, who knows nothing of legislatures, their methods and purposes, and whose only object in being a member was to leave as a heritage to his family a volume of the Session Laws, with his name inscribed therein as a member. Or perchance some ambitious mother wishes her daughter to have the advantage and prestige of the social season in the Capitol City, and she persuades father, who runs the city chopmill, to make the race for representative.

The assembly is distasteful to him. He stands round during the entire session, almost in his own way, and goes back to the mill on the adjournment of the session with but scant knowledge of the things that have transpired. Yet our legislative system is so faulty, and our legislators generally so devoid of serious purpose, that members who cannot, in many cases, interpret laws after they have assisted in their passage will add thirty thousand pages to the already overpaged statutes of these United States this year.

It is a safe conjecture that fifteen thousand of those pages are repeals or amendments of statutes passed during the last four years. One-half of the time of the member who has served two sessions is occupied in undoing what he had previously helped to do. This defect in our legislative method is chargeable to haste in original draftings of bills or an utter lack of knowledge of the subject matter by the lawmakers.

The new member is generally used by the crafty politician, or his exaggerated ego leads him to believe that the multiplicity of bills he introduces is an evidence of his usefulness as a member.

The Kansas legislators are paid for a fifty days' session. If the session is lengthened beyond that time the members work for nothing. The clerks, doorkeepers and superintendents of ventilation receive the same pay as the legislators—three dollars a day.

The total salaries paid the Kansas members for the session just closed was $24,750—the magnificent stipend of one hundred and fifty dollars each. The total salaries paid the employees was $41,763. The employees drew about two hundred and sixteen dollars each—or sixty-six dollars more than the legislative members. They are paid for all the time they are in attendance. The pages, janitors, clerks and other employees always draw more salary than the members.

Bull-in-the-Chinashop Lawmaking

COMMERCIALLY it is better to be a page than it is to be a senator in Kansas. The entire expense of the session will amount to a hundred thousand dollars; and, other than the Recording Mortgage Tax Law, there has not been a measure of state-wide concern or an enactment of moment written into the statute books of Kansas during this session.

When pay-day time is past the House member particularly hears the call of spring, and there is a general wish to clean up legislation. Half-matured, ill-digested laws are passed. Monstrosities are read into the statute books—meaningless, ambiguous and often vicious—as was evidenced by a hastily passed amendment to the Pure Food and Drug Act, which unintentionally removed the restrictions imposed by city ordinance on the sale of cocaine and morphine. Had the case in point been urged, there would have been no restrictions on the sale of those drugs during the past two years.

In the multiplicity of bills introduced and passed, the Kansas session just closed established a new record. There were nineteen hundred and forty bills introduced and only one bill of moment passed in the first forty days of the session—though there was a total of three hundred and seventy-eight laws passed altogether; about three hundred laws were passed during the last twenty days of the session.

It is utterly impossible for human beings even to read this mass of matter in the closing days of the session—much less to understand, digest or assimilate it. But this mass of three hundred and seventy-eight written rules is to be added to an already overcorpulent set of Kansas statutes, to guide, harass or embarrass—for the next two years at least—our seventeen hundred thousand Kansans.

It is in the closing or rush days that the meddlesome joker is inserted—the innocent-looking anæsthetic the lobby has injected into the vitals of some publicly demanded wholesome measure, which puts the aforesaid publicly pledged measure in cold storage until the next session of the legislature. The individual members in these trying hours are interested only in their own special bill—the little measure they set incubating during their campaign, which has only a local application—and attempt to carry out some personal pledge. They have no time to carry first aid to the injured, no matter how vital or necessary such first aid may be. They have no time to amputate or to assist in a surgical operation that would relieve some needed corrective measure of the strangle hold the interests have fastened on it.

In the closing hours personal-interest measures take precedence rather than the vital measures for which there may be an insistent public demand. The weighty bills of merit slide to the bottom of the calendar and die in an adjournment. No matter how necessary their enactment may be, the present system precludes the possibility of their consideration during the two years' recess of the legislature—unless a special session is convoked by the Executive; and in case of such convocation it is highly improbable that the same legislators would view the bills they permitted to be scrapheaped from other than the original angle.

A legislative system that alarms even small business, checks industrial development, scares investors who sense disturbance rather than peaceful security during a legislative session, is detrimental to a state's physical development. The text of a vast majority of editorial mentions of the various legislative sessions, closing or adjourned, rings with disappointment. Laws have been passed that should not have been passed, and bills have failed of passage that should have been enacted into laws. A legislature working under the present system is guilty of both the sins of omission and the sins of commission.

The legislative evils almost universally complained of by men of advanced thought multiply rather than diminish; and they will continue to multiply if we—as we must—judge the future by the experience of the past. The less frequent the meetings of legislatures—the lessened chance of commercial disturbance—has prompted in some states a serious attempt to limit the meetings of assemblies to a period of five years, and in some instances to a period of ten.

Instead of diminishing the evils of legislative activity by preventing their frequent convention, would it not be wiser to commit the lawmaking power to a limited number of sane, conservative, responsible, educated men? Representative government will the more surely endure as it rests on a foundation of intellectuality. So long as we continue to choose our lawmakers from the highways and byways, we must expect the efforts of these lawmakers to be on a par with their various walks of life. It is fundamental that you cannot make a government more efficient, more businesslike, than the machinery which operates it.

A glance at the titles of the bills introduced in various legislatures during the past session gives a temperamental index of some of our lawmakers. A bill prohibiting a woman under forty-five from using face powder, rouge, perfume, false hair, and so on, for the purpose of creating a false impression, was introduced into the Kansas Legislature; and another, by a city legislator who had moved into town from the country, compelling chickens to retire between six and seven o'clock.

Other freak measures were introduced. To limit the size of fishhooks and bird cages; to limit the number of fishhooks you may use on a single line; to prohibit the eating of snakes in public, and pie-eating contests; to prevent gossip; to punish by penal servitude all persons swearing in towns; to make it a jail offense for a man who has taken a drink of liquor to drive any vehicle other than a wheelbarrow or a baby buggy; to make it a misdemeanor to discharge firearms on a public road, except for the purpose of killing a noxious animal or by an officer in the pursuit of his duties; to prohibit owners of livestock from allowing animals to run at large, and to provide for a closed season on clams and protecting skunks during a certain season of the year; while the directing of certain officials to perform special duties annually every two years is of such common occurrence that it is beginning to be accepted as a correct form of legal phraseology.

A Careless, Vicious System

SCORES of bills of like character have been introduced into various legislatures; and quite a number of the bills mentioned have been enacted into laws and have been written in the statute books of various states during the sessions just closed.

Carelessness as well as viciousness characterizes the workings of the system. The justices of the Supreme Court of Kansas receive a salary of four thousand dollars a year. The budget carried the item reciting the appropriations for 1916—but for the year 1917 the legislature left off a cipher and appropriated four hundred dollars as a salary for each of the justices!

In the last hours of the legislature it was discovered that the executive and judicial appropriations contained no repealing clauses. A hurry-up call was made, and a few scattered remnants of the legislature convened and endeavored to patch up the enactment, so that, on its face at least, there was a semblance of validity.

A dispatch from Charleston, West Virginia, says the state officials are serving without pay, the National Guard is being mustered out of service, and the country schools are being closed because the last legislature refused to appropriate money for the running expenses of the state. An effort has been made to induce the legislature to meet, without expense to the state, and pass appropriation bills; it seems to have failed and apparently there is no relief from an unfortunate state embarrassment.

In 1909–1913 members of the Legislature of Tennessee broke the quorum and left the state in order to prevent legislative action; and in 1911 thirty-five members refused to qualify as members of the House of Representatives in order to coerce that body in certain contest cases which were then pending. The Illinois Legislature has just passed through its customary sixty days' deadlock before a Speaker was chosen and the assembly began its work.

A large and constantly increasing number of people are convinced that civilization has outgrown our present form of state government, and that the instrumentalities for legislation provided in our state constitutions have become antiquated and inefficient. No reason exists for a dual legislative system. The veneration with which this ancient system is regarded in some places is no reason why we should cling to it in carrying on the all-important affairs of state. In every other activity of life we are discarding old traditions and antiquated methods for newer, more efficient and more economical methods.

The past century has seen the most remarkable changes in sociological and economic conditions. No private business uses the methods of a few years ago. In every activity of modern life new and improved methods have been adopted. We are exercising that sane, sober and wise judgment which is always ready to throw away antiquated machinery and methods and to adopt in their stead the latest, most efficient, most beneficent and most economical instrumentalities for accomplishing the greatest good in industrial affairs and in private business.

Social and economic conditions keep pace with modern ideals; but we still cling with veneration to the lawmaking methods of a century ago, and have used the same tools for five generations past to fashion rules that govern and guide us at the present time. Is there any reason why political institutions should not change with the changing demands of modern social and economic conditions?

A number of states—among which are California, Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington and Wisconsin—have had resolutions introduced into their assemblies to amend their constitutional lawmaking methods, or have had commissions appointed to investigate and report on a system of simplified government.

Old Arguments for Bicameral Houses

THE chief reason hitherto for two houses in government has been the existence of an aristocracy of wealth or title, which demanded and secured the second house as a means of perpetuating its own privileges. The growth of democracy in Nebraska and elsewhere calls for a single body of men—a body large enough to represent the different sections and industries of the state, and small enough to transact the public business under a sense of individual responsibility, free from unwieldy numbers and the additional machinery of a second house.

The Efficiency Committee of Iowa recommends the election of the governor and the appointment of all other state officials. It points out the virtues of an appointive Cabinet in line with the Federal Cabinet, and recommends virtually a commission form of state government.

Conditions of general unrest and universal dissatisfaction exist everywhere. This distrust is not confined to legislative actions alone, but embraces the acts of Congress as well. The members of the last Congress had a total disregard for the expenditures of public funds, and in the closing hour they made each other donations of public buildings without regard to necessity.

Floor leader Mann referred to a retiring member from Georgia and said: "I have served with him for years. I think he is entitled to the good will of his country and the best wishes of the House; and the best way we can properly express our appreciation of him is by having the Government make him a present. He asks unanimous consent for consideration of a bill not yet reported, and he has received that consent"—and so on. The bill carried an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars to build a Government building at Forsyth, Georgia, a town of twenty-two hundred inhabitants.

Various restrictions and reforms are proposed on every hand; but the one that principally seems to be growing in popular favor is the attempt to abolish the two-house legislature of biennial convention, and adopt a single body of lawmakers of small membership, to be in constant session, as the Nebraska Commission suggests. The master argument of the partisans of the two-house plan is that the second house is necessary as a check on the first house, and that one house subjects the bills of the other house to a critical, jealous and hostile revision.

Why should there be jealousy between two parts of a single body? Both houses are elected by the same voters; the members of both branches pass laws for the same constituency; and, instead of a jealous, critical revision by each house of the work of the other house, there should be coöperation, coördination, each branch with the other, if the entire legislative membership senses its obligations to a voting public.

If a state senator and a representative from the same county vote for and against the same measure, then the voters of that county are not represented at all. Hold up any legislature and look at it. You see about one hundred and sixty-five men divided into two parts; and—according to the bicameral idea—one part of it is supposed to represent the people and vote as the people want, and the other part is to act as a check on the follies of the people's representatives!

These men are chosen every two and four years—the voter votes for just two of them, one in each house. If they

vote for the same measures the district is represented; if they do not vote alike the district is not represented. According to the doctrine of the two-house partisan the second house was never intended for efficiency—nor was it intended as a helper for the first house; but it was intended as a check—its purpose was to hinder and impede legislation.

The demand of this age is for greater efficiency and we are searching for the best method of accomplishing things. The law-making machinery of our state is too cumbersome. A bill must first meet the approval of the committee to which it is referred; then, if it passes both the House and Senate and is amended even in a minor detail, it is referred to a conference committee and must be approved by the entire vote of that committee.

After it goes through that ordeal and passes the Kansas House by a majority vote of its one hundred and twenty-five members, and then receives only twenty votes in the Kansas Senate, it fails of passage. If the bill passes both House and Senate the Governor alone approves or vetoes the measure; if it is vetoed, then a single person—the Executive—sets aside the majority vote of a hundred and sixty-five men. If a measure of moment passes both House and Senate and is approved by the Governor, it is then carried to the Supreme Court, a body of seven learned jurists. Four of these judges assenting, the enactment is held constitutional and becomes a law. After all the legislative gamut is run four men determine absolutely what enactments shall become law!

Would it not be much more sane, more effective and less expensive to have a body of four learned lawyers to enact laws for us? For, in reality, they determine all questions of moment that have been garbled by legislatures and countenanced by executives.

The courts form our most powerful and capable branch of government, because they are composed of trained men, always on duty, who are experts in their line of work. Confusions, contradictions and absurdities make American statute law, both as to form and substance, the subject of common reproach by judges and lawyers.

Instances of blundering and crudity are not sporadic nor occasional; the statute books of all the states are full of them. With these objectionable crudities of the bicameral system so apparent, can it be fairly maintained that the two-house legislative system has realized in practice the things postulated in its favor?

The system is illogical, unbusinesslike and impractical. If it could have been improved it would have been improved ages ago. Twenty-two states have adopted the initiative and referendum as a matter of self-protection. The demand for direct legislation, direct primaries and the recall is the outgrowth of a realization that our form of government is not satisfactory as administered by our officials.

The investing of railroad commissions with authority to regulate and control the common carriers is the centralizing of responsibility and accountability in the hands of three experts, who give their entire time to certain specific duties. The giving of this unusual authority to a commission is an admission of the lack of ability on the part of the state to regulate or control the railroads by the formal methods contemplated by the general statutes.

The efficiency of American industries is the result of holding particular individuals responsible for results. Successful and efficient business enterprises are not managed by inexperienced, untrained men; nor is the management of a going money-making concern scattered indiscriminately among a number of people. A state is a big business corporation; and, to be managed successfully, it must be managed by a few responsible, trained men.

It is unreasonable in a public to oppose violently the adoption of a plan to manage successfully a state that we know from experience is essential to the success of private business. "The business of government is more complex, diversified and intricate than any private business enterprise; and we should not be surprised at the lack of success of a governmental plan that we know would be a failure in a private business venture."

The commission form of city government has proved so highly satisfactory that some large cities are carrying it a step farther, and out of the commission has grown the successful city-manager plan.

An ideal state government and a model legislative plan articulating therewith can be had by electing the Governor, Auditor and Secretary of State as the only elective state officials, and for a period of four years.

Elect two members of the legislature from each of the congressional districts—which would make sixteen members in Kansas—on a nonpartisan ticket, with terms of office of four years each, and with a provision for expiration of terms in rotation, in order to secure stability and experience.

Pay these legislators a good salary. Permit the Governor, without limitations, to choose his attorney-general, but have all other state officers chosen by the Executive

(Concluded on Page 35)

A DISPENSATION

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"We'd Learned the Indians Were Up and Acting Nasty, So We Were Making Tracks as Fast as Possible for a Healthier Latitude"

THE long white villa—copied from an Italian model with such enlargements and embellishments as an ambitious young architect had suggested—lies on the southern slope of the sunny mountains half a mile back from Elysian Boulevard and eight miles out of Los Angeles. The house stands on a flowery plaza above terraces that in April are scarlet with geraniums and red with poppies. An inviting width of emerald lawn, planted with shrubs and following the winding contour of the valley, reaches from the terraces down to a low stone wall along the boulevard. Cherokee roses mask the wall, while the stone urns at intervals along it overflow with mignonette and fine ferns. To the right of this lawn, as one faces the house, lies a thickly wooded deer park of a hundred acres. To the left is an extensive garden.

The ponderous sight-seeing automobile laden with tourists slowed down midway of the wall and the conductor bawled through his megaphone:

"From this spot you get a fine view of the palatial residence of Mr. Edgar Evans, the oil king—the large white building on the hillside at your right. This house and the grounds are assessed for taxation at one million three hundred thousand dollars. A little farther on the car will stop and you will have fifteen minutes in which to walk through Mr. Evans' flower garden—one of the finest in the world—containing plants from every quarter of the globe."

The raucous voice carried far across the lawn to where Evans and his wife stood; and the oil king, looking at her, chuckled with humorous indulgence. He was a man of large frame and heavy without being fat. At second glance one noted that he might fairly have been handsome in a rugged style, but his nose was lumpy and his blocky jaw crooked. Evidently he had started out being blond; but his face was tanned to the texture of sole leather and the mellow color of an Indian. Hair and bushy mustache were quite gray. His blue eyes looked good-humored, but there was an odd filmy dimness in them as though they had looked long into the sun. He wore a coarse blouse over his limp shirt and carried a gardener's trowel.

His wife looked much younger than himself but not youthful; she was rather in the gracious matronly beginning of middle age: one of those amply made, soft-eyed, sweet-lipped women about whom the spirits of little children seem to hover. A painter with the courage of his imagination would have portrayed her with a flight of Raphael's rosy cherubs over her head. Dimples came in her cheeks and her brown eyes softly lighted by way of reply to her husband's chuckle.

They were in a newly planted part of the garden, separated from that which was open to the public by a hedge whose gate bore a polite notice that visitors were to go no farther. Evans was on all fours under a young acacia tree when he heard his wife speak in a tone of reproof that surprised him:

"You shouldn't have come in here," she said. "There is a notice on the gate. Please go back!"

He knew at once what had happened and was vastly amused. Throwing the garden open to the public had been her idea rather than his. "They will love the flowers as much as we do," she had argued. And now she—so gentle that she never reproved a servant until a whole hour after the offense, lest what she called her temper betray her—had evidently been so annoyed by an intrusion that she had spoken unkindly, although her voice was still low and soft.

Grinning, in spite of himself, Evans wriggled round to a sitting posture, facing the winding path. The next instant the grin froze upon his face and he sat staring at a lean, slope-shouldered little man in a derby hat that was too large for his bullet head and a faded butternut overcoat that made him sweat. The little man's meager and chinless face was deeply wrinkled. He gaped at Evans with his rabbit mouth open and the eyes popping out of his head. So for an instant each stared full at the other. Then Evans, numbly and in a daze, turned and crawled back under the tree.

A moment later he crawled out again and stood up. If his wife had been attentive to his appearance she would have seen that his bronze face had turned a lighter shade, as though the blood had left it, and that the filmy dimness in his blue eyes had increased. But her own color had heightened and her mind was evidently busy with humiliation.

"That was a nasty thing for me to say," she murmured contritely. "But they were so cheeky! Instead of turning back they just stood and stared at me. Even after I spoke, while the woman bustled away, that stubborn little man didn't budge."

"Yes—cheeky. We'd better shut 'em out altogether," Evans muttered half absently and he hardly heard what she said in reply.

As they strolled on the color did not come back to his tough cheeks, nor did the dimness in his eyes lighten. He answered her absently until she caught his mood and kept silent. Presently he pulled a watch from his pocket, consulted it and said abruptly: "I've got to skip to town. I've forgotten something."

A quarter to five was no time for him to be going to town, in the usual course of things; but she made no comment. In these last years, since the money had piled up so prodigally, he lived lazily for long stretches, amusing himself about the spacious place or in travel, and with only casual attentions to business. Then at intervals he would "think of something" and go at it with the single-minded dynamic energy of a whirlwind. Nowadays she knew

scarcely anything about the ramifications and maneuvers of his business affairs. They had long since outgrown that simple state where she kept the accounts in a paper-covered book that one could carry in a coat pocket.

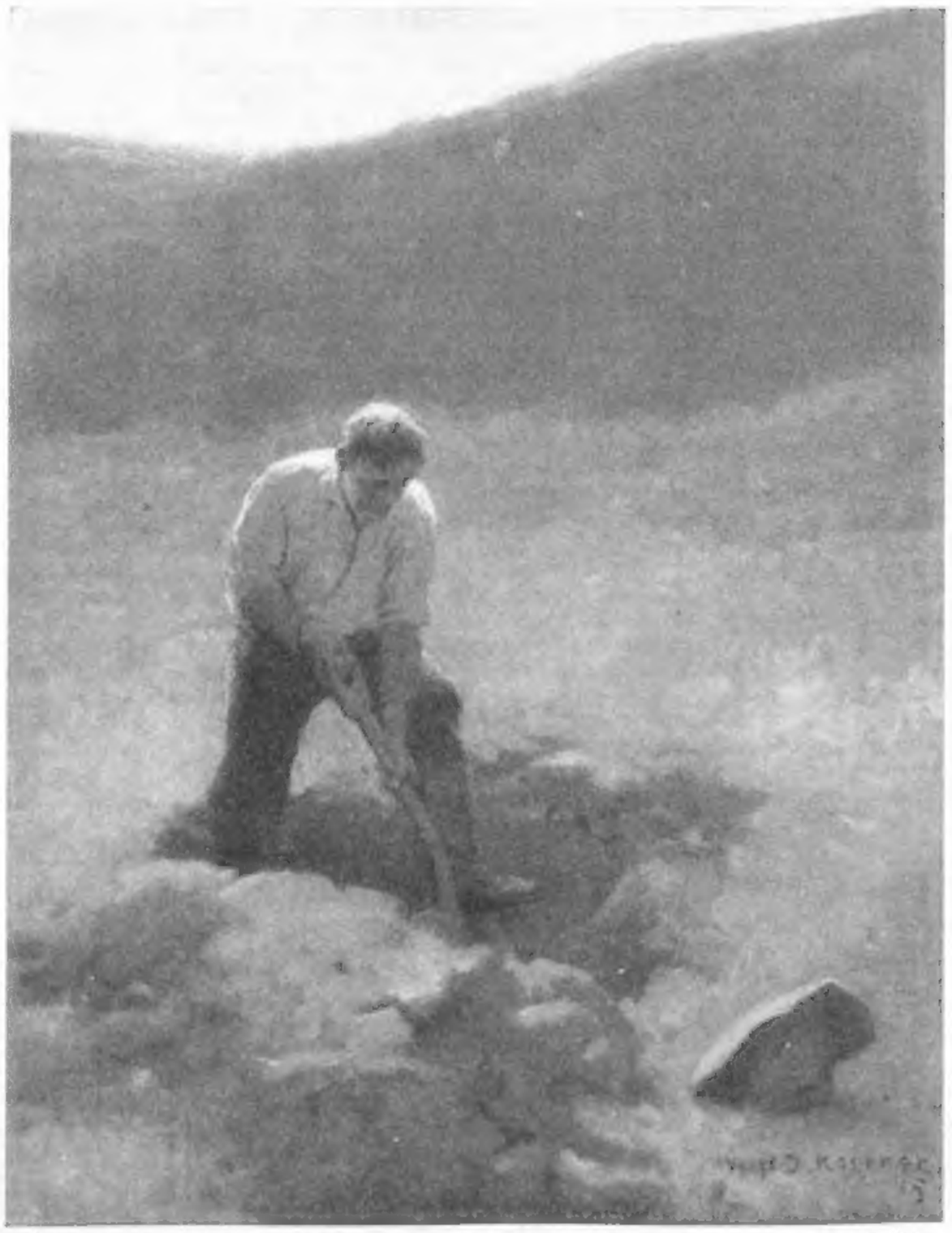
Therefore, when he announced a departure for town at a quarter to five, she supposed he had "thought of something" and so she paid no more attention to it. Naturally she would not have dreamed that his abrupt "thinking" had any connection with the impudent slope-shouldered tourist in a most unseasonable butternut overcoat.

At five o'clock—having merely washed his soiled hands and changed the coarse blouse for an entirely undistinguished sack coat that went well enough with the rest of his careless attire—Evans sat alone in the tonneau of a big car that raced along Elysian Boulevard toward the city. His face had not regained its usual hue.

His eyes were dim and saw nothing of the view. A great fist lay on his knee and the muscles of his blocky jaw were rigid. An acute observer, studying him at that moment, might have judged him an ill man to cross. And his leaden mind was full of the bewrinkled, rabbit-mouthed little tourist in a butternut overcoat.

At twenty minutes past nine next morning—a full half hour before the usual time—Calvin Josslyn, of Josslyn, Weeks & Hill, entered his office; or, to be exact, the spacious anteroom of the suite occupied by the busy firm.

"Evans here?" he asked as soon as he stepped in; and when the young man with a nascent mustache answered, "Yes, sir," Josslyn hurried down the corridor to the room whose door bore his own name, without waiting to take off his hat and coat. On business grounds, but much more on personal grounds, a peremptory summons from Edgar Evans admitted of no delay. In fact, the lawyer had scarcely taken time to finish his breakfast.



"Then I Slipped Up There, Not Daring to Look Her in the Eye, and Dug My Head Off"

It was a corner room, on the top floor, flooded with California sunshine. From the broad windows on one side you might see the tips of a snow-sprinkled range shouldering up into the blue twenty miles away. From the other side you might get a glimpse of the twinkling sea, also twenty miles away. Over a region much larger than that embraced in the views from the windows the occupant of this room was well known. Knowledge of him had crystallized into the saying: "Josslyn can do it if anybody can."

Physically he had long since given himself up. He still sadly and perfunctorily did his duty on the golf links when he could find time—coming back a mere sop of perspiration with a score of ninety odd—and he went without luncheon. But he really had no more hope of reducing the fat that made him waddle and gave him a double chin as big as the single one Nature intended him to have. His broad face was a sort of mottled pink, with a fine flourish of curly red-brown hair above it. The eyeglasses, stuck askew half way down his short nose, made strangers nervous, for they seemed always about to fall off.

Evans' slouch hat lay on the rosewood table and Evans himself was moving restlessly round the room, his hands in his trousers pockets, as Josslyn entered. At sight of him the latter chuckled throatily, as one pleasantly anticipating an adventure with a friend, and said: "Morning, Ed; may as well sit down."

He sank wheezily into the big chair behind the table and—as Evans dropped into the chair opposite—looked across and chuckled again, saying:

"Well, old man, what's on your mind that you won't let me have any breakfast this morning?"

Evans smiled a little and answered soberly:

"Two things on my mind, Cal. First is, I've seen a ghost—a slope-shouldered, rabbit-mouthed ghost in a butternut overcoat, staring me in the face in my own garden and knowing me too; knowing me as well as I knew him, as well as I know you. There's no doubt about that. It was printed all over him. His eyes stuck out of his head with it."

All suggestion of jocular anticipation left the lawyer's face. This did not sound like the prelude to a business adventure. He rescued the insecure eyeglasses from his pink nose and waited, regarding his client with friendly sobriety.

The client regarded him somewhat furtively, yet with a bit of challenge too. A big hand went up to his hair, rasped across his blocky chin and came back to the table. Small uneasy motions of his body showed nervous excitement; but when he spoke, after a pause, his voice was low and perfectly steady.

"Second thing on my mind, old man," he said, "is that my name is not Edgar Evans. I took that name from a drug-store sign in Denver. I was wanting a name then, so I took it. My real name is Eli Epley, and I was born in Tinkerville, Pennsylvania."

After a dozen years of business and social intimacy the lawyer would not have been much more surprised if some one had told him that his name was not Josslyn. But, with a rapid casting backward in his mind, he only waited gravely.

"Maybe you've seen some of the newspaper write-ups about me," Evans went on steadily, again with a nervous stroke of his hand through his hair, "or my biography in Lives of Our Leading Citizens—a fool hold-up, you know, where they put your biography in the book and expect you to pay twenty dollars for a de luxe edition bound in imitation morocco. I used to fall for 'em. The write-ups and the biographies say I was born in Canada. I always put it that way—a large country, you know." He grinned rather wanly. "But I was born in Tinkerville, Pennsylvania."

He sighed a little, stirred in his chair, rasped his chin, and went on:

"Probably you couldn't understand Tinkerville unless you'd seen it or something like it: about four hundred inhabitants, you know; lost in a pocket of the mountains. Maybe God remembers it, but I guess nobody else does. One little crooked street with half a dozen little stone stores, and the dwelling houses scattered round—mostly stone too. All stone—not a very good quality, either."

He laughed dolorously and rasped his chin again.

"There were the leading citizens—Moses Estes and Arthur P. Tram, and so on; some of them worth as much as fifteen or twenty thousand dollars according to report. My father was a sort of assistant leading citizen—kind of on probation. He had a carpenter shop and three or four carloads of lumber that he called his stock. He was in debt some, and with that handicap regular attendance at church and the best of habits were all that kept him in the running at all."

He struck his hand through his hair, stirred in his chair and fetched a little sigh.

"Of late, Cal, I've seen Tinkerville in my dreams—the way you see something in a nightmare, you know, that's just about to get you, yet you can't run away from it. How I hated it! Pious and stingy and censorious, you understand, hidebound, gossiping. Why, a woman couldn't buy a five-dollar hat without its being discussed from one end of town to the other and unfavorable opinions passed! How I hated it!"

He looked across at the lawyer a moment with a sort of furtive questioning and added:

"Well, I simply ran away—lit out one night without telling a soul. My father had died and the little lumberyard with its debts had come down to me. I sold the stock of lumber without paying the debts and vamoosed. I gave Tom Hartley half a dollar to drive me four miles over to Peterloo where I could get a train. The train pulled out just as it was getting daylight and I resolved never to see Tinkerville or think of it again. That was thirty years ago and I was twenty-two years old.

"My money took me to Denver and kept me there a while. I'd been brought up in the little carpenter shop and was handy enough with tools, so I never had much trouble in finding work and keeping afloat. I hung round Denver for a while until the gold bug bit me. Probably I was always more or less a tramp at heart and that was partly what made me so sore at Tinkerville. The gold bug bit me and I struck out—first up in Colorado, then in New Mexico and Arizona and old Mexico. There were fifteen years of it and it was pretty much the same story over and over—working at my trade or at something else until I got a grub stake; then off looking for gold until the last bite of grub was gone. It got right into my blood, same as it has into the blood of many another. I saw plenty of wild country and had plenty of adventures and escapes and hungry days. I ran across some other good old desert tramps like myself. But I never found any gold.

"It was in 1896 that I drifted up here into San Bernardino County and the next year I struck Parkersburg with a two-bit piece worn smooth and shiny in my pocket and the shirt on my back and the appetite of a wolf. You see, I was thirty-eight years old then and for some time I'd been thinking myself over mighty seriously. I knew that gold bug bite was doing to me a good deal what booze does to some men. Well, that evening in Parkersburg I spent my two bits for as much real food as it would buy and swore that I was done with prospecting for good and all; I swore that I'd get a job and save up my money and be a settled citizen—maybe, by and by, with fair luck, setting up in some little business.

"Next morning I found a job working on a rough frame shed about twenty feet long by thirty wide. A man named Judson Reynolds was putting it up. He was starting a little fruit buying and shipping business, and wanted the shed for a warehouse and shipping place. As a matter of fact there wasn't much fruit round Parkersburg—twenty by thirty was about all the business required. When the shed was finished there didn't seem to be any more carpentering there for me to do at the moment, but I had scraped up an acquaintance with Judson Reynolds, and he gave me a temporary job wrestling fruit packages in the warehouse. I was always strong as an ox. We say we're open-handed and open-doored out here now, but in Parkersburg then it was even more so and the second day Judson Reynolds took me to his house for supper.

The house still stands there—a little bungalow with the siding running up and down and a bunch of wistaria over the porch. When we came up Judson Reynolds' daughter was in the yard fussing over a bit of a flower bed. Her name was Martha."

The client gave his grizzled mustache a twist and laughed almost shamefacedly. The lawyer's eyes brightened as though he had caught an important point and he, too, laughed—not shamefacedly but as one does at a great joke on a friend.

"Yes, sir," said the client, smiling still almost shamefacedly, "I fell for her right then and there. I reckon it was about as hard a fall of that sort as a man ever got, for it's lasted sixteen years. With bully old Judson Reynolds' help I got me some tools and set up a little shop and worked like a whitehead and saved my money and next year Martha and I were married."

He paused, looking gravely over at the lawyer as he added solemnly: "I'm damned, Cal, if I've ever been able to understand to this day how that woman came to fall

for me. But the thing happened. We were married in 1898. The rest of my story you know pretty well."

"But what about the ghost?" Josslyn asked.

Evans considered a moment uneasily and made a diversion:

"There's one thing you don't know, though. I couldn't get that gold bug bite out of my blood all at once—not even after I was married. I was sort of like a reformed old booze fighter, you know. The thing used to tempt me and torment me every now and then. Sometimes the itch was mighty bad. In spite of myself the little devil would keep whispering to me: 'Here you are, wasting your life carpentering and not able to keep in work all the time, either; but there's a gold mine waiting for you over there.' Well, I used to try to fool myself by taking my horse and a fish pole and sneaking over into Az River Valley, spending a whole day there pretending to fish—sort of a bogus prospecting, you know, same's the reformed booze fighter swills himself full of ginger ale to fool his stomach. Well, there was a freshet that spring and one day I saw the river up there by Snake Rock all streaked with oil. I knew what oil was from my Tinkerville days and I knew they'd been striking it down here round Los Angeles."

He thrust his hand through his hair and laughed.

"You can imagine how that got under my hide—same's though the ginger ale had been doped with whisky. I wrestled with that thing for a week, Cal. I'd got quite a bit of business going at Parkersburg by that time, could see that Martha and I would soon have our own bungalow with wistaria on the porch. I said to myself: 'Here you go ngain, you infernal idiot! You swore you were done prospecting; swore you'd stick to business. You've got about as much guts as a gopher.' But the thing just wouldn't let go. Old man Mills owned a half section of land there—just about good enough for a sheep to starve on. There was a little bunch of scrub timber along the river. Finally I went to him and bought some of the timber for twenty dollars, told him I meant to chop it and haul it to Parkersburg for stove wood. Then I took a tent out there and a spade.

"Of course I lied to Martha about it," he confessed; "told her I wanted a little fishing camp. Then I slipped up there, not daring to look her in the eye, and dug my head off. Old man Mills came out to see what I was doing and I told him I wanted a water well. I dug thirty-five feet, cussing myself half the time, and found nothing but mighty tough dirt. Then I sneaked back home with my tail between my legs and swore again I was through with prospecting. For ten days I never went near the place, that is, my body never went near it, but all the rest of me was there all the time. One day I happened to see a post-hole auger lying back of the hardware shop. That simply bumped me over again. I borrowed the auger and slipped out to the valley with it and bored seven feet and struck oil. I had a little money and a little credit then, so I was able to make a payment on old man Mills' land and take it off his hands at three dollars an acre, much to his relief. That was on the eighth of October, 1899, exactly a month to a day before Janet was born."

He was silent a moment.

"Ever since then, old man, it's just piled up—one pile on top of another. I have a queer sort of notion about it. Those fifteen years, you know, that I was always looking for gold and never finding it—looking so hard that in plain fact my eyes have been sunburned ever since—well, seems as though everything I looked for then and couldn't find just came and found itself for me these last fifteen years. A fool notion, but I've had it a good many times. I haven't counted up lately but there must be better than twenty millions."

"No doubt," said Josslyn.

"Better than twenty millions," Evans repeated. "And now, old man, something I haven't wanted to find has found me. In 1880, the day I was twenty-one years old, I married Minnie Estes, of Tinkerville."

The lawyer murmured, "I see," and gravely twirled his eyeglasses.

"Her father had died the year before," the client continued, "a leading citizen. Her mother was still more a leading citizen—hard and pious and stingy and bigoted even beyond the regular Tinkerville pattern—a devil of a female as I remember her even now. You see, I was then chuck full and running over with rebellion against Tinkerville, simply aching to hit it on the nose. The best people regarded me as a sure-enough limb of Satan. I wouldn't go to church; would go fishing on Sunday; was known to have gone over to Peterloo when I was only eighteen years old and fuddled myself with beer. Anything I could do to shock the leading citizens pleased me—a fool kid, of course.

"You can imagine that Mrs. Estes regarded me as a son-in-law with about the same favor that a white aristocrat in the South would regard a darky cab driver. In fact, she had her son-in-law all picked out—one Silas Wood, son of another leading citizen, and narrow and pious and stingy enough to suit her. Why it should have been Minnie Estes' smooth cheeks and brown eyes that I went dotty over instead of some other girl's heaven only knows. Maybe the obstacles I knew to be in the way tempted me. Anyway, the thing happened. I've thought over her part in it of late years—as I never did then—and I believe I understand it now.

"I think the girl had a romantic streak in her, and like everything else about her it took a religious twist. I believe on my soul she thought she'd marry me and immediately reform me—that I'd at once join the church, you know, and become exactly the sort of proper, hymn-singing, prudent Tinkerville-minded husband she wanted; and that, you see, would be a kind of miracle wrought by her—make her a kind of Tinkerville saint. I believe on my soul she had some such notion. Well, we ran away to Peterloo the day I was twenty-one and were married, neither of us having any more idea what we were really getting into than as though we'd been babes in arms."

He sighed and stroked his hair.

"No need my going into it very much, Cal. It was just row and squabble and jangle from the first—with Minnie's mother very promptly getting her oar in as Minnie's disappointment in me increased. I've done some fairly raw things in my life, but that year of rotten jawing was the worst. Probably I was plenty of a pup myself and did my share. I'm ashamed of the whole thing right now. Finally Minnie went over to her mother's and her mother locked the door on me. My father had died meanwhile, and I was so sore and sick of the disgusting mess that I was ready for anything. I sold out the little lumber stock one evening and put the money in my pocket and skipped out.

"From then until I met Martha was fifteen years of wandering in mountains and deserts; a life about as far from Tinkerville as anything on the same earth could be. On my word, Cal, when I turned up in Parkersburg in 'ninety-seven I had fairly forgotten the whole thing. I mean it had got dim and half unreal like something that happened in childhood. I never thought of trying to square my account there, nor even of trying to find out how it stood. It's a fact that from the beginning I never had any qualms about my lawful wife on the score of money, for her mother was well off by Tinkerville standards; and I knew there was no child. Four or five weeks before the final break Minnie made it clear to me that she'd never bear a child for a mere brand in the burning like myself. I'd just chucked the whole thing out of my mind and wiped it off the slate."

"I see," said the lawyer mildly.

"That continued for some time," Evans went on gravely; "I mean, I just ignored Tinkerville; but after Janet was born Tinkerville, as you might say, began to nibble at me a little now and then. There are three children now—and Martha; and somehow Tinkerville just gnaws my shank. I tell you, Cal, I've seen it in my dreams just as I used to see it with my eyes, and waked up with sweat on my face. It's a queer thing that I can't really understand. You know Tinkerville's good old hell-fire-retribution idea is that if you sin it's bound to catch you sometime or other—just simply dogs your footsteps and you can't get away from it. Bound to get you sometime and your children and children's children. That's the idea. I suppose I imbibed that in my childhood."

He got up abruptly and walked to the window and back.

"It's as rotten a notion as a man ever had. I hate it and laugh at it and scorn it. But, dog-gone it, I haven't been able to get away from it. Of late it has gained on me. You know they've made a sort of show of my place here. Rubberneck-wagon tourists get off and walk through the garden. They're supposed not to go beyond the second gate but now and then a cheeky one does. One did yesterday. I looked him in the face and he looked me in the face. We knew each other. There's no question about that. He's Silas Wood, of Tinkerville—the same Silas that Minnie's mother picked out for a son-in-law. He hated me then and he hates me now. I threw him out of my house once, but he'd hate me anyway. And Silas would no more forget a hair's breadth of hatred in thirty years than he'd forget a penny of the debt you owed him. Trust him!"

The lawyer was about to speak, but Evans forestalled him vehemently:

"Just look at it a minute! There's Tinkerville that will live a whole week on gossip about Hank Jones' hired man. Imagine the sensation this would be—the multimillionaire oil magnate none other than their old acquaintance Eli Epley! Why, the town would fairly blow up! And Silas as the man who touched it off would be the hero of the blow-up. He'd give a leg sooner than miss it. To him it would be a bigger thing than the Civil War! Then here's a pile of twenty millions and more to be dug into—for, of course, my lawful wife is entitled to share in my fortune. Finally, there's the signal vindication of Tinkerville's notion about retribution—the sinner overtaken at last and stuck in jail for bigamy! Silas will set the Indians on me as sure as a duck will swim!"

"But see here, Ed," the lawyer interposed, frowning, "you're taking a whole lot of things for granted that probably are not so at all. This business has got on your nerves.

(Continued on Page 28)

The Grin Froze Upon His Face and He Sat Staring at a Lean, Slope-Shouldered Little Man

CONTRABAND OF WAR

By Constance Skinner

ILLUSTRATED BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

Life's but a song. Ill sung,
Breaks the measure; and Old Age
Falters toneless from a weary tongue.
Sum the heart's worth on your page;
Buy and sell the ardors, Sage,
That made music when your soul was young!

Oh, they shall mock your commerce and slip
by you, Love and Youth,
With Imagination's plunder;
Man and maiden strike full-toned their chord
of common truth,
With June—June and the wonder!

—*Anonymous.*

IN THE hamlets of the Middle West marriages are made not in heaven but in high school. It was ominous that Margaret Metz should have passed without pairing. She was still disengaged; which, as Mrs. Metz declared through the steam from the cabbage pot, was plainly the reason for her moodiness of late. When asked by her spouse what grounds she had for thinking so, she answered sufficiently:

"I got one of my hunches!"

To make the irrefutable logic of this statement clear to an inferior intelligence, she added the connate argument that, in her estimation, the whole thing was Mr. Metz' fault.

Mr. Metz did not like Mrs. Metz' hunches; he had seen startling things follow on actions inspired by them. But Mr. Metz was very mild and equally fat, and the thermometer was at one hundred and four; therefore he bowed his bald head silently behind his paper.

Though not a scholar of high attainments, as those wholesale grocery establishments with whom he dealt could testify, Mr. Metz vastly enjoyed perusal of current events.

To-night the two pages of the Taborville United Evening Record and Journal were unusually exciting. Besides their carefully selected war news and an editorial on the food supplies of the nations—this Mr. Metz found particularly interesting, being in the business—they contained an account of burglaries by a fascinating unknown, who, "leaving absolutely no traces of man nor beast, nor any clew whatsoever," had picked the locks on two porches and escaped with booty, the most valuable being a whole boiled ham and a silver cruet stand, "with contents." He read this to Mrs. Metz to divert her attention.

"It reminds me," she said; "I saw Mrs. McCullup make haggis to-day ——"

"Haggis? What ——"

"Haggis is Scotch eats. Food I won't call it. Food is wholesome. She makes twenty pounds for the Caledonia picnic. Six sheep's heads, livers, hearts, plucks, all, feet—everything chopped small. Three days now she chop-chop-chops! Sack of Bermuda onions; sack of oatmeal. All must be boiled hours in sheep's stomachs, like big, round cannon balls. She says to me: 'Mrs. Metz, haggis is one thing what makes Scotch such a nation.' 'Maybe so, Mrs. McCullup,' I told her; 'but do you think you should make it on American soil? Here we're neutral.' She laughed. Then I told her: 'What chance has Krupps against haggis?' Come, poppa; we don't wait for Gretchen."

She finished setting the Frankfurters, kraut, goulash and sundry side dishes on the big table.

However appetizing the meal—and Taborville knew no finer cook of such dainties than Mrs. Metz—something lacked from its charm if they must eat it without the presence of their first-born, who wore American styles, however simple, as though she had been born to the manner and hang of them, and whose Hoosier tongue could talk down her parents on occasion.

"If it was a fine young man what her poppa had got for her ——" Mrs. Metz reverted suddenly to her former subject. "But, no; Gretchen just loafs round. *Ach!* If that pink dress is hers, she comes now. I tell you, poppa, Gretchen is very unrestful!" She glanced through the window as she finished tying bibs on her twins, Adolf and Dolly, aged six, and on Franz and Louisa, ten and eleven. "You should do something!"

Kindred thoughts occupied Margaret—domestically hight Gretchen—as she came on lazily through the hot aroma from surrounding fields, which permeated Taborville in moveless, transparent haze. The June season of maidenhood likewise has its haze of dreams. Though Margaret was not perfect according to art-museum standards, she had the beauty that youth gives. It touched her bright pink-and-white skin, her blue eyes, her blond hair and her sturdy figure with the wooing appeal of romance.

Down the last block to her own gate she walked between houses all alike; they were two-storied, peaked, porched, gray-faced, white-trimmed, without a shade's difference in coloring or a foot's difference in position. Uniformity and plenitude were the ideals of the Hofer Houses Erection Company.

"Don't Make Me Like You if You Don't Mean It!"

Recently Margaret had discovered that she hated them all—the one she lived in not least. At the present moment, however, she was not thinking of Hofer houses; she was hearkening to the honeyed vows of Clarence Morris, tall, dark—very dark—flashingly handsome, marvelously attired, a sad look in his worshiping eyes, who—inviaible to all but her—walked beside, and claimed her coy heart for his own.

"Shall I have the pleasure of walking with you in Green Gardens this evening, Miss Metz?" Clarence Morris' voice was wooingly sweet and very respectful.

"Oh"—shyly—"I don't mind."

"Vell, vell, vell!" Mr. Metz greeted her.

At this rapidly enunciated acerbity in the Hanoverian accent, the elegant Mr. Morris dissolved in disgust. Margaret stood alone on her Hofer threshold

and smelled cabbage.

"Well!" she echoed in profound weariness, and slipped into her place at the table. "Momma, Clara Kinred's husband came back to-day. Clara's just crazy over him, and he's crazy over her. The baby's so cute now. Clara let me give it its bath. It looks like the baby on the fountain in Green Gardens!"

Mrs. Metz missed the point of this.

"My! Ain't that a joke on Clara! Take plenty of cabbage, *Liebchen*."

Green Gardens was a beautiful estate in the heart of Taborville. Its wall began but a few yards from the Metzes' back gate. A very famous man had lived and died in Green Gardens, leaving his acres free to the feet of the young lovers of his chosen hamlet—wherefore Taborville's pride.

"He's just crazy over Clara!" The words came in a tone of plaintive rapture. "Clara told me about their house in Lafayette ——"

"Hofer build it?" Mr. Metz pricked up, interested. "Hofer must have now as much as thirty houses, just like ours, here and in Gideon; ten on this street, and yet we got one! It's too lucky!"

"No! Goodness, poppa!" It was almost a sob. "It's a bungalow! My! It does seem like Clara's got everything! If I could only go to live in Lafayette, or some other city—any place but here!" Her lids smarted with tears.

Happily diversion was created by the entrance of Heinrich, Junior, a lean, blond, barefoot boy in his thirteenth year, with noncommittal blue eyes, who was called Heinie by his parents, and Hen by his sister and all Taborville beyond his Hofer gates. Hen caused an unwonted stir by producing a letter for his father. In tense silence the family watched Mr. Metz unfold the contents of the envelope and peruse them.

"*Ach!* So? So? So-o? What is here? You think your poppa is a smart man—and I don't say no—but this I never could guess!"

He beamed with simple joy on each member of his family in succession, concluding the happy survey with an adoring stare at Margaret.

"The letter comes from Herman Metz, in Gideon. You know, momma and children, long ago, when first we came from Germany, Herman and me, we meet in ship Rudolf and make friend together, because our names, the both, is Metz? My name is Metz and his name is Metz also. And he's got a little boy he calls Heinrich, but not for me. It is accidental.

"When he goes to Ohio he writes me a letter; and when I go to Missouri I write, too, and say: 'I got your letter.' I don't hear no more from Herman till last summer. I told you, momma and children, how when I go to see Hofer in Gideon I come by a grocer store. It says: 'Herman Metz, Fancy Grocer.' I go in and see a man there, but not like Herman. He is fat and bald, and got big gold spectacles. Never mind; I ask him: 'Are you Herman Metz that comes from Germany twenty years ago in ship Rudolf, and got a little boy Heinrich, and makes friends with Heinrich Metz?' And he says: 'I could be.' And then he says: 'Are you Heinrich Metz that's got a wife, Rosa, and a girl baby?' And I say: 'I could be. How are you, Herman?' And he says: 'Pretty good. What's your trade?'

"And I say: 'Just like yours; but I got it in Taborville.' And he says: 'How's business, Heinrich?' And I say: 'It's fine! How many children?' And he says: 'Four, and one dead would be five.' And I say: 'I got six living, and two is gone makes eight. So I got more luck than you.' And he says: 'You could call it luck and I could call it something else. I got as much sentiments as any man; but children in America is expensive.' I say: 'Herman, good day! The car comes and I got a school ticket. It's not good after four-thirty. Come over sometime.' And he says: 'How much is a school ticket?' And I say: 'Sixty-five cents—not good Sundays.' And he says: 'So? Maybe I come over if times get more prosperous. Just now I don't do nothing wasteful.' Then comes the big war and times is worse. So that's why Herman don't come over. Now here he writes me a letter ——"

"*Gott sei Dank*, at last you get to the letter!" Mrs. Metz breathed it devoutly out of a vast impatience.

"He says here: 'Dear Friend Heinrich'—you see how much he thinks of your poppa?

"*Dear Friend Heinrich:* Everybody is picking on Germany. So I say let us all stand united. That is why I say your girl baby should be now twenty years old and my boy Heinrich is twenty-four. Looks I don't care for, but she should have good health and temper. My boy Heinrich is a fine fellow, healthy and very smart.

Their First-Born Wore American Styles as Though She Had Been Born to the Manner and Hang of Them

He goes in the business with me. I ask Hofer, of Hofer Houses, if your business is prosperous and if your girl will have something. He says: 'Sure!' Then I say she should get married with my boy Heinrich. He is a fine fellow, healthy and very smart. He can't leave the store daytimes on week days, when is school tickets. So he goes over next Sunday to see your girl. If everything is all right they should get married right off. When you live in Taborville, Heinrich can't make long courting. It is wasteful. Friend Heinrich, this is the answer when everybody picks on Germany. Greetings! Your friend, HERMAN METZ.

"P. S. If you still got Rosa for your wife you could give her my greetings.—Y. F. H. M."

"Now momma! Now Gretchen! What do you say to poppa? What happiness, eh?"

The unexpected joy struck Margaret dumb apparently, and it was a full minute before her mother could enunciate: "For — good-ness — gra-cious — sake!

"See, Gretchen, what poppa did for you? Such a fine young fellow, so healthy and so smart! And who makes it all? Your poppa."

The favored of fortune burst into explosive sobbing.

"*Ja, ja!* From the heart it comes. Cry, *Liebchen!* Poppa, also."

"I—I don't want—won't have—him! Gluk-gluk-gluk!" Violent suspirations and loose ends of enraged speech spattered through her grief like timber chips in a mill race. "Dutch thing! Grocer, just like every man—gluk—I've ever seen. I'm not German—gluk—American! Marry American! Ooh-hooh! Won't marry thing named Metz! Won't be—gluk-gluk—Metz all my life! Want—I want—gluk—ooh!—like Clara's husband. Tall and handsome—dark—gluk-gluk! German thing!"

"Gretchen! Gretchen! *Mein Gott!* Are you—picking—on—Germany?"

"Yes; I will! I will pick on them. I'm not Gretchen; I'm Maggie—like American girls. Gluk-gluk! I hope every single person picks on them. Oh—fat grocer boy!" Her affronted sense of romance and her insulted vestal passion for Clarence Morris raged in crescendo. "Don't let him come near me or I'll pick on him. Ooh-hooh! Want husband like Clara's got—and a baby and a bungalow—gluk-gluk! Won't be Gretchen Metz all my life! If that nasty, fat Metz grocery boy comes here—ooh-hooh!—I won't see him. I just won't have things like they've always been—gluk! I want it all different—ooh-hooh!—oo ——"

With this final bleat of woe she fled out at the kitchen door and across the grassy yard, and the diminishing sound of her sobs came back to them. Mr. Metz pointed a stubby finger after her and regarded his wife helplessly.

"My Gretchen picks on Germany! She picks on friend Herman! When now, at last, comes a husband—what is so necessary—she picks on him!"

Mrs. Metz lost no time in sad musings of this ilk. She stated the matter as she saw it, *in toto* and without circumlocution.

"Before dinner I told you I got a hunch about Gretchen!"

"Always when you have one something happens," Mr. Metz admitted, and waited, a pathetic figure of apprehension.

"Poppa, what a man don't know he can never learn. You should not read the letter to Gretchen in front of everybody. 'Tain't romantic. Also, we don't know yet if we want Herman's boy. We don't know what he's got. He knows already what we got, because he asks Hofer. Then he says: 'Let us stand united for Germany.' Now that's not sentiments, poppa—that's business. You will go to-morrow over to Gideon to see Hofer, and ask him what he knows about Herman's business.

"Maybe, by good luck, Herman buys a house from Hofer. Then Hofer knows how he pays. By that we can tell something. Heinrich can come Sunday and we look him over. Very quick I can tell if he's so smart. Then, if Hofer says Herman's got enough and we see Herman's boy is a fine fellow—then we say to Gretchen: 'Don't encourage that loafer!' A girl wants it romantic. Why not? Does it come twice, young lovers' time?"

"Rosa, tell me: How could you, a smart woman, get married with such a simp?"

"*Du lieber!*" She laughed softly. "A man with such a good heart—and he asks me why! Smartness is not all."

Out in the dusk of Green Gardens Margaret sat on the rim of the fountain, among the roses and the June moths, and cried to the end of her capacity, without knowing very clearly why—except that the mere existence of a Heinrich Metz, Junior, in Gideon, was a lacerating insult. When the access of woe was past she plucked a rose on a long stem and dabbled it in the pool to make it last longer. Then, standing on the rim and daring a slip into the shallow water, she reached over and set the rose in the curved fingers of the bronze baby's extended hand. The dimpled face laughed back at her expectantly. A last long, long teary sigh breathed out on the crinkled, wonderfully wrought small body.

"Just the same, even if he wasn't a Metz—I'm not going to marry somebody that's picked out for me!"

Then, because it was growing late and dark in the untenanted Gardens, with their closed and sealed mansion, she went home disconsolately.

The next day Mr. Metz went to Gideon on a school ticket and returned with joy.

"Who you think now is a great friend of mine that feels to me like a brother?" He asked this of his wife, with

"Just the Same, I'm Not Going to Marry Somebody That's Picked Out for Me!"

beaming looks. "Hofer! Yes; so big a man as Hofer Houses feels for me what I never suspected!"

"Tell me all what makes you think so. I will see what is behind."

"Nothing is behind. First, I ask Hofer about Herman. Yes; Herman bought a house from Hofer and is paid up already. He made bigger first payment than me."

"Herman wasn't smart!" dryly. "You could pay it, too, but Hofer met up with Rosa."

"Hofer says everybody buys off of Herman. Fine business and cash accounts every week."

"If we don't like his boy we can go start a branch in Gideon and give Herman a little competition. Stuck-up ain't good for nobody."

"That's something else, Rosa; and just now we don't talk about it," her lord reproved her. "Hofer says yes; Herman's boy is a fine fellow, healthy and very smart; no faults but only don't get along good in the house with his poppa—too much strong characters. So when they get married I should make a condition to Herman to start them a new house—with first two, three payments, maybe—to make better chances for their happiness.

"Hofer thinks so much of me he says he would make a point to say some things very tactful to Herman. 'Good!' I say. 'Tell him my girl's got plenty fellows crazy after her, and so we don't have to take his boy, which maybe we don't think is such a much!' Hofer says: 'All right; that's tactful. Give me a quarter and I go buy something in his store and tell him, like it was accidental.' I say: 'Need you spend my money?' He says: 'To make better impressions.' So I give Hofer twenty-five cents, and he goes and buys a box of tea biscuit, and tells Herman maybe we don't think his boy ——"

"Tea biscuit is a dime!" his lady interrupted him curtly. "Did Hofer give you change? No! I know Hofer! If Herman gets twenty-five cents for tea biscuit it's time he got some competition! I could tell him something tactful and it won't cost us a cent—and make just as good impressions. What I see is you got stung for a quarter. Never mind! Hofer wants to sell a house and he won't try to sell to Herman if he don't think Herman can pay for it. Next thing is, to get Herman started Hofer tells him you can pay half the house after Herman begins it. But that's where both Herman and Hofer gets stung. That's where they meet up with Rosa!"

Exciting local events and the entrance of Gretchen put aside further discussion of Herman's offer. When Mr. Metz unrolled the printed paper pretzel, which the bicycling lad from the news office had hurled on his doorstep, he found the Taborville United Evening Record and Journal devoting a three-column double headline to Taborville's mysterious burglar.

This dangerous and untraceable troubler of civic calm had visited three houses during the night. The losses, so far as yet discovered, consisted of "A batch of white bread, baked in double-decker cottage loaves, from the larder of Mrs. Appie Sewell's handsome residence, corner Obadiah and Parsnip Avenues; two large beer steins, almost heirlooms, and used only for wild and domesticated flowers—Taborville being Prohibition—belonging to Mrs. Jewella Baum.

"The most disastrous impairment of domestic economy, however, thus far recorded is suffered—and suffered is indeed the word—by Mrs. Elsie McCullup. Mrs. McCullup was robbed of a large new wooden tub—destined eventually for the home laundry—containing all the ingredients, chopped and mixed, but still uncooked, of a Scotch haggis, which Mrs. McCullup was about to prepare for the Caledonian picnic; including some silver fruit knives marked with her Christian name, Elsie, and treasured above all as the wedding gift of a former suitor, now passed on.

"Though despairing of her knives, Mrs. McCullup—who, when seen, was in tears over her loss—has offered a reward of nine dollars for the return of her haggis, that being the net cost of same. A curious and alarming circumstance reported by Mrs. Jewella Baum is that the thief left, tacked on the dining-room door, a small tattered page bearing a picture of the German arms. Mrs. Baum is preserving it in the hope that it may prove a clew."

"That is what makes the Scotch a nation," Mrs. Metz chuckled maliciously. "What else could make such dispositions to enjoy bagpipes? Give me nice light German cooking—and trombones."

The next day was Saturday. She baked *Apfelstrudel* and *Liebkuchen*, and sundry other toothsome dainties, against the coming of young Heinrich Metz from Gideon. Margaret's parents were not trained actors. They rather overdid it in the matter of their indifference regarding Herman's boy—especially when their histrionic art was measured by the fullness and richness of the repast provided for him.

Still smarting from her secret wound, Margaret refused to meet the Gideonite. She donned her prettiest white frock, and sauntered into Green Gardens. Margaret loved Green Gardens at all times; and from the baby fountain, topping the high knoll, she could look over the thicket of shrubs and the surrounding wall and view two intersecting streets. She could see the Interurban whiz by and stop.

The glamour of earth was calling in all the hum and color of the glassy floral acres. A maid alone on such a day was not only a sad and useless thing, she was a poetic anomaly, a legal offense and an economic waste. Margaret felt this without defining it as she perched on the fountain, with A Girl of the Limberlost. She conjured up Clarence Morris. She saw him perfectly, with detail, even to the articles of jewelry—fob, chain, tie-pin and Elks' insignia—that studded his front, gilding refinéd gold. He had borne other names in other Junes, but never in all his days of chivalry had he been yclept Heinrich Metz!

There was no perfidy in taking a secret look at the intruder, simply to see whether he justified her in her

attitude toward him. If he should catch sight of her it would be salutary for him to see how loveworthy was she who could never be his. Therefore she stuck two pink buds in her ribbon sash and climbed on the fountain, holding herself in poise by the bronze baby's foot—and watched.

The big car ground to its stop twice under the length of the wall. Anon she saw two male persons turn into that bit of street which was in her view. One was young. Like Clarence Morris, he was dark. The resemblance proceeded no further.

The sight of that fat, spectacled young man ambling toward her home, where *Apfelstrudel* and broiled chicken, amorous sausages and her young love presumably awaited him, filled her with fury. She snatched a stone from the path and hurled it blindly, whither she knew not.

Where was the need now to appear excessively beautiful? Sadly she took off her pink roses and gave them to the bronze baby—in accordance with their secret custom. A hot tear splashed on the bronze baby's toe. When the spasm of grief was over she spoke her mind aloud:

"I wish I'd hit you! You Thing! You Thing!" The words came through her teeth with all her young temper behind to push them.

"I could have you arrested!"

The sudden shock of that angry masculine voice slipped her feet toward the pool. Only the bronze baby saved her. She clung to his foot in an overbalanced, strained posture, not daring to try to right herself, because any movement would force her into the water.

"You—hit—me!"

Burs and dust signified a hot, swift scramble over the wall and up the knoll. His brow was flushed with just indignation. He was a stocky, vital, muscular, broad-shouldered and very angry young man. His eyes, bluer even than her own, blazed up into her face.

"I say you hit me!"

There was a note in that masterful voice which woke primordial echoes. She responded:

"Well, I don't care if I did!"

The proud toss of her head was nearly fatal. She cried aloud and clung tighter to the baby's foot. A gleam of humor sparkled under his frown.

"You'll be in the water soon. You can't stand the crick at that angle. When you heaved that rock over the wall you hit me on the jaw!"

"It doesn't seem to have stopped it!" she flashed back. This subtilty delighted him.

"Your eyes can snap, can't they? Lucky I don't scare easy. I shinned over that wall and up through the brush madder than a bull. I was sure going to lick somebody for biffing me! The last thing I figured on was a girl!"

He surveyed her interestedly ere he added, with laughing impudence:

"A pretty girl—all dolled up to meet me!"

"I wish it had been a bigger stone!"

This was the last gasp of defiance. Her strained wrists weakened, her body moved involuntarily to escape the pain of the crick, and her feet leaped forward. The inevitable plunge was arrested by the strong arms, which lifted her safely to the grass. Their owner laughed in comradely fashion into her eyes, so near his own and so like.

"I've lifted a barrel of sugar that wasn't so sweet as you."

She flushed dawn-pink and rewarded him with all her dimples.

"I'm real sorry I hit you."

His eyes flashed back answer to her changed mood.

"I'm not!" He pulled off his cap, disclosing a heavy mop of blond hair. "What's your name?"

"Maggie," shyly. "What's yours?"

"Harry, mostly."

"You don't live in our town—I mean, I haven't seen you ——" She broke off, confused.

"You know I don't, or I'd have been tagging after you from high school! I live in Indianapolis."

"I suppose you'll be hurrying right along now to see the girl you came over to see. I oughtn't to detain you." The mischief in her face made it adorable. Nevertheless he scowled.

"I didn't come over to see any girl! You just bet I didn't. I came on some of my father's business. He's the one who fixed it up for me to come over and waste this fine day talking with some old gink about a matter that does not interest me. I'm past twenty-one and I know what I want!"

"I guess you mostly get what you want too," she hazarded, with more shyly bright glances. A color to match her own suffused his face, but he eyed her bravely.

"I might take to wanting you. What then?"

Her flush deepened, her eyes fell; the thrill was delicious.

"You say that to every girl."

"I do not!" indignantly. "I never said it to a girl before. Why, you know I never said it to any other girl!"

"Honest?" eagerly; then, with dark doubts: "How do I know? Didn't you—ever!"

"You just better know I didn't!" was the masterful retort. "I'm no spoony. I'm all business."

They exchanged looks in silence for a few moments, and their looks told of pleased eyes and open minds. When she sat on the fountain rim and dabbled her fingers in the water it was an invitation for him to do the same.

"We certainly ought to have gone through high school together," he declared with profound conviction presently, after he had shown her how to swim her hand through the pool like a duck. She did not tell him that she had already acquired this art. "Have you got a sweetheart?"

"No! I wouldn't have one!"

"I'm going to be your sweetheart—just so you won't be lonesome."

"Oh!" indignantly. "Don't put yourself out, mister!"

He giggled appreciatively.

"It's going to be fine, having you for my girl. I like your spunk."

"Why, you—you could go down on your knees and I'd never look at you!"

"On my knees!" disgustedly. "I shouldn't think you would if I was that mushy. I'm no Commencement Willy-Boy, play-acting with a tin sword and a plush gymnasium suit!"

He could not know that by these few words he had slain Clarence Morris, and that her troubled eyes were watching his body borne thence on a silver and seaweed draped bier, like the Elaine pictures in her rhetoric book. He spoke practically, however.

"I think you are the sweetest and prettiest girl I ever saw." Then, as she blushed and protested, he entreated: "You'll give me a chance to make you like me, won't you?"

After some delicate hesitation she guessed so.

"You know, one thing that makes me nearly crazy over you, Maggie, is that I found you for myself." His tone indicated that, for some secret reason, this fact meant a great deal to him.

"Why, I—I don't even know who you are!" Not that she thought it really mattered, since the high gods had sent him.

He laughed.

"That's not so important—if we like each other; but, just to be polite, I'll tell you I'm Harry Moore, from Indianapolis. We've got a hardware store over there." He added the second fact glibly.

"Well, I'm Maggie—Maggie Morris. Poppa keeps a drygoods store." Maggie Morris—Clarence's widow! There was sable-shadowed ecstasy in this thought.

They sat side by side in the green shade while the fragrant, drowsy June afternoon wore away. Sometimes they looked and spoke like eager children, with frank eyes and rattling tongues; sometimes, in a too-long meeting of glances, childhood would flee and young love peep forth impatiently from the blue heavens. And, as her gaze fell and her speech ended, he moved the least little bit nearer to her, and his own gaze focused on the pink curve of her cheek, or her dewy, scarlet lips; and there moved in him the urge and the wonder.

With hands tight locked they accepted the crowning of sunset on their fountain throne. Her young, golden head lifted in the radiance of roseate and amber light. Her eyes, mistily shining, trusting and wistful, met his.

"Don't—don't make me like you if you don't mean it!" she pleaded. For that moment, to him her face was starry, nebulous; but her mouth glowed as the Rose of Sharon, crimson with June's glory. He answered her with a solemn, life-binding oath:

"Honest to heaven, I mean it!" Then, not because he willed it, nor she, but because It willed them, he leaned over and kissed her. Above them the bronze baby still dimpled expectantly and held his roses.

It was this perfect moment that the serpent chose for entrance as once before in the history of garden fancies; again the device he selected was the appetite appeal. The lovers confessed their vacuums between giggles and kisses. It was long after their suppertime. Resourceful Harry had an inspiration.

"You wait here while I go and buy some hot dogs, eh? And some pop and some ice-cream cones, eh? Yes?"

"We can only die once!" she agreed joyously.

She sat smiling in her grassy lair, as no doubt did the Caveman's madam of old, while her new-found Adam slid down the knoll and backed through the shrubs on his way to forage for her. The brush was thick, the knoll steep, and at the end was the wall—highest there because the road below on that side was little frequented, on account of the railroad crossing. When he had taken a dozen steps he was out of sight.

Time creeps in the beloved's absence. It might have been ages later when he knelt before her, with a wooden-boxload of food. He was chuckling in unrestrainable glee.

"Some bread!" he remarked, producing a cottage loaf, baked golden, with its upper crust nut-brown. He cut a slice for her with a silver fruit knife.

"Why, Harry," she gasped, "where did you get it all? The knife's silver. And this is real homemade bread! Now you just tell me where. Oh! You've got friends near here, and ——"

Bubbling with mirth, he mocked her with evasive answers.

"No—cross my heart! I met a witch on a broomstick, and she was frying chicken on the sidewalk and baking bread in the air; and ——"

So he rattled on while cutting—or tearing, rather—a young broiled chicken. Her amazed, round-eyed curiosity sent his mirth mounting.

"Chicken! Why, I never saw such a ——"

As she set her teeth into a luscious second joint, she remembered she *had* seen just such a chicken that very morning sputtering on her mother's broiler; but the recollection was without significance—just then.

"Gee! That's funny too." He giggled again.

"What?"

"These knives. I had the witch write her autograph on them for you as a wedding present. Don't they look like a wedding present?"

Plunged in his own chicken limb up to the ears, he did not see her expression as she turned her knife over and perceived the floridly inscribed Elsie on the blade. Babbling gayly between and among great bites he saw not that her molars ceased from activity, went diminuendo and pianissimo; that her eyes widened in doubt, alarm, shocked interrogation—and finally fixed in horror.

Elsie!—Mrs. McCullup's knives! How came they here? The bread! Double-decker cottage loaves—Mrs. Appie Sewell's bread. Whose was the chicken? Need she ask, when from within that plainly marked towel he was now bringing forth a large pan-square of *Apfelstrudel?*

The devastating, inescapable truth thrust itself on her heart, shattering the hallowed glamour-structure of her romance as pagan shrapnel nicking church windows. Her beloved—yea, this bright beaming boy at her side—was the daring food burglar of Taborville! She had sealed her love to a breaker of commandments!

Maggie's eyes blurred; her throat went dry and hot; she swallowed blindly and believed herself about to die from inability to breathe. Oh, that the black hawk of crime should have swooped thus on her golden hour! Yet, through all the horror, the sin, the fear and the shame, she knew she would not abandon her Harry—to love him, to be his, was too fascinating an adventure.

Then she thought of her mother—her wroth and resourceful mother—and grew whiter and more resolute. She would cling true till death or the town marshal did them part. Presently she realized that, unaware of her crisis, Harry was chatting along merrily.

"When we're married you won't have to cook much. I'll just take a walk and come in with all we need. I've seen the house we're going to live in. 'Tisn't mine yet; but if I work things real slick I'll have it for sure about Saturday fortnight."

"But, Harry," she gasped, when she could find voice, "you couldn't steal a house!"

(Continued on Page 56)

"If That Nasty, Fat Meta Grocery Boy Comes Here—I Won't See Him"

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

The Sick and Sorry House—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

FROM MY JOURNAL:

I WAKENED early this morning and went to church—a great empty place, very cold but with the red light of the sacrament burning before a shrine. There were perhaps a dozen people there when I went in. Before the Mater Dolorosa two women in black were praying with upturned eyes. At the foot of the Cross crouched the tragic figure of the Mother, with her dead Son in her arms. Before her were these other mothers, praying in the light of the thin burning candles. Far away, behind the altar, seven women were conducting a private mass. They were market women, elderly, plain, raising to the altar faces full of faith and devotion, as they prayed for France and for their soldier-children.

Here and there was a soldier or a sailor on his knees on a low praying chair, his cap dangling loose in his hands. Unlike the women, the lips of these men seldom moved in prayer; they apparently gazed in wordless adoration at the shrine. Great and swelling thoughts were theirs, no doubt, kindled by that tiny red flame: thoughts too big for utterance or even for form. To go out and fight for France, to drive back the invaders, and, please God, to come back again—that was what their faces said.

Other people came in, mostly women, who gathered silently around the Mater Dolorosa. The great empty Cross; the woman and the dead Christ at the foot of it; the quiet, kneeling people before it; over all, as the services began, the silvery bell of the mass; the bending backs of the priests before the altar; the sound of fresh, boyish voices singing in the choir—that is early morning service in the great Gothic church at Dunkirk.

Onto this drab and gray and grieving picture came the morning sunlight, through roof-high windows of red and yellow and of that warm violet that glows like a jewel. The candles paled in the growing light. A sailor near me gathered up his cap, which had fallen unheeded to the floor, and went softly out. The private service was over; the market women picked up their baskets and, bowing to the altar, followed him. The great organ pleaded and cried out. I stole out. I was an intruder, gazing at the grief of a nation.

It was a transformed square that I walked through on my way back to the hotel. It was a market morning. All week long it had been crowded with motor ambulances, lorries, passing guns. Orderlies had held cavalry horses under the shadow of the statue in the center. The fried-potato-seller's van had exuded an appetizing odor of cooking, and had gathered round it crowds of marines in tam-o'-shanters with red woolen balls in the center, Turcos in great red bloomers, and the always-hungry French and Belgian troopers.

Now all was changed. The square had become a village filled with canvas houses, the striped red-and-white booths of the market people. War had given way to peace. For the clattering of accouterments was substituted high-pitched haggling, the cackling of geese in crates, the squawks of chickens tied by the leg. Little boys in pink-checked gingham aprons ran about or stood, feet apart, staring with frank curiosity at tall Indians.

The Hospitality of the Airmen

THERE were small and carefully cherished baskets of eggs and bundles of dead Belgian hares hung by the ears, but no other fresh meats. There was no fruit, no fancy bread. The vegetable sellers had only Brussels sprouts, turnips, beets and the small round potatoes of the country. For war has shorn the market of its gayety. Food is scarce and high. The flower booths are offering country laces and finding no buyers. The fruit sellers have only shriveled apples to sell.

Now, at a little after midday, the market is over. The canvas booths have been taken down, packed on small handcarts and trundled away; unsold merchandise is on its way back to the farm to wait for another week and another market. Already the market square has taken on its former martial appearance, and Dunkirk is at its midday meal of rabbit and Brussels sprouts.

Later: Roland Garros, the French aviator, has just driven off a German *Taube*. They both circled low over the town for some time. Then the German machine started east with Garros in pursuit. They have gone out of sight.

War is not all gray and grim and hideous. It has its lighter moments. The more terrible a situation the more keen is human nature to forget it for a time. Men play between shells in the trenches. London, suffering keenly, flocks to a comedy or a farce as a relief from strain. Wounded men, past their first agony, chaff each other in the hospitals. There are long hours behind the lines when people have tea and try to forget for a little while what is happening just ahead.

Only a Few Old Women, With Here and There a Soldier or a Sailor, Gather on Week-Days in the Churches

Some seven miles behind the trenches, in that vague "Somewhere in France," the British Army has established a naval air-service station, where one of its dirigible airships is kept. In good weather the airship goes out on reconnoissance. It is not a large airship, as such things go, and was formerly a training ship. Now it is housed in an extemporized hangar that was once a carwheel works, and makes its ascent from a plain surrounded by barbed wire.

The airship men were extremely hospitable, and I made several visits to the station. On the day of which I am about to write I was taken for an exhaustive tour of the premises, beginning with the hangar and ending with tea. Not that it really ended with tea. Tea was rather a beginning, leading to all sorts of unexpected and extremely surprising things.

The airship was out when I arrived, and a group of young officers was watching it, a dot on the horizon near the front. They gave me the glasses, and I saw it plainly—a long, yellowish, slowly moving object that turned as I looked and headed back for the station.

The group watched the sky carefully. A German aëroplane could wreck the airship easily. But although there were planes in sight none was of the familiar German lines.

It came on. Now one could see the car below. A little closer and three dots were the men in it. On the sandy plain which is the landing field were waiting the men whose work it is to warp the great balloon into its hangar. The wind had come up and made landing difficult. It was necessary to make two complete revolutions over the field before coming down. Then the blunt yellow nose dipped abruptly. The men below caught the ropes, the engine was cut off, and His Majesty's airship, in shape and color not unlike a great pig, was safely at home again and being led to the stable.

"Do you want to know the bravest man in all the world?" one of the young officers said. "Because here he is. The funny thing about it is he doesn't know he is brave."

That is how I met Colonel ——, who is England's greatest airship man and who is in charge of the naval air station.

"If you had come a little sooner," he said, "you could have gone out with us."

I was grateful but unenthusiastic. I had seen the officer watching the sky for German planes. I had a keen idea that a German aviator overhead, armed with a Belgian block or a bomb or a dart, could have ripped that yellow envelope open from stem to stern, and robbed American literature of one of its shining lights. Besides, even in times of peace I am afraid to look out of a third-story window.

We made a tour of the station, which had been a great factory before the war began, beginning with the hangar in which the balloon was now safely housed.

Entrance to the station is by means of a bridge over a canal. The bridge is guarded by sentries and the password of the day is necessary to gain admission. East and west along the canal are canal boats that have been painted gray and have guns mounted on them. Side by side with these gunboats are the ordinary canal boats of the region, serving as homes for that part of the populace which remains, with women knitting on the decks or hanging out lines of washing overhead.

At the Airmen's Headquarters

THE endless traffic of a main highroad behind the lines passes the station day and night. Chauffeurs drop in to borrow petrol or to repair a part; visiting officers from other stations come to watch the airship perform. For England has been slow to believe in the airships, pinning her aëronautical faith to heavier-than-air machines. She has considered the great expense for building and upkeep of each of these dirigible balloons—as much as that of fifty aëroplanes—the necessity of providing hangars for them, and their vulnerability to attack, as overbalancing the advantages of long range, silence as they drift with the wind with engines cut off, and ability to hover over a given spot and thus launch aërial bombs more carefully.

There is a friendly rivalry between the two branches of the air service, and so far in this war the credit apparently goes to the aëroplanes. However, until the war is over, and Germany definitely states what part her Zeppelins have had in both sea and land attacks, it will be impossible to make any fair comparison.

The officers at the naval air station had their headquarters in the administration building of the factory, a long brick building facing the road. Here in a long room with western windows they rested and relaxed, dined and talked between their adventurous excursions to the lines.

Day by day these men went out, some in the airship for a reconnoissance, others to man observation balloons. Day by day it was uncertain who would come back.

But they were very cheerful. Officers with an hour to spare came up from the gunboats in the canal to smoke a pipe by the fire. Once in so often a woman came, stopping half way her frozen journey to a soup kitchen or a railroad station, where she looked after wounded soldiers, to sit in the long room and thaw out; visiting officers from other parts of the front dropped in for a meal, sure of a welcome and a warm fire. As compared with the trenches, or even with the gunboats on the canal, the station represented cheer, warmth; even, after the working daylight hours, society.

There were several buildings. Outside near the bridge was the wireless building, where an operator sat all the time with his receivers over his ears. Not far from the main group was the great hangar of the airship, and to that we went first. The hangar had been a machine shop with a traveling crane. It had been partially cleared but the crane still towered at one end. High above it, reached by a ladder, was a door.

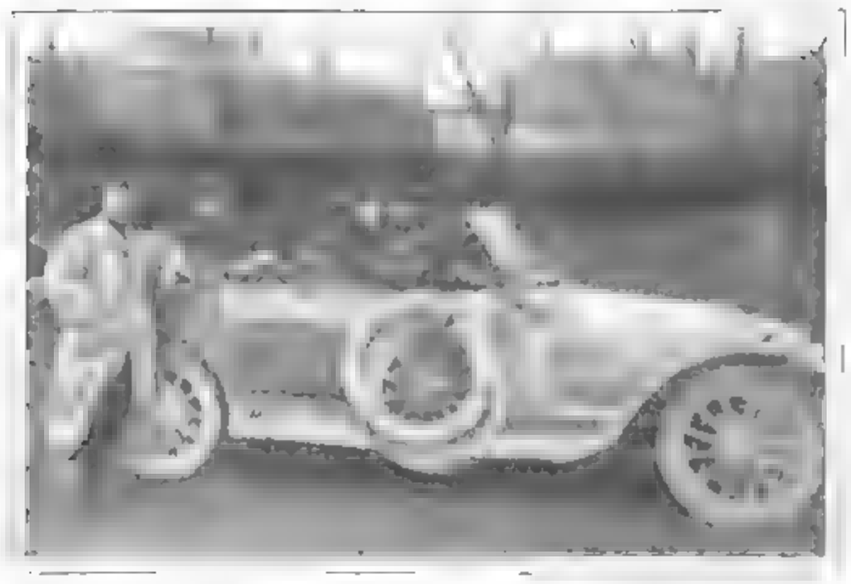
The young captain of the airship pointed up to it.

"My apartments!" he said.

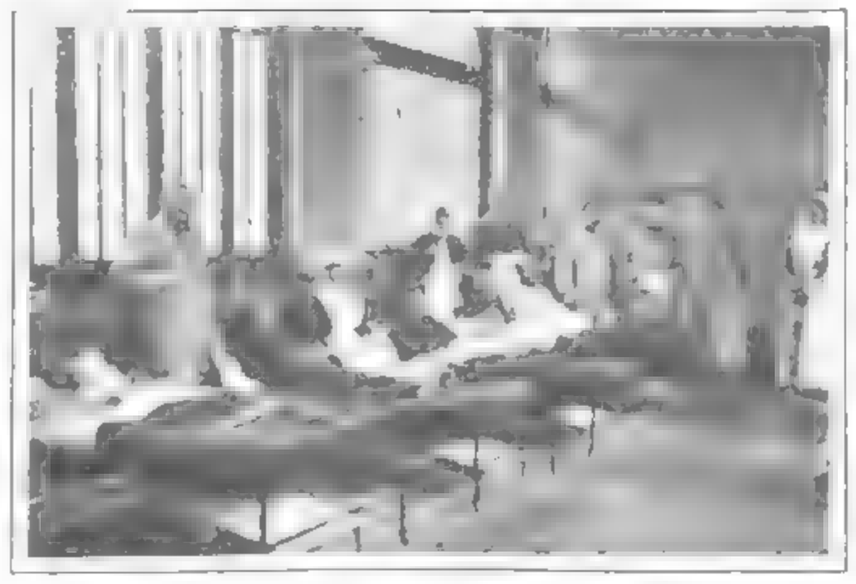
"Do you mean to say that you sleep here?" I asked. For the building was bitterly cold; one end had been knocked out to admit the airship, and the wall had been replaced by great curtains of sailcloth to keep out the wind.

"Of course," he replied. "I am always within call. There are sentries also to guard the ship. It would be very easy to put it out of commission."

The construction of the great balloon was explained to me carefully. It was made of layer after layer of goldbeater's skin and contained two ballonets—a small ship compared to the Zeppelins, and non-rigid in type.



Belgian Red Cross Motor Car



Scene in a Typical Base Hospital

Underneath the great cigar-shaped bag hangs an aluminum car which carries a crew of three men. The pilot sits in front at a wheel that resembles the driving wheel of an automobile. Just behind him is the observer, who also controls the wireless. The engineer is the third man.

The wireless puzzled me. "Do you mean that when you go out on scouting expeditions you can communicate with the station here?" I asked.

"It is quite possible. But when the airship goes out a wireless van accompanies it, following along the roads. Messages are picked up by the van and by a telephone connection sent to the various batteries."

Somewhere in these articles I believe I have described the airship chart. But it may be well to mention again the system by which the entire region is numbered and lettered in small squares. Black lines drawn across the detail map of the neighborhood divide it into lettered squares, A, B, C, and so forth, and these lettered squares are again subdivided into four small squares, 1, 2, 3, 4. Thus the direction B 4, or N 2, is a very specific one in directing the fire of a battery.

"Did you accomplish much to-day?" I inquired.

"Not as much as usual. There is a ground haze," replied Colonel ——, who had been the observer in that day's flight. "Down here it is not so noticeable, but from above it obscures everything."

He explained the difficulties of the airship builder, the expense and tendency to "pinholes" of gold-beaters' skin, the curious fact that chemists had so far failed to discover a gasproof varnish.

"But of course," he said, "those things will come. The airship is the machine of the future. Its stability, its power to carry great weights, point to that. The difference between an airship and an aëroplane is the difference between a battleship and a submarine. Each has its own field of usefulness."

The Workmen's Zeppelin Cellar

ALL round lay great cylinders of pure hydrogen, used for inflating the balloon. Smoking in the hangar was forbidden. The incessant wind rattled the great canvas curtains and whistled round the rusting crane. From the shop next door came the hammering of machines, for the French Government has put the mill to work again.

We left the hangar and walked past the machine shop. Halfway along one of its sides a tall lieutenant pointed to a small hole in the sand, leading under the building.

"The government has sent here," he said, "the men who are unfit for service in the army. Day by day, as German aëroplanes are seen overhead, the alarm is raised in the shop. The men are panic-stricken. If there are a dozen alarms they do the same thing. They rush out like frightened rabbits, throw themselves flat on the sand, and wriggle through that hole into a cave that they have dug underneath. It is hysterically funny; they all try to get in at the same time."

I had hoped to see the thing happen myself. But when, late that afternoon, a German aëroplane actually flew over the station, the works had closed down for the day and the men were gone. It was disappointing.

Between the machine shop and the administration building is a tall water tower. On top of this are two observers who watch the sky day and night. An anti-aircraft gun is mounted there and may be swung to command any portion of the sky. This precaution is necessary, for the station has been the object of almost daily attacks. The airship itself has furnished a tempting mark to numerous German airmen. Its best speed is forty miles an hour, so they are able to circle about it and attack it from various directions. As it has only two ballonets a single shot, properly placed, could do it great damage. The Zeppelin, with its eighteen great gasbags, can suffer almost any amount of attack and still remain in the air.

"Would you like to see the trenches?" said one of the officers, smiling.

"Trenches? Seven miles behind the line?"

"Trenches certainly. If the German drive breaks through it will come along this road."

"But I thought you lived in the administration building?"

"Some of us must hold the trenches," he said solemnly. "What are six or seven miles to the German Army? You should see the letters of sympathy we get from home!"

So he showed me the trenches. They were extremely nice trenches, dug out of the sand, it is true, but almost luxurious for all that, with board shelves and dishes on the shelves, egg cups and rows of shining glasses, silver spoons, neat little folded napkins, and, though the beds were on the floor, extremely tidy beds of mattresses and warm blankets. The floor was boarded over. There was a chair or two, and though I will not swear to pictures on the walls there were certainly periodicals and books. Outside the door was a sort of vestibule of boards which had been built to keep the wind out.

"You see!" said the young officer with twinkling eyes. "But of course this is war. One must put up with things!"

Nevertheless it was a real trench, egg cups and rows of shining glasses and electric light and all. It was there for a purpose. In front of it was a great barbed-wire barricade. Strategically it commanded the main road over which the German Army must pass to reach the point it has been striving for. Only seven miles away along that road it was straining even then for the onward spring movement. Any day now, and that luxurious trench may be the scene of grim and terrible fighting.

And, more than that, these men at the station were not waiting for danger to come to them. Day after day they were engaged in the most perilous business of the war.

At this station some of the queer anomalies of a volunteer army were to be found. So strongly ingrained in the heart of the British youth of good family is the love of country, that when he is unable to get his commission he goes in any capacity. I know of a little chap, too small for the regular service, who has gone to the front as a cook! His uncle sits in the House of Lords. And here, at this naval air station, there were young noncommissioned officers who were Honorables, and who were trying their best to live it down. One such youth was in charge of the great van that is the repair shop for the airship. Others were in charge of the wireless station. One met them everywhere, clear-eyed young Englishmen ready and willing to do anything, no matter what, and proving every moment of their busy day the essential democracy of the English people.

As we went into the administration building that afternoon two things happened: The observers in the water tower reported a German aëroplane coming toward the station, and a young lieutenant, who had gone to the front in a borrowed machine, reported that he had broken the wind shield of the machine. There are plenty of German aëroplanes at that British airship station, but few wind shields. The aëroplane was ignored, but the wind shield was loudly and acrimoniously discussed.

The day was cold and had turned gray and lowering. It was pleasant after our tour of the station to go into the long living room and sit by the fire. But the fire smoked. One after another those dauntless British officers attacked it, charged with poker, almost with bayonet, and retired defeated. So they closed it up finally with a curious curved fire screen and let it alone. It was ten minutes after I began looking at the fire screen before I recognized it for what it was—the hood from an automobile!

Along one side of the wall was a piano. It had been brought back from a ruined house at the front. It was rather a poor piano and no one had any music, but some of the officers played a little by ear. The top of the piano was held up by a bandage! It was a piano of German make, and the nameplate had been wrenched off!

A long table filled the center of the room. One end formed the press censorship bureau, for it was part of the province of the station to censor and stamp letters going out. The other end was the dining table. Over the fireplace on the mantel was a baby's shoe, a little brown shoe picked up on the street of a town that was being destroyed.

Beside it lay an odd little parachute of canvas with a weighted letter-carrier beneath. One of the officers saw me examining it and presented it to me, as it was worn and past service.

"Now and then," he explained, "it is impossible to use the wireless, for one reason or another. In that case a message can be dropped by means of the parachute."

An Injured Aviator in a Hospital Yard

Letters Addressed to Numbers

I BROUGHT the message-carrier home with me. On its weighted canvas bag is written in ink: "Urgent! You are requested to forward this at once to the inclosed address. From His Majesty's airship ——."

The sight of the press-censor stamp reminded an English officer, who had lived in Belgium, of the way letters to and from interned Belgians have been taken over the frontier into Holland and there dispatched. Men who are willing to risk their lives for money collect these letters. At one time the price was as high as two hundred francs for each one. When enough have been gathered together to make the risk worth while the bearer starts on his journey. He must slip through the sentry lines disguised as a workman, or perhaps by crawling through the barbed wire at the barrier. For fear of capture some of these bearers, working their way through the line at night, have dragged their letters behind them, so that in case of capture they could drop the cord and be found without incriminating evidence on them. For taking letters into Belgium the process is naturally reversed. But letters are sent, not to names, but to numbers. The bearer has a list of numbers which correspond to certain addressees. Thus, even if he is taken and the letters are found on him, their intended recipients will not be implicated. I saw a letter which had been received in this way by a Belgian woman. It was addressed simply to Number Twenty-eight.

The fire was burning better behind its automobile hood. An orderly had brought in tea, white bread, butter, a pitcher of condensed cream and an English teacake. We gathered round the tea table. War seemed a hundred miles away. Except for the blue uniforms and brass buttons of the officers who belonged to the naval air service, the orderly's khaki and the bayonet from a gun used casually at the other end of the table as a paperweight, it was ordinary English tea.

It was commencing to rain outside. The rain beat on the windows and made even the reluctant fire seem cozy. Someone had had a box of candy sent from home. It was brought out and presented with a flourish.

"It is frightful, this life in the trenches!" said the young officer who passed it about.

Shortly afterward the party was increased. An orderly came in and announced that an Englishwoman, whose automobile had broken down, was standing on the bridge over the canal and asked to be admitted. She did not know the password and the sentry refused to let her by.

One of the officers went out and returned in a few moments with a small lady much wrapped in veils and

extremely wet. She stood blinking in the doorway in the unaccustomed light. She was recognized at once as a well-known English novelist who is conducting a soup kitchen at a railroad station three miles behind the front.

"A car was to have picked me up," she said, "but I have walked and walked and it has not come. And I am so cold. Is that tea? And may I come to the fire?"

So they settled her comfortably, with her feet thrust out to the blaze, and gave her smoking tea and plenty of bread and butter.

"It is like the Mad Hatter's tea party in Alice in Wonderland," said one of the officers gayly. "When any fresh person drops in we just move up one place."

The novelist sipped her tea and told me about her soup kitchen.

"It is so very hard to get things to put into the soup," she said. "Of course I have no car, and now with the new law that no women are to be allowed in military cars I hardly know what to do."

"Will you tell me just what you do?" I asked. So she told me, and later I saw her soup kitchen.

"Men come in from the front," she explained, "injured and without food. Often they have had nothing to eat for a long time. We make soup of whatever meat we can find and any vegetables, and as the hospital trains come in we carry it out to the men. They are so very grateful for it."

That was to be an exceptional afternoon at the naval air-station. For hardly had the novelist been settled with her tea when two very attractive but strangely attired young women came into the room. They nodded to the officers, whom they knew, and went at once to the business which had brought them.

"Can you lend us a car?" they asked. "Ours has gone off the road into the mud, and it looks as though it would never move again."

That was the beginning of a very strange evening, almost an extraordinary evening. For while the novelist was on her way back to peace these young women were on their way home.

And home to them was one room of a shattered house directly on the firing line.

Much has been said about women at the front. As far as I know there are only two women in all of this war absolutely at the front. Nurses are kept miles behind the line. Here and there a soup kitchen, like that just spoken of, has held its courageous place three or four miles back along the lines of communication.

I have said that they were extraordinarily dressed. Rather they were most practically dressed. Under a khaki-colored leather coat these two young women wore khaki riding breeches with putties and flannel shirts. They had worn nothing else for six months. They wore knitted caps on their heads, for the weather was extremely cold, and great mittens.

The fire was blazing high and we urged them to take off their outer wraps. For a reason which we did not understand at the time they refused. They sat with their leather coats buttoned to the throat, and colored violently when urged to remove them.

"But what are you doing here?" said one of the officers. "What brings you so far from ——"

They said they had had an errand, and went on drinking tea.

"What sort of an errand?" a young lieutenant demanded. They exchanged glances.

"Shopping," they said, and took more tea.

"Shopping for what?" He was smilingly impertinent.

They hesitated. Then: "For mutton," one of them replied. Both looked relieved. Evidently the mutton was an inspiration. "We have found some mutton." They turned to me. "It is a real festival. You have no idea how long it is since we've had anything of the sort."

"Mutton!" cried the novelist, with frankly greedy eyes. "It makes wonderful soup! Where can I get it?"

They told her, and she stood up, tied on her seven veils and departed, rejoicing, in a car that had come for her.

When she was gone Colonel —— turned to one of the young women.

"Now," he said, "out with it. What brings you both so far from your thriving and prosperous little community?"

The irony of that was lost on me until later, when I discovered that the said community was a destroyed town with the advance line of trenches running through it, and that they lived in the only two whole rooms in the place.

"Out with it," said the colonel, and scowled ferociously.

Driven into a corner they were obliged to confess. For three hours that afternoon they had stood in a freezing wind on a desolate field, while King Albert of Belgium decorated for bravery various officers and—themselves. The jealously fastened coats were thrown open. Gleaming on the breast of each young woman was the star of the Order of Leopold!

"But why did you not tell us?" the officers demanded.

"Because," was the retort, "you have never approved of us; you have always wanted us sent back to England. The whole British Army has objected to our being where we are."

"Much good the objecting has done!" grumbled the officers. But in their hearts they were very proud.

Originally there had been three in this valiant little group of young aristocrats who have proved as true as their brothers to the traditions of their race. The third one was the daughter of an earl. She, too, had been decorated. But she had gone from here to a little town near by a day or two before. *(Continued on Page 38)*

OVER THE BAR

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

Mr. Skinner Takes Charge of the Shipping

Despite the Awful Buffeting the Quickstep Never Faltered

MATT PEASLEY, late master of the barkentine Retriever, entered the telephone booth in the rooms of the Master Mariners' Association and called up Miss Florence Ricks, a young lady approaching twenty and possessed of sufficient good looks, charm and intelligence to suit the most exacting. Matt Peasley wasn't ultra-exacting and she suited him. The fact that she was the sole heir of her wealthy father was the least of Matt's considerations as he dropped his nickel down the slot. Neither did the identity of the young lady's paternal ancestor constitute a problem. On the contrary, the fact that this individual was none other than Alden P. Ricks, familiarly known to the wholesale lumber and shipping industry of the Pacific Coast as Cappy Ricks, Matt regarded somewhat in the light of a mixed blessing. And lastly, his own social and economic status as second mate of the most wretched little steam schooner in the Blue Star Navigation Company's fleet, of which Cappy Ricks was president and controlling owner, failed to enter even remotely into Matt's scheme of things.

The reason for this mental stand on the part of our hero was a perfectly simple and natural one. To begin, he was a stranger to caste other than that of decent manhood. The only rank he had ever known was that of a ship's officer, and that was merely a condition of servitude. When ashore he regarded himself as the equal of any monarch under heaven and treated all men accordingly. Since he had never known any of the restrictions or polite conventions behind which society intrenches itself in the world occupied by such pampered pets of fortune as Miss Florence Ricks, Matt Peasley failed to see a single sound reason why he should not indulge a very natural desire for Cappy's ewe lamb—for a singularly direct and forceful individual was Matthew. It was his creed to take what he could get away with, provided that in the taking he broke no moral, legal or ethical code; and if any thought of the apparent incongruity of a sailor's aspiring to the hand of a millionaire shipowner's daughter had occurred to him—which, by the way, it had not—he would doubtless have analyzed it thusly:

"There she is. Isn't she a queen? I want her and there isn't a single reason on earth why I shouldn't have her, unless it be that she doesn't want me. However, I'll learn all about that when I get good and ready, and if I'm acceptable Cappy Ricks and one of his employees are going to have a warm debate—subject, matrimony. What do I care for him? He's only her father, and I'll bet he wasn't half so well fixed as I am when he got married. I'll just play the game like a white man, and if Cappy doesn't like it he'll have to get over it."

However, we digress.

"Miss Florence," Matt began, "this is Matt."

"Matt who?" she queried with provoking assumption of innocence.

"Door Mat," he replied. "Your daddy has just walked all over me at any rate."

"Oh, good morning, captain. Why, what has happened? Your voice sounds like the growl of a bear."

"I suppose so. I'm hopping mad. The very first day I was ashore I turned a nice little trick for your father. I wasn't on the pay roll at the time, so we went into a deal together and chartered the Lion and the Unicorn to freight ore for the Mannheim people from Alaska to Seattle. I furnished the valuable information and the bright idea, and he capitalized both. The result of the deal was that he has his own steamer, the Lion, off his hands for four years, chartered at a fancy figure. Also he chartered the Unicorn from her owner at a cheap rate and rechartered at an advance of seventy-five dollars a day, and we split that profit between us. That gives me an income of thirty-seven and a half a day for the next four years, provided the Unicorn doesn't get wrecked. Naturally I wanted to stay ashore, when there's money to be made as easy as that—and he won't let me."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, captain."

"Well, that helps."

"You do not have to go to sea, do you?" Miss Ricks queried hopefully.

"Yes, Miss Florry, I do; that's what hurts. Your father induced me to invest all of my savings in a mortgage and a bond, and he has both locked up in the Blue Star safe with that ogre Skinner in charge, so I can't get them to realize on. Of course I could go to law and make him give them to me, but he knows I'll not do that, so he just sits there and defies me. And I neglected to take the proper business precautions about my daily income from the charter of the Unicorn, and because I cannot prove I have a divvy coming on that he says he won't give me a cent of it. He says he'll credit my account on the company's books, and when the Unicorn completes her charter he'll give it to me in a lump. In the meantime he's going to invest it for me, and without consulting me."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Ricks sympathetically. "I'm so sorry dad's such a busybody."

"You're not half so sorry as I am. I'm flat broke, and in order to eat I have to go to work, and in order to go to work I have to get a job, and in order to get the job I have to take what your father offers me—in fact, insists upon my taking. You see, Miss Florry, I'm almost a stranger in Pacific shipping. I don't know any owners except your father and I've never had any coastwise experience. As an unknown, and a young man at that, it might be years before I could get another job as master of a sailing ship, and most steamship captains prefer to let some other captains break in their mates for them. So you see I'm helpless."

A silence. Then: "I'm going to sea in the Gualala to-morrow morning, Florry."

It was the first time he had dropped the "Miss," but he dropped it purposely now. Miss Ricks noticed the omission, which probably imbued her with the courage to voice again her excess of sympathy. Said she: "Oh, I'm so sorry, Matt!"

He thrilled at that. "Well," he answered humorously, "for the first time I'm glad I'm not a captain any more!"

Followed another brief silence, while Florry groped for the hidden meaning behind that subtle retort; then he continued: "Your father thinks I was a little presumptuous in calling at the house. He spoke to me about it, Florry, so I'm not going to call any more until he invites me. It's his house, you know. But he didn't say anything about not telephoning to you or seeing you outside his confounded house, so I suppose there's no necessity for me feeling badly about it, is there?"

This was a pretty direct feeler, but Florry parried it with feminine skill.

"Of course you can telephone me whenever you get to port. You mustn't take dad too seriously, Matt. Really he's very fond of you."

"Professionally, yes. Socially, no. I think he wants to give me a good chance to do something for myself in a business way later on, but he made it pretty plain that he is the only member of the Ricks family I'm to take seriously. Of course I expect to have something to say about that myself, Florry, but I didn't tell him so. He's your father, you know, and besides, a man can't make a very good showing on seventy-five dollars a month. But if the Unicorn lives to complete her charter I'll be up on Easy Street, even if I'll only be a plain sea captain when I come into that money. Of course now I'm only a second mate on the worst little steam schooner your father owns and I cannot say the things I want to say—I don't mean to your father, Florry, but to you ——"

"But you're a captain now," Florry interrupted, in delicious terror hastening to obstruct any further discussion of what a seventy-five-dollar man might have to say were he but in position to say it. "Why should you go to work as a second mate ——"

"What Has Happened? Your Voice Sounds Like the Growl of a Bear"

"I've been a captain of sail, Florry. Of course if I had never been master of a vessel of more than five hundred tons net register, or my sailing license had been limited to vessels of that tonnage, I should have to work up from second mate to master in steam. But any man who has been master of a vessel of more than five hundred tons net register for more than one year is entitled to apply for a license as master of steam vessels, and if he can pass the examination he can get his license."

"Then why don't you do that, Matt?"

"I have. The idea of two years of probation as second and first mate didn't appeal to me, so while I was waiting round to join the Gualala I went up for my ticket as master of steam. I passed, but when I told your father I had a license to command the largest steam freighter he owns, he only laughed at me and told me the inspectors weren't running his business for him. Just because I'm not twenty-three years old he says I ought to have two years' experience in steam as mate before he gives me command of a vessel. He says I'd better learn the Pacific Coast like he knows his front lawn, or some foggy night I'll walk my vessel overland and the inspectors will set me down for a couple of years."

"Well, that sounds reasonable, Matt."

"Yes, I'll admit there's some justice in his contention, so I'm going to do it to please him, although I hate to have him think I'm a dog-barking navigator."

"Why, what's that?" Florry demanded.

"A dog-barking navigator is a coastwise blockhead that gets lost if he loses sight of land. He steers a course from headland to headland, and every little while on dark nights he stands in close and listens. Pretty soon he hears a dog barking alongshore. 'All right,' he says to the mate; 'we're off Point Montara. I know that Newfoundland dog's barking. He's the only one on the coast. Haul her off and hold her before the wind for four hours and then stand in again. When you pick up the bark of a foxhound you'll be off Pigeon Point.'"

Florry's laughter drowned a further description of the dog-barking navigator's wonderful knowledge of Pacific Coast canines, and after some small talk Matt said good-by and hung up. When he left the telephone booth, however, he was a happier young man than when he had entered it, for he had now satisfied himself that while Cappy Ricks might arrogate to himself the right of proposing, his daughter could be depended upon to attend to the disposing. He went to his boarding house, paid his landlady, packed his clothes and sent them down to the Gualala, rubbing her blistered sides against Howard Street Pier No. 1. At seven o'clock next morning he was aboard her and at seven-five he superintended the casting off of the stern lines and his apprenticeship in steam had commenced.

II

CAPPY RICKS was in a fine rage. A situation, unique in his forty years of experience as a lumber and shipping magnate, was confronting him, with the prospects exceedingly bright for Cappy playing a role analogous to that of the simpleton who holds the sack on a snipe-hunting expedition. He summoned Mr. Skinner, his general manager, into his private office, and glared at the latter over the rims of his spectacles. "Skinner," he said solemnly, "there's the very devil to pay."

Mr. Skinner arched his eyebrows and inclined a respectful ear. Cappy continued:

"It's about the Hermosa. Skinner, that dog-barking navigator you put in that schooner while I was on my vacation has balled us up for fair. I'll be the laughing-stock of the street."

Parenthetically it may be stated that the Blue Star Navigation Company's schooner, Hermosa, had cleared from Astoria for Valparaiso with a cargo of railroad ties, and, for some reason which the captain could not explain but which Cappy Ricks could, the unfortunate man had become lost at sea, finally ending his voyage on a reef on one of the Samoan Islands. The Hermosa had been listed as missing and her owners had been on the point of receiving a check for the insurance on the vessel and her cargo when an Australian steamer brought news of her predicament in Samoa. Her captain sent word that she was resting easily and that he would get her off. Subsequently Cappy learned that his dog-barking skipper had discharged his cargo of railroad ties on barges, in order to lighten the vessel and float her off with the aid of a launch. Unfortunately, however, he discovered a huge hole in her garboard, and before he could patch it an extra high tide lifted the vessel over the reef and sunk her forty fathoms deep in a place where nobody could ever get at her again.

"Yes, sir," Cappy complained. "I'll be the laughing-stock of the street. Here's a letter from the insurance people, inclosing a check for a total loss on the vessel, but they repudiate payment of the insurance on the cargo."

"Why?" demanded the amazed Skinner. "They insured those ties for delivery at Callao. They can't get out of it."

"I'll bet they can," Cappy shrilled. "I've just called up the Board of Underwriters and they say the cargo hasn't been lost. They say nothing is lost if you know where it is, and the ties are on the beach in Samoa awaiting our pleasure. Skinner, call up our attorneys at once and tell them to enter suit."

"I was just about to call them up on another matter," Mr. Skinner replied. "As secretary of the Blue Star Navigation Company I have just been served with a summons and complaint in another suit, entered against the Quickstep."

"What in the fiend's name is the matter with that infernal Quickstep? This is the third suit we've had in two years. Skinner, what is wrong with that steam schooner?"

"She must be hoodooed, Mr. Ricks."

"Another seaman injured by being hit with a cargo block or having a piece of eight-by-eight drop on his foot, I suppose."

"Not this time, Mr. Ricks. One Halvor Jacobsen has sued the Quickstep and owners for five thousand dollars for injuries alleged to have been inflicted upon him by the captain."

"So that Captain Kjellin has been fighting again, eh? Skinner, that man is too handy with his fists, I tell you. He's another one of your favorites, by the way. I only put that fellow in the Quickstep to please you."

"We haven't a better man in our employ," Mr. Skinner asserted stoutly. "He carries larger cargoes and makes faster time than any steam-schooner captain in our vessels of similar carrying capacity. He's a dividend producer, Mr. Ricks, and he is very efficient."

"Don't talk to me of efficiency," Cappy snarled. "Since you've had that efficiency bug in your system there hasn't been any peace in this office. What's the sense rushing the vessel all round Robin Hood's barn to make dividends, if we lose them again in lawsuits?"

"His vessel didn't lay up during the strike of the Waterfront Federation in 1903," Skinner challenged. "You bet she didn't! Kjellin rustled up a scab crew and kept the mob off the vessel at the point of a gun. I understand he's a bit short-tempered, but while there are ships with red-blooded men in them, Mr. Ricks, we must expect the men to pull off a couple of rounds with skin gloves every so often."

Cappy looked over the rims of his spectacles at Mr. Skinner. "Skinner," he said impressively, "listen to me: This is the last suit that's going to be entered against the Quickstep. Was that man Halvor Jacobsen who is suing us second mate on the Quickstep?"

"Yes, sir."

"I knew it," Cappy shrilled triumphantly. "Skinner, with all your efficiency ideas, you fail to see anything remarkable in that fact. Now don't tell me you do, because I know you do not. This is the third suit since Kjellin took charge, and that's proof enough for me that there's something wrong with that big Finn. Those other two suits were for injuries received by men loading cargo in the after hold. The after hold is presided over by the second mate." Cappy waved his hands. "Huh!" he said. "Simple!"

"I believe I comprehend," Mr. Skinner admitted. "But what are you going to do about it? We can scarcely discharge Kjellin without a hearing and without proof that he is to blame."

"What am I going to do about it?" Cappy echoed. "Why, I'm going to send a judge and a jury aboard the Quickstep, try this Finn, Kjellin, and if he's guilty of dereliction of duty I'll bet you a plug hat to one small five-cent bag of smoking tobacco I'll know all about it inside of a week."

"Do you mean to put a secret-service operative aboard disguised as a deckhand?"

"Huh! Skinner, you distress me. I'm going to put Matt Peasley aboard the Quickstep as second mate, and let Nature take its course."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, sir," Mr. Skinner advised. "That rowdy Peasley and a man like Kjellin will not get along together for one voyage; then Kjellin will fire him, and first thing you know you'll be groping round in the dark again."

"Oh, I know this Finn is a pet of yours," Cappy retorted acidly, "but Matt Peasley is a pet of mine. If we put them together in the same ship maybe we'll have one of those skin-glove contests you referred to a minute ago, but between their mutual recriminations you can bet your hopes of heaven I'll catch a glimpse of the truth and act accordingly. Matt will not tell a lie, Skinner. Remember that."

"Neither will Kjellin," Skinner declared with equal warmth.

"Well, I don't know whether he will or not. However, that's beside the question. Where is the Florence Ricks?"

"Sailed from San Pedro at noon yesterday."

"Where is the Quickstep?"

"Sailed from Eureka to load shingles last night."

"Good. Wireless the master of the Florence to provide himself with a new second mate. That will give him time to wireless ahead and have one waiting for him when the vessel touches in to discharge passengers from the south. Tell him to inform Peasley he isn't fired, but just transferred. Attend to it, Skinner."

While Mr. Skinner departed to carry out Cappy's order, the old gentleman called up Harbor 15, Masters' and Pilots' Association, and asked for the secretary.

"Ricks of the Blue Star speaking," he announced crisply. "Been furnishing many second mates to the Quickstep lately?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Ricks. Kjellin wires for a new second mate quite frequently. They don't seem to stay with him more than a voyage or two. He's quite a driver, you know, Mr. Ricks."

"I know," Cappy replied grimly. "The next time he wires in to have a second mate join the ship when he touches in here, you might be good enough to call me up. I have a skookum young second mate in the Florence Ricks that I'm training for a captain, and I want to switch him in on the Humboldt Bay run for the sake of the experience. And of course you know how it is with masters—they like to think they're selecting their own mates, and always resent any interference from their owners. And if you do ask them to take a certain mate they're apt to suspect he's a spy from the office, and—well, you understand. I'd prefer to have this lad I have in mind go aboard as if you had sent him."

"I understand, Mr. Ricks. I'll let you know the first time Kjellin wires in."

III

"WELL, Matt," said Cappy Ricks cheerfully as he shook hands with the late second mate of the Florence Ricks, "we don't see much of each other now that you're a mate. But don't worry, you'll be a master again, and then you'll be dropping in here a couple of times a month pestering me for a lot of things for your ship that you could probably get along without. You're looking fit, my boy."

"I'm feeling fit, sir," Matt replied, grinning.

"I'm glad to hear it," was Cappy's grim reply. "Hum! Harump-h-h-h! Let me see now. You've had your course in the Mendocino dog-holes, and that's over. I hope you learned something. You've run for seven months from all the Washington and Oregon ports to Southern California, and—er—that's very nice. But you haven't been over Humboldt Bar yet, have you?"

"No, sir."

"Then you have something coming. Quite a bar in the winter time, Matt, quite a bar! Good many tickets been lost on that bar, Matt, so you ought to have more than a nodding acquaintance with it. You're going second mate in the Quickstep. She's carrying redwood shingles from Eureka to the Shingle Association's air-drying yards up river at Los Medanos at present, and she'll get to Los Medanos Sunday afternoon, so you'd better get there about the same time, in order to turn to discharging bright and early Monday morning. And you'll have to step lively, Matt. The Quickstep lives up to her name, and the way they pour shingles into that vessel is a scandal."

"Shingles are nice stuff to handle," Matt ventured.

"Not redwood shingles, Matt. All right after they're dry, but when they come fresh from the saws they bleed a little, so be sure and wear gloves when you handle them. If you have a cut on your hand that redwood sap may poison you. I think you'll like the Quickstep, Matt."

"It doesn't matter whether I do or not," Matt replied humorously. "You always do things for me without consulting me anyhow."

"Why, you don't mind, do you, my boy? It's all for your own good."

"I can bear it, sir, because one of these bright days I'm going to do something without consulting you."

Cappy favored him with a sharp glance. "As the street boys say," he flashed back, "'I get you, Steve!'"

"And having gotten me, Mr. Ricks, do you still want me in your employ?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly. Any time I want to get rid of you I'll fire you or have Skinner do it for me."

Matt looked at his watch and rose. "I have four days' shore leave before me, sir," he said, "so I guess I'll be trotting along and make the most of it. I'll be at Los Medanos Sunday night."

"Her skipper's a big Finn," Cappy warned him. "Behave yourself, Matt. He's bad medicine for young second mates."

"I'll do my duty, sir."

He took his leave. As he went out the door Cappy gazed after him with twinkling eyes: "Young scoundrel!" he murmured. "Damned young scoundrel! You'll be ringing Florry up the minute you leave this office, if you haven't already done it. I'm onto you, young fellow!"

Matt Peasley took Florry Ricks to a matinée that very day. Cappy, suspecting he might attempt something of the sort and desiring to verify his suspicions, went home from the office early that day, and from his hiding place behind the window drapes in his drawing room he observed a taxicab draw up in front of his residence at six o'clock. From this vehicle Matt Peasley, astonishingly well tailored, alighted, handed out the heir to the Ricks millions, said good-by lingeringly and drove away.

"Well," Cappy soliloquized, "I guess I'm going to land the son-in-law I'm after. The matinée is over at a quarter of five, and those two have fooled away an hour. I'll bet a dollar Florry steered that sailor into a tea fight somewhere, and if she did that, Matt, you're a tip-top risk and I'll underwrite you."

That same evening Cappy sneaked into his daughter's apartments and found a photograph of Matt Peasley in a hammered silver frame on Florry's dressing table.

"Holy sailor!" he chuckled. "They think they're putting one over on the old gentleman, don't they? Trying to cover me with blood, eh? Huh! If I'd let that fellow Matt stay ashore he'd have hung round Florry until he wore out his welcome, and I suppose in the long run I'd have had to put up with one of these lawn-tennis, tea-swilling young fellows too proud to work. By Judas Priest, when I quit the street I want to give my proxy to a lad that will make my competitors mind their step, and by keeping Matt at sea a couple of years I'll get him over the moon-calf period and bring him back with ballast in him. Deliver my girl and my business from the hands of a damned fool!"

The following evening Cappy questioned his daughter's chauffeur—a chauffeur, by the way, being a luxury which Cappy scorned for himself. He maintained a coachman and a carriage and a spanking team of bays, and drove to his office like the old-fashioned gentleman he was. From this chauffeur Cappy learned that he, the chauffeur, had been out all the afternoon with Miss Florence and a large, light-hearted young gentleman. They had lunched together at the Cliff House.

"What did she call him?" Cappy demanded, anxious to verify his suspicions. "Didn't she address him as 'Matt'?"

"No, sir," the man replied, grinning. "She called him 'dearie.'"

"Holy jumped-up Jehoshophat!" murmured Cappy, and questioned the man no further. That evening, however, he decided to have a heart—particularly after Florry had informed him that she was going out to dinner the following night. "And you'll be all alone, popsy-wops," she added, "so you had better eat dinner at the club."

"Oh, I'm tired of my clubs," Cappy replied sadly. "Still your remark gives me an idea, Florry. If I happen to run across that young fellow Peasley—you remember him, Florry; the boy I'm training for a steamship captain—I'll have him out for dinner with me so I'll not have to eat alone."

"Who in Blazes are You to Give Orders on My Ship?"

"I thought you didn't care for him socially." Florry put forth a feeler.

"Well, he used to remind me considerably of a St. Bernard pup, but I notice he's losing a lot of that fresh, puppy-dog way he used to have. And then he's a Down-East boy. His Uncle Ethan Peasley and I were pals together fifty years ago, and for Ethan's sake I feel that I ought to show the boy some consideration. He's learning to hold himself together pretty well, and if I should run into him to-morrow I'll ask him out."

Florry exhibited not the slightest interest in her father's plans, but he noticed that immediately after dinner she hurried up to her room, and that upon her return she declined a game of pool with her father on the score of not feeling very well.

"You skipped upstairs like a sick woman," Cappy reflected. "I'll bet a hat you telephoned that son of a sea cook to be sure and throw himself in my way to-morrow, so I'll invite him out to dinner. And you're complaining of a headache now so you'll have a good excuse to cancel that dinner engagement to-morrow night so as to eat at home with your daddy and his guest. Poor old father! He's such a dub! I'll bet myself a four-bit cigar I eat breakfast alone to-morrow morning."

And it was even so. Florry sent down word that she was too indisposed to breakfast with her father, and the old man drove chuckling to his office. That afternoon Matt Peasley, in an endeavor to invade the floor of the Merchants' Exchange, to which he had no right, was apprehended by the doorkeeper and asked to show his credentials.

"Oh, I'm Captain Peasley, of the Blue Star Navigation Company," he replied lightly, and was granted admittance as the courtesy accorded all sea captains. He knew Cappy Ricks always spent an hour on Change after luncheon at the Commercial Club. When Cappy met him, however, the old man was mean enough to pay not the slightest attention to Matt; so after waiting round for three-quarters of an hour longer, the latter left the Exchange and walked down California Street, where he posted himself in the shelter of a corner half a block south of No. 258, where the Blue Star Navigation Company had its offices. From this vantage point presently he spied Cappy trotting home from the Merchants' Exchange; whereupon Matt strolled leisurely up the street and met him. And in order that Cappy should realize whom he was meeting Matt bumped into the schemer and then begged his pardon profusely.

"Don't mention it, Matt," the old rascal protested. "You shook up a flock of ideas in my head and jarred one loose. If you haven't anything on to-night, my boy, better come out to the house and have dinner with me. I'm all alone and I want company."

"Thank you, sir," Matt replied enthusiastically; "I'll be glad to come."

"You bet you will," Cappy thought. Aloud he said: "At six-thirty."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." And Matt Peasley was off like a tin-canned dog to slick himself up for the party, while Cappy entered the elevator chuckling. "If I ever find the sour-souled philosopher who said you can't mix business and sentiment without resultant chaos," he soliloquized. "I'll boil the kill-joy in oil."

IV

THE big steam schooner Quickstep was lying at the Los Medanos dock when Matt Peasley reported for duty. The captain was not aboard, but the first mate received him kindly and explained that Captain Kjellin had gone down to San Francisco by train for a little social relaxation and to bring back funds to pay off the longshoremen.

Early on Monday morning the crew and a large force of stevedores commenced to discharge the vessel. Two winches were kept busy, the first mate being in charge of the work up forward and Matt superintending that aft. The shingles were loaded in huge rope cargo nets, snatched out of the ship and swung overside onto flat cars, which were shunted off into the drying yard as soon as loaded.

The captain returned at noon on Tuesday, and at two o'clock the last bundle of shingles was out of the Quickstep, for the mate had worked overtime Monday night in order that they might finish discharging early enough on Tuesday afternoon to drop down to Oleum and take on fuel oil for the next voyage. This schedule would bring them to the dock at San Francisco about six o'clock, where they would take on stores and passengers and sail at seven for Eureka, on Humboldt Bay, where they would arrive Wednesday night. On Thursday they would commence taking on cargo, but since they had to take shingles from several mills round the bay, they were bound to be delayed waiting for tides to get in and out, and in all probability they would not be loaded and at sea until Saturday night, which would give them Sunday at sea—and in the lumber trade on the Pacific Coast the only profitable way to spend Sunday is to spend it at sea. To spend it in port is a day lost, with the crew loafing and drawing full pay for it. The mate explained to Matt that Captain Kjellin would drive them hard to maintain this schedule, for he prized his job as master of the Quickstep, and had a reputation for speed and efficiency with his owners which he was anxious to maintain.

Despite their best efforts, however, the vessel was doomed to fall behind her schedule. At Oleum they found the oil dock lined with vessels taking on fuel, and in consequence were forced to wait two hours for a berth; seeing which the captain went ashore and telephoned his owners that he would be unable to get to the dock in San Francisco until about eight o'clock. Consequently Mr. Skinner, realizing that the passengers their agent had booked for the Quickstep, by reason of the cut-rates prevailing on lumber steamers, would not wait on the dock until the Quickstep should arrive, instructed the captain to lay over in San Francisco all night and put to sea at nine o'clock Wednesday morning. In the meantime he said he would send a clerk down to the dock to notify the waiting passengers of the unavoidable change in schedule.

Promptly at eight o'clock Wednesday morning the Quickstep got away from the dock. The minute she was fairly out the Golden Gate, however, she poked her nose into a stiff nor'west gale; and as she was bound north and was empty, this gale, catching her on the port counter, caused her to roll and pitch excessively, and cut her customary speed of ten miles an hour down to five. Every passenger aboard was soon desperately seasick, and off Point Reyes so violently did the Quickstep pitch that even some members of the crew became nauseated, among them Matt Peasley. He had never been seasick before and he was ashamed of himself now, notwithstanding the fact that he knew even the hardiest old seadogs are not proof against *mal-de-mer* under certain extraordinary conditions. Captain Kjellin, coming up on the bridge during Matt's watch, found the latter doing the most unseamanlike thing imaginable. Caught in a paroxysm at the weather end of the bridge, Matt, in his agony, was patronizing the weather rail! The captain heard him squawk, and ducked to avoid what instinct told him the gale would bring his way.

"Vat you bane tankin' of?" he roared furiously. "You damned landsman! Don't you know enough to discharge dot cargo over der lee rail?"

Having disposed of a hearty breakfast Matt raised his green face and stared sheepishly at the Finn. "You didn't get sprayed, did you, sir?" he queried breathlessly.

Matt Picked the Finn Up Bodily and Threw Him Onto the Deck

"No, but who der devil ever heard of a seaman gettin' sick to windward ——"

"I know it looks awful, sir," quavered Matt. "I thought something like this might happen, and in order to be prepared for eventualities I hung a fire bucket over the edge of the weather-bridge railing and set another there by the binnacle. The man at the wheel got me started, sir. He asked me if I liked fat pork. Can't you see that if I had made a quick run for the lee rail while the vessel was pitching to leeward the chances are I'd continue right on overboard? As soon as I get my bearings again I'll empty the bucket, sir."

"Der fire buckets ban't for dot purpose," Kjellin growled.

"All right, sir. I'll buy you a new fire bucket when we get to Eureka," Matt answered contritely.

Kjellin stayed on the bridge a few minutes, growling and glaring, but Matt was too ill and dispirited to pay any attention to him, so finally he went below.

The Quickstep bucked the gale all the way to Humboldt Bar, and tied up at the first mill dock at half past one o'clock on Friday. It was two o'clock before the passengers and their baggage had been set ashore, but the minute the last trunk went over the rail the loading began.

"We'll work overtime again to-night," the first mate told Matt at luncheon. "The old man will drive us hard to-morrow, and we'll have more overtime Saturday night so we can get to sea early Sunday morning."

"I don't care," Matt replied. "I get seventy-five cents an hour for my overtime, and I'm big enough to stand a lot of that. But, believe me, I'll jump lively. The old man's out of sorts on account of the delay due to that head wind."

At three o'clock the captain walked aft, where Matt Peasley was superintending the stowing in the after hold.

"Is dot all you've got to do," he sneered—"settin' roundt mit your hands in your poggeds?"

Matt glared at him. True, his hands were in his pockets at that moment, but he was not setting round. He was watching a slingload of shingles hovering high over the hatch, and the instant it was lowered he intended to leap upon it, unship the cargo hook, hang the spare cargo net on it and whistle to the winchman to hoist away for another slingload. He controlled his temper and said:

"I'm doing the best I can, sir. That winchman doesn't have to wait on us a second, sir. We handle them as fast as they swing them in from the mill dock."

"Yump in an' do somedings yourself," Kjellin growled. "Don't stand roundt like a young leddy."

"D'ye mean you want I should mule shingles round in this hold like a longshoreman?"

"Sure! Ve got to get to sea Sunday morning, und every liddle bit helps."

"Well, then you'll get along without my little bit. If you don't know your business, sir, I know mine. Somebody's got to tend that sling, and everybody's business is nobody's business. If I'm not on the job a bundle of shingles may come flying down from above and kill a man, or that heavy cargo block may crack a stevedore on the head. Who's going to look after the broken bundles and see that they're repacked if I don't? I can't do that and mule shingles round in this hold, sir; and what's more I'm not going to do it."

"Den, by yiminy, you get off der ship!" the captain roared. "I don't vant no loafers aboard my boat, und if you tank ——"

"Stow the gab, you big Finn! I'm through. Pay me off and help yourself to another second mate." And Matt put on his coat and whistled to the winchman to steady his slingload while he climbed out of the hold. Kjellin followed and Matt preceded him to his stateroom, where the captain paid him the few dollars he had coming to him.

"Sign clear," he ordered, and Matt took an indelible pencil and stooped over the skipper's desk to sign the pay roll. As he straightened up the captain's powerful left forearm came round Matt's left shoulder and under his chin, tilting his head backward, while the Finn's left knee ground into the small of his back. He was held as in a vice, helpless, and Kjellin spoke:

"Ven I get fresh young faler like you, an' he quit me cold, I lick him after I pay him off."

"I see," Matt replied calmly. "That makes it a plain case of assault and battery, whereas if you lick him before you pay him off he can sue your owners. You're a fine, smart squarehead!"

"You bet!" said Kjellin, and struck him a stunning blow behind the ear. Matt, realizing his inability to wriggle out of the captain's grasp, kicked backward with his right foot and caught the Finn squarely on the right shin, splintering the bone. The captain cried out with the pain of it and released the pressure on Matt's chin, whereupon the latter whirled, picked the Finn up bodily, and threw him through the stateroom door out onto the deck, where he struck the pipe railing and rebounded. He lay where he fell, and when Matt's brain cleared and he came out on deck the captain was moaning.

"Get up, you brute!" Matt ordered. "You got the wrong pig by the ear that time."

(Continued on Page 44)

THE GREAT TERROR

At Night it is Possible for an Automobile to Signal a Submarine Merely by the Direction in Which the Machine is Turned

By Melville Davisson Post

THE great German system of espionage was not confined to the territory of France; it was extended to cover the entire Triple Entente. We have no reliable data in confirmation of the workings of this system in Russia, except the single tragic incident of the murder of a footman found in one of the embassies in Petrograd on the day of the German ultimatum; but we do know from recent cases how the system was extended to England.

The central object of German espionage in France was to prepare for a land invasion; but Great Britain was a sea power. German espionage in her islands must be along three avenues—naval surveillance; a system of land signals to warcraft; and some plan of reaching neutral countries through England during a state of war.

About 1905 it became plain to the German people that their most dangerous enemy was England; and, with Teutonic thoroughness, they set about extending their efficient spy system to her islands. Stieber was dead, and this undertaking was turned over to Steinhauer, of Potsdam.

The identity of the successor to Stieber is not precisely known. He is described as an officer in the Prussian Guards—a man of middle age, of charming manner and of varied talents. It is said that he went to England in the personal suite of the Emperor when he visited Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the unveiling of the Queen Victoria Memorial. His aliases—Mr. J. Walters, Mrs. Reimers, and so on—came out in the case of the German barber arrested in London on August 4, 1914.

These aliases were connected by the fact that one of the letters was signed by Steinhauer and that certain notes forwarded from London by German spies were addressed to him. He is said to have made a number of visits to England and, within a year, to have planted his agents in every dockyard town—especially in ports along the eastern coast. His principal fixed agent, it seems, was the German barber, Ernst, in London.

Action Tardy but Drastic

WE SHALL presently see with what care, patience and ingenuity this system of espionage, with its three principal objects, was laid down over the British Islands. The extraordinary thing is that from 1905, up almost to the declaration of war by the German Government, the English people could not be made to believe that any such system of espionage existed. One or two men undertook to call attention to the presence of this peril.

Lord Roberts directed public notice to the intention of the German Government by his speech in the House of Lords as early as November 29, 1905. The press now and then commented on some conspicuous fact. It was pointed out that there was a German officers' club near Piccadilly Circus, in the heart of London, and from time to time some indicatory evidence was unearthed.

The English people, however, regarded the idea of German espionage in Great Britain as a ridiculous fancy. Consequently, when war broke out and the vast system of German espionage laid down over the British Islands began to be uncovered, the nation was thrown into a panic.

The most extraordinary precautions were taken. Every foreigner in England was put under surveillance. Practically every German and Austrian in England was arrested. The postal authorities were directed to report the location of everybody. As fragments of the German spy system were dragged forth the terror increased.

No one could say how elaborate this was or in what directions it extended. The government hastily passed the Alien Restriction Act. This was followed by an Act for the Defense of the Realm, making it a crime to communicate any information calculated to be directly or indirectly useful to the enemy, and suppressing all wireless or signal apparatus, carrying or homing pigeons, and every variety of device that might be resorted to in a system of espionage. The Habeas Corpus Act was practically suspended. The courts, under pressure of the public terror, were forced into the most extraordinary decisions.

For example, there was in England a naturalized German—Adolph Ahlers—who had acted as consul in Sunderland. The English Government had issued an order giving alien enemies until the eleventh of August to leave England. Mr. Ahlers, under the right of this order, did what he could to enable German citizens to get out of the country before the date fixed. For these activities he was arrested, tried by the English courts, and sentenced to death for high treason.

The only evidence against him seems to have been that he was engaged in helping German citizens to leave England—that is to say, in fact, helping the English Government to carry out its order with respect to clearing England of German subjects before August eleventh.

This extraordinary conviction, under conditions so remarkable, is conclusive evidence of the pressure of public opinion in the spy panic that seized England during the autumn of 1914.

The whole Secret Service, together with the postal and police authorities, began to drag the country for evidence of German espionage; and as bits of that system appeared its completeness and efficiency staggered the English people.

It was shown that the German Government knew that the superdreadnought Queen Elizabeth would use oil for fuel a year before that fact was made known to the English people; that the Hermes, a sea tender to aircraft, carried six eight-inch guns—yet this fact was not known to the public until after the Hermes had been sunk by a German submarine. The blowing up of English warcraft in harbors and the rapid succession of extraordinary accidents made it apparent that the German Government, by a system of secret agents, would be able to destroy such craft in their dockyards.

As these investigations advanced it began to develop that, for a number of years, it had been a plan of Steinhauer, at Potsdam, to employ underofficers of the English Navy, and persons who had access to English naval bases, to supply him with information. The plan was that these men should appear to be merely correspondents for German newspapers—their reports were to be in the form of letters to those newspapers on naval and military topics. This came out in Lody's case; it was testified to by Duff, and it was shown to be a method employed as early as the Parrott case, in August, 1912.

Charles Parrott was a gunner attached to the Pembroke, at Sheerness. He was a warrant officer who had been in the navy for a number of years, associated with the building of the great battleships on the Clyde and skilled in data referring to guns and armament. In July he asked for leave of absence, sent a telegram to the Continent, and the same day left Sheerness in the company of a woman. He sent several telegrams directed to Richard Dinger, Esquire, in Berlin. He went to Dover and from there crossed to Ostend. Here he was met by a man who neither spoke to him nor gave any introductory sign, but merely went up to him at the station and walked away by his side.

The Letter Addressed to Mr. Couch

THE English police were put on their guard by the telegrams. They watched Parrott and discovered that he received letters at a tobacco shop in Chelsea under the name of Couch. He was arrested when he called for a letter, and the letter was opened. It contained two five-pound notes, which were afterward shown to have been in circulation in Germany. The letter indicated that the German authorities were not at that time taking the same precautions they were accustomed to take in France. They were doubtless convinced by the English attitude that the Government of Great Britain could not be induced to believe any general system of German espionage existed. The open nature of this letter seems to be conclusive of that fact:

Have the goodness to leave as soon as possible for Firth of Forth, ascertaining about the following: Which parts of the Fleet are in or off the Forth since November fifth? Only the vessels of the First and Eighth Destroyer Flotilla, or which other men-of-war of any kind else? Where is the Second Destroyer Flotilla now? Have there been mobilizing tests of the Flotillas and coast defenses in the Firth of Forth? What are the Flotillas doing or proposing now? What number of Royal Fleet Reserves, Class A, are called in now for the yearly exercise? Where do they exercise? Are any of these men kept longer than a fortnight? I think it will be neccessary to stay some days at Firth of Forth for gathering information about these questions.

No inquiries so open and careless ever fell into the hands of the Government of France. It shows how Germany counted on the complacence of the English people.

Parrott's explanation was that he had fallen in with a woman who induced him to go to Hamburg, and there he had met a man who wished to employ him to write a weekly letter as a newspaper correspondent. Parrott said he undertook to do this, and that the communications received by him were merely indicatory of the sort of matter he was supposed to deal with in his letter.

Parrott was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. But even his case, when made public, did not convince the

English people until the cases of Schultz, Lody and others brought out the fact that the pretense of being a naval correspondent for a European newspaper was the attitude assumed by the German spy in England.

The mass of naval data sent out by Karl Hans Lody, Ernst, Parrott and others demonstrates how complete the knowledge of the German Government was with respect to the construction of English ships. Among the data taken with one spy were a note in German relating to the new guns under construction for the British Government, maps covering certain portions of the east coast, the latest pattern of cartridge cases for the British army, and a code to indicate every class of ship, arranged by certain combinations of numbers, so that a signal could be sent in a highly condensed form giving the position of the English Fleet.

Communications from Steinhauer were sent direct to a fixed post in London and remailed there to other secret agents. The stationery of London business houses was obtained for this correspondence in order that it might not be subject to suspicion. Copies of letters were sent through the fixed post to Mrs. Parrott, Graves, Mrs. Seymour, and various other persons, being names under which German spies were accustomed to receive their orders.

Instructions for the fixed post in London came sometimes from Potsdam and sometimes from Berlin. They often contained Bank of England notes that had been in circulation in Germany. Sometimes they requested London business stationery for the use of Steinhauer, at Potsdam. A bundle of this stationery was sent out by the London agent and additional postage collected on it when it was delivered to Steinhauer.

The Ernst case developed that the Germans had agents planted on the English ships—as, for example, Steinhauer directed Ernst to communicate with F. Ireland, on H. M.S. Foxhound. This form of naval espionage was not the only one depended on by Steinhauer.

There are many places of archæologic and natural interest in the British Islands—as, for instance, prehistoric remains discovered at certain points, and so-called vitrified forts antedating history in the north of Scotland. The Gaelic language is also a source of interest as one of the primitive tongues. German authorities came over to study this language, and learned archæologists to examine evidences in England.

Shortly before war was declared two pretended German professors arrived in Edinburgh and went carefully over the north of Scotland taking elaborate notes, presumably of these points of interest; but, in fact, they were making maps and sketches of English naval bases.

As early as 1900 a great part of England is said to have been reconnoitered by a band of itinerant musicians who were, in fact, German officers; and by this means they were enabled to visit and examine such points as might afford information valuable to the German authorities. About this time a German was noticed by the police to be engaged in close observation of the Forth Bridge. They endeavored to arrest him but he escaped. Some time after that, the woman with whom he had boarded brought a bag to the police authorities. It contained the names of a number of persons not suspected, a secret code and other data.

It was by these accidents that the attention of the English authorities was directed toward such persons as Ernst, Lody, and others. It was also discovered that foreigners had opened shops in the little coast towns on the North Sea. These shops were, as a rule, in the vicinity of the village post office; they were occupied by jewelers, hairdressers, and the like. These facts, just now coming to light, indicate to the English authorities that, in some cases, a system not unlike the one maintained in France has been planted on the east coast.

Country houses were taken by foreigners in England. For example, some pretended Poles rented a house on the main line of the London and Northwestern Railway, who, falling under the eye of the English authorities, disappeared one night, leaving no trace behind them.

A Member of Parliament, from Essex, had a German governess. She was an unobtrusive, pleasant young woman. It was her custom in the afternoon, during the hot summer weather, to go to a little summerhouse in order to read and to write her personal letters. Unfortunately one afternoon she was taken suddenly ill and was found lying unconscious in her chair. A doctor was summoned and she was removed to her room.

When they picked up her writing materials from the table before her chair, the appearance of certain of the papers struck the mistress of the house as peculiar. On examination they were found to be very full reports of a conversation between the Member of Parliament and a Cabinet Minister who had been a week-end guest.

An English novelist asserts that an Austrian baroness, of elevated social standing and apparently of the greatest wealth, is one of the chief secret agents used by the German Government in England. Her pretended nieces, always alluring and exceedingly smart, are, in fact, spies in the service. Thus, the social standing of the baroness enables her to keep the German Government advised with respect to the movements of conspicuous officers.

The English novelist asserts that he met this woman in Paris, Egypt and on the Riviera. And the variety of her nieces, and other data he has been able to gather, convinces him that she is the most dangerous secret agent operating against the English Government.

The rule in England, however, is that the German war spy at the present time pretends to be an American and is fitted out with an American passport. It was brought out in the Lody case that the passport of an American—Mr. Inglis—had been used. It is said that Mr. Inglis left this passport with the American Embassy at Berlin for registration; that the embassy sent it in; and that it was never returned—until it appeared in the possession of the spy, Lody.

The German explanation was that the passport had been mislaid. The English assert that some two hundred of these American passports, coming into possession of the German Government, have not been accounted for and are, in fact, used by war spies at this time operating in England.

These are the evidences of the system of espionage established in England by Steinhauer, for the purpose of keeping the German Government informed as to English naval affairs.

This surveillance is but one branch of the system. As war with England would be principally sea fighting, it was of vital importance for the German Government to have

(Continued on Page 30

H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XI

ANDREW BARRETT was made office manager as well as business getter. He was ordered to pay for the two additional clerks and the bookkeeper out of his own commissions or resign. He paid. This was real business, because even then young Mr. Barrett was overpaid for his work. But his real acumen was in recognizing a great man. Since the payroll was a matter of Mr. Andrew Barrett's personally selected statistics, H. R. was certainly a wonder!

On Tuesday morning H. R., feeling that his own greatness had already become merely a matter of greater greatness, turned manlike to thoughts of love. He would share his greatness! He would make Grace Goodchild marry him. He was sure he would succeed. He saw very clearly indeed how Mr. Goodchild, being a conservative banker, could be compelled to say "Yes." In addition he would make Grace love him.

The strongest love is that love which is stronger than hatred. Therefore the love that begins by hating is best. To overcome the inertia of nonloving is not so difficult as to stop the backward motion and turn it into forward. He sat down and wrote a note:

I am sending you herewith a few clippings. Remember what I told you. Don't let father prejudice you. Hope to see you soon. Busy as the dickens.

Yours, H. R.

P. S. I love you because you are you! Certainly, I am crazy. But, dear, I know it!

With the note he sent her eighty-three inches of clippings and fourteen pictures. If that wasn't fame, what was? He also sent flowers. That afternoon before the *thé dansant* hour he called at the Goodchild residence.

"Miss Goodchild!" he said to the man, instead of asking for her. He pulled out his watch, looked at it, and before the man could say he would see if she were at home H. R. added: "Yes!"

He was punctual, as the man could see. The man, therefore, held out a silver card tray.

"Say it's Mr. Rutgers," H. R. told him. "And straighten out that rug. You've walked over it a dozen times!"

It was plain to see that it was H. R. who really owned this house. He must, since he wasn't afraid of the servants. And the worst of it was that the footman could not resent it. The gentleman was so obviously accustomed to regarding servants as servants, as domestic furniture! He dehumanized footmen, deprived them of souls, left them merely arms and legs to obey, machinelike. They call such "well-ordered households." Certainly not. It isn't a matter of the orders but of the soul excision.

Grace Goodchild walked in—behind her mother. The footman stood by the door, evidently by request. Everything in civilized communities is by request.

"How do you do?" said H. R. pleasantly. "Is this mother?" He bowed to Mrs. Goodchild, the bow of a social equal, his eyes full of a highly intelligent appreciation of physical charm. Then he asked Grace: "Did you read them?"

Mrs. Goodchild had intended to be stern, but the young man's undisguised admiration softened her wrath to pleasant sarcasm.

"I wished to see for myself," she said, not very hostilely, "if you were insane. I see you are."

"I am," agreed H. R. amicably, "and have been ever since I saw her. And the worst of it is I am very proud of it."

"Will you oblige me by leaving this house quietly?"

"Certainly," H. R. assured her. "I didn't come to stay—this time. I'm glad to have seen you. Has Grace told you I'm to be your son-in-law?"

He looked at her proudly, yet meekly. It was wonderful how well he managed to express the conflict. Then he apologized contritely. "I was too busy to call before. Grandmother Rutgers has never met you, has she?" He looked at her anxiously, eager to clear Mrs. Goodchild's name before the court of his family. At one fell swoop H. R. had deleted the name of Goodchild from the society columns. Mrs. Goodchild said huskily:

"Frederick, ring for a policeman."

"I'll break his neck if he does," said H. R. with patrician calmness. "Don't you ever again dare to listen while I am here, Frederick. You may go."

H. R. looked so much as if he meant what he said that Grace was pleasantly thrilled by his masterfulness. But she did not show it. Indeed she frowned. When a woman can't lie to the man who loves her she lies to herself by looking as she does not feel.

"Do you wish me to go for the sake of peace?" he asked Grace anxiously.

There was nothing he would not do, no torture too great to endure, for her sake—not even the exquisite agony of absence. That there might be no misunderstanding he added softly:

"Do you?"

"Don't you talk to my daughter!" said Mrs. Goodchild, furious at being excluded from the supreme command. Hearing no assent she was compelled by the law of Nature to repeat herself:

"Don't you talk to my daughter!"

H. R. looked at her in grieved perplexity. "Do you mean that you are deliberately going to be a comic-weekly mother-in-law and make me the laughing stock of my set?"

Feeling the inadequacy of mere words to express the thought she had not tried to express, she called on her right hand for aid—she pointed. Being concerned with gesture rather than intent on direction, she, alas, pointed to a window.

He shook his head at her and then at the window, and told her:

"To jump out of that one would be as bad as to have me arrested. Do you want the infernal reporters to make you ridiculous before my family? Do you realize that I am the most-talked-about man in all New York, and that if you air your alleged grievances in the papers you merely ostracize your own sweet self? Thank your stars I'm nice and forgiving. Don't you know what newspaper ridicule is? Don't you? Say 'No'!"

To make sure of her own grasp of the situation, Mrs. Goodchild, who was dying to shriek at the top of her voice, compressed her lips. H. R. instantly perceived the state of affairs and double-turned the key by placing his right forefinger to his own lips. This would give to his mother-in-law the two excellent habits of obedience and silence.

He turned to the girl and said:

"Grace, you are too beautiful! I can't fight your looks. Don't hide behind your mother. Let me look my fill. It's got to last me a whole week!"

Grace saw in his face and knew from his voice that he was neither acting nor raving. His words were as the gospel, the oldest of all gospels, which unlike all others is particularly persuasive in the springtime. He was a fine-looking chap, and the newspapers were full of him and he was in love with her. He interested her. Of course he was impossible. But also she was New York, and to prove it she must be epigrammatic. All her life she had listened to high-class vaudeville. She said icily, yet with a subtle consciousness of her own humor:

"If you wish to worship, why don't you try a church?"

"Which?" he retorted, so promptly and meaningly that she almost felt the wedding ring on her finger. He pursued:

"And when? I have the license all ready. See?"

He pulled out of his pocket a long envelope containing a communication from Valiquet's lawyer. "Here it is!" and he held it toward her.

Being young and healthy she laughed approvingly.

"Has it come to this in my own house?" exclaimed Mrs. Goodchild in dismay. Being rich and living in New York she did not know her daughter's affairs.

"Why not?" asked H. R. with rebuking coldness. "In whose house should our marriage be discussed?" Then he spoke to Grace, with a fervor that impressed both women: "I love you as men used to love when they were willing to murder for the sake of their love. Look at me!"

He spoke so commandingly that Grace looked, wonder and doubt in her eyes. In some women incertitude expresses itself in silences. Her mother was of a different larynx. She wailed: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" and sank back in her armchair. After one second's hesitation Mrs. Goodchild decided to clasp her own hands with a gesture of helplessness such as Pilate would have used had he been Mrs. Pontius. She did so, turning the big emerald *en cabochon* so that she could plaintively gaze at it. Eight thousand dollars!

Then she turned the gem accusingly in the direction of this man who might, for all she knew, be penniless. He was good-looking. Hendrik was Dutch. So was Rutgers. Could he belong?

"I beg your pardon, moth—Mrs. Goodchild," said H. R., so very courteously and contritely that he looked old-fashioned. "You must forgive me. But she is beautiful! She will grow, God willing, to look more like you every day. By making me regard the future with pleasurable anticipation you yourself give me one more reason why I must marry Grace." He said it exactly as such a thing should be said.

Grace looked at her mother and smiled at the effect. Mrs. Goodchild was only forty-six.

"I am making Grace Goodchild famous," said H. R. briskly, and paused that they might listen attentively to what was to follow.

Mother and daughter looked at him with irrepressible interest. Their own life had few red-blooded thrills for them, and they liked theatricals. This man was an experience! He shook his head and said mournfully: "It is very strange, this thing of belonging not to yourself but to the world. It is a sacrifice Grace must make!"

His voice rang with a subtle regret. But suddenly he raised his head proudly and looked straight at her.

"It is a sacrifice worth making—for the sake of the downtrodden whom you will uplift with your beauty. *Au revoir*, Grace. I am needed!"

He approached her. She tried to draw back. He halted before her, took her hand, raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"I am the dirt under your feet," he murmured, and left the room.

His was the gait of the Invincibles. He had cast a bewitching spell of unreality over the entire drawing room that made Grace feel like both actress and audience. She heard him in the hall. "Frederick!" he called. And after a brief pause: "My hat and cane!"

There was another pause. Then she heard Frederick say, infinitely more respectfully than Frederick had ever spoken to Mr. Goodchild:

"Thank you very much, sir."

Mrs. Goodchild paid Frederick by the month for working. H. R. had given Frederick twenty dollars for being an utterly useless menial. Hence Frederick's logical gratitude and respect.

XII

H. R. WALKED to his office thinking of the engagement ring. He therefore rang for Maximilian Onthemaker, Esq.

"Come up at once!"

"I will," said Max. "I'm busy as the dickens, but an order from you is ——"

"Another front page—with pictures!"

"I'm half-way up already!" said Max. Before the telephone receiver could descend on the holder H. R. heard a voice impatiently shriek: "Down!" to an elevator man two and a half miles away.

When Mr. Onthemaker, his face alight with eagerness to serve the cause of the poor sandwich men free gratis for nothing, could speak, H. R. told him calmly:

"Max, I am going to marry the only daughter of George G. Goodchild, president of the Ketcham National Bank. Get photographs of her. Try La Touche and the other fashionable photographers. They will require an order from Miss Goodchild."

"Written?" asked Mr. Onthemaker anxiously.

"I don't know."

"I'll call up my office and Miss Hirschbaum will give the order."

"Can she talk like ——"

"Don't You Talk to My Daughter!"

"Oh, she goes to the swell theaters," Max reassured him.

"Don't say I'm engaged and tell 'em not to bother the parents." He meant the reporters. Max thought of nothing else.

"Leave it to me. Say, Hendrik ——"

"Mr. Rutgers!" corrected H. R. The voice and the look made Max tremble and grow pale.

"I was only joking," he apologized weakly. He never repeated the offense. "I'll attend to it, Mr. Hendrik—I mean Mr. Rutgers."

"When Barrett comes in I'll send him down to you. Good day."

When Andrew Barrett returned he said impetuously: "I'm afraid I'll have to have some help, H. R."

"I was going to tell you, my boy, that from to-morrow on you will have to go on salary."

Barrett's smiles vanished. He shook his head. H. R. went on in a kindly voice:

"You've done very well and I'm much pleased with your work; but you mustn't be a hog." Barrett had made bushels of money by taking advantage of the opportunity to do so. The victorious idea was another's, the machinery was the society's, the work was done by the sandwiches. But Mr. Andrew Barrett was the salesman, the transmuter into cash. He was entitled to all he desired to make, so long as he didn't raise prices. Injustice stared him in the face—with smiles! Reducing his gain and smiling! H. R. would as lief get another man! Barrett forgot that he could get no business until H. R.'s astounding Valiquet coup made the agent's job one of merely writing down names. He forgot it, but he did not forget his own successor. All he could say, in a boyishly obstinate way, was:

"Well, I think ——"

"You mustn't think, and especially you must not think I'm an ass. You know very well that this is only the beginning of a very remarkable revolution in business. I need your services in installing the machinery and organizing the office—details that I leave to you because you have brains. Your salary will be a hundred a week and five per cent on all new business. After I pass on to a still higher field I will make you a present of this business for you to have and to hold till death do you part. The advertising agency will be all yours. It will do a bigger business every year. And if you don't like it you may leave this minute. You are young yet. Is it settled?"

Andrew Barrett nodded. H. R. said seriously: "It's about time sandwiching spread. How many on the Avenue to-day?"

"Nineteen firms—one hundred and eleven men. I think ——"

H. R. knew what Barrett was about to say. He, therefore, said it for Barrett: "Now that you have Fifth Avenue move west and east to Sixth and Madison and Fourth, and try Broadway and Twenty-third and Thirty-fourth and Forty-second ——"

"I was just going to propose it to you," said Barrett aggrievedly.

"I know you have brains. That's why you are here. I trust you implicitly. This is a man's job. There will be big money in it for you. For me ——" He ceased speaking and stared meditatively out of the window.

Andrew Barrett wondered with all his soul what the chief was reading in big print in the future. Andrew Barrett waited. Presently H. R. frowned. Then he smiled slightly. Barrett stared fascinatedly. Ah, the lure of mystery! If more men appreciated it polygamy would be inevitable—and liberal divorce laws.

H. R. looked up.

"Oh, are you here?" He smiled paternally, forgivingly. What greater proof of love? Barrett beamed.

"My boy, I wish you'd run over to Max Onthemaker's or get him on the telephone. The newspapers are going to publish it."

"Yes, sir, I will. Er—What are they—What are you going to spring on an enraptured metropolis?"

"My impending marriage to Grace Goodchild, only daughter of Goodchild, president of the Ketcham National Bank. See that it is well handled. And Barrett?"

"Yes, sir?"

"The old people don't relish the idea. She is the most beautiful girl in New York."

"I've seen her! Pippinissima!" exclaimed Andrew Barrett heartfully.

"Ten millions," said H. R. calmly.

XIII

MR. ONTHEMAKER, Andrew Barrett, and their faithful phalanx of star space-men who always signed their stuff, called in a body on La Touche, the photographer of the moment. He refused to give them Miss Goodchild's photograph. He wished his name used, of course, but he was too sensible to disregard professional ethics.

"Mr. Rutgers said we could get it," said Andrew Barrett sternly.

"I must have her permission. Hang it, boys, I am just as anxious as you—as I can be to do what I can for you.

But I don't dare. These swell people are queer!" the photographer explained aggrievedly.

"I'll call her up myself," said Max Onthemaker resolutely. "What's the Goodchild number?"

He went to the telephone and gave the number of his own office in low tones. Presently he said, loud enough to be heard by all: "Is this 070 Fifth Avenue?"

He alone heard the answer. He would not lie. He was a lawyer. It was unnecessary.

"Can I speak with Miss Goodchild? No—Miss Goodchild."

After a judiciously measured pause he spoke again: "Good afternoon. This is Mr. Onthemaker speaking—Quite well, thank you. I hope you are the same—That's good! -Yes, miss, I saw him this morning—The papers wish to publish your photograph—I'm sorry but they say they simply must! I am at La Touche's studio They doubtless do not do you justice, but they are the best ever taken of you—No; I don't think they can wait for new ones—One moment, please ——"

He held his hand in front of the transmitter so she couldn't hear him say to La Touche:

"She wants some new ones."

"To-morrow at two," said La Touche.

"Give us the old ones now," chorused the reporters. "We'll publish the new ones for the wedding."

"I am sorry"— Max again spoke into the telephone—"but they say they want some now. They'll use the others later—The one Mr. Rutgers likes?—Yes, ma'am—Thank you very much."

Foreseeing unintelligent incredulity Mr. Onthemaker did not hang up the receiver. It was just as well, for the cautious La Touche said: "I want to talk to her."

"Certainly," said Max and hastily rose.

"Miss Goodchild," said the photographer respectfully, "will it be all right if I let the reporters have ——"

"Give them the one Mr. Rutgers likes," came in a sweet voice.

"Which one is that?"

"The one he likes. And please send the bill to me, not to papa," with the accent properly on the second syllable.

"There will be no charge, Miss Goodchild. Thank you. I only wished to make sure you approved."

La Touche rose and turning to the friendly reporters asked wrathfully:

"How in blazes do I know which is the one Mr Rutgers likes?"

"Let us pick it out," said one reporter. He wore his hair long.

"Any one will do," said another considerately.

"I think I know which it is," said Barrett, taking pity on the photographer. To Mr. Onthemaker he whispered:

"Max, you're a second H. R."

"I try to be," modestly said Max.

And so the newspapers published the official preference of the lucky man. They published it because she was going to marry H. R. That same morning Mr. Goodchild called up the city editors. He was so stupid that he was angry. He threatened criminal action and also denied the engagement. Rutgers was only a discharged clerk who had worked in his bank. He had been annoying his daughter, but he, Mr. Goodchild, would take steps to put an end to further persecution. Rutgers would not be allowed to call. He had, Mr. Goodchild admitted, called—uninvited. Had a man no privacy in New York? What was the matter with the police? What was he paying taxes for—to be annoyed by insane adventurers and impertinent reporters? He didn't want any impertinence. If they didn't print the denial of the engagement and the facts he would put the matter in his lawyer's hands.

The afternoon papers that day and the morning papers on the next printed another portrait of Miss Grace Goodchild—because she was not engaged to H. R. It was so exactly what a Wall Street millionaire father would do that everybody in New York instantly recognized a romance in high life!

Grace Goodchild never had known before how many people knew her and how many more wished to know her. The reporters camped on her front doorsteps and the camera specialists could not be shooed away by Mr. Goodchild when he was going out on his way to the bank.

He assaulted a photographer. The papers, therefore, printed a picture of the infuriated money power in the act of using a club on a defenseless citizen. They did it very cleverly. By manipulating the plates they made Mr. Goodchild look four times the size of the poor photographer. Max Onthemaker brought suit for fifty thousand dollars' damages to the feelings, cranium and camera of Jeremiah Legare, the newspaper's society snapper.

From ten A. M. to seven P. M. Grace held a continuous levee. Mrs. Goodchild was in handsomely gowned hysterics.

All She Knew About Him Was That He Said He Loved Her and That Everybody in New York Knew It

Mr. Goodchild got drunk at his club. Yes, he did! The house committee ignored it. When they saw the afternoon papers they condoned it. And yet all that the newspapers said was that Grace Goodchild and H. R. were *not* married! And they blame the papers for inaccuracy!

H. R. knew that he must make his love for Grace plausible and his determination to marry her persistent and picturesque. His concern was with the public. He therefore called up Grace on the telephone. At the other end they wished to know who was speaking. He replied: "Tell Frederick to come to the telephone at once!"

Frederick responded.

"Are you there?" asked H. R., after the fashion of Frederick's compatriots.

"Frederick, go instantly to Miss Grace and tell her to come to the telephone on a matter of life and death. It's Mr. Rutgers. Don't mention my name."

This wasn't one of Frederick's few duties when he deigned to accept employment in the Goodchild household. But H. R. expected to be obeyed. Therefore he was obeyed.

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," said Frederick, proud to act as Mercury. He rushed off.

"Telephone, Miss Grace. He said it was a matter of life and death."

"Who is it? Another reporter?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. He's waiting, my lady."

Once in a while Frederick proved that he was worth his weight in gold by forgetting that he was in America. When he did he always called Grace "My lady."

She therefore went to the telephone. Of course H. R. was born lucky. But as a matter of fact, by deliberately establishing Frederick on a plane of perennial inferiority he had made such a stroke of luck inevitable. Since it was a matter of life and death Grace instantly asked:

"Who is it?"

"Listen, Grace. The entire country is going wild about you. Your portrait is being admired from Maine to California. But bear up with what's coming. We've got to bring father round to our way of thinking, and ——"

"Who is it? Who is it?"

"Great Scott, can't you recognize the voice? It's Hendrik!"

Her exasperated nerves made her say angrily:

"I think you are ——"

"Don't think I'm conceited, but I know it. One look at you at the opera one night did it."

"I feel like telling you ——"

"I'll say it for you. Close your ears till I'm done." After a pause: "I've insulted myself. I love you all the more for it! Grace, you must be brave! If you survive this next week ——"

"Lord!" she said, thinking of what the newspapers could say and invoking divine aid for the first time since they moved to Fifth Avenue.

"He's with us, sweetheart," Hendrik assured her. "Are you an Episcopalian?"

"Yes!" she replied, before she could think of not answering.

"Good! I am not. That's the trick, don't you see? Different religion! I love you. Wait!"

His voice as he entreated her to wait rang with such anguish that she irrepressibly asked:

"What?"

"I love you!"

He left the telephone and gathered together sixty-eight clippings, which he put in an envelope. He went to a fashionable florist, opened an account and ordered some exquisite flowers. The people there were going to ask for financial references, but the flowers H. R. ordered were so expensive that they felt ashamed of their own distrust. Besides, they were going to a Fifth Avenue address. He stopped at Valiquet's, where they hated him so much that they respected him, bought a wonderful gold vanity box inside of which he sent a card. On the card he wrote:

More than ever!
H. R.

He sent clippings, flowers and vanity box to Miss Goodchild, 070 Fifth Avenue, by messenger. Charge account.

He summoned Fleming and told him he wished the public-sentiment corps to tackle its first job. H. R. had prepared a dozen letters of protest, which the artists must copy before receiving their day's wages—one copy for each paper. The letters expressed the writers' admiration, contempt, approval, abhorrence, indignation and commendation of the journalistic treatment of the Goodchild-Rutgers affair. Real names and real addresses were given. It beat Pro Bono Publico, Old Subscriber and Decent Citizen all to pieces. H. R. supplied various kinds of stationery: some with crests, others very humble. The chirography was different. That alone was art.

The newspapers realized that H. R. had become news. The public wanted to read about him. The papers were the servants of the public. Circulation was invented for that very purpose.

Not content with the services of the public-sentiment corps, H. R. commanded Andrew Barrett to tip off the friendly reporters—Andrew by this time was calling them by their first names—to watch the Goodchild residence on Fifth Avenue and also the Ketcham National Bank on Nassau Street.

Thinking that this meant elopement uptown and shooting downtown, the reporters dispatched the sob artists to Fifth Avenue and the veteran death watch to the Ketcham National.

They were rewarded. Parading up and down the Goodchild block on the Avenue were six sandwich men. They carried the swellest sandwiches in Christendom. This was the first use of the famous iridescent-glass-mosaic sandwich in history. It was exquisitely beautiful. But the legends were even more so:

I Shall Marry Grace Goodchild No Matter Who Says No! O. K.—H. R. *Sec.*	No Opposition Can Keep Me From Marrying Grace Goodchild O. K.—H. R. *Sec*
See the Newspapers For Accounts of The Marriage of Grace Goodchild to Hendrik Rutgers O. K.—H. R. *Sec.*	Wedding of Grace Goodchild and Hendrik Rutgers For Date Watch This Space O. K.—H. R. *Sec.*
All the World Loves a Lover — Please Love Grace Goodchild And Me Too! O. K.—H. R. *Sec*	Do You Blame Me For Wishing to Marry the Most Beautiful Girl In the Whole World? She Lives Here! O. K.—H. R. *Sec.*

This last he stationed in front of the Goodchild house. Across the street, leaning against the Central Park wall, was Morris Lazarus, Mr. Onthemaker's able associate counsel. His pockets were bulging with numbered legal documents in anticipation of hostilities. He had told the reporters that he was one of Mr. Rutgers' counsel and did not propose to allow the sandwich men to be interfered with by anybody. He also distributed his card that the name might not be misspelled.

The sandwiches paraded up and down the Avenue sidewalk, never once going off the block. As two of the artists passed each other they saluted: the sandwich union's sign—a rigid forefinger drawn quickly across the throat with a decapitating sweep. Lambs expecting execution in the world's vast abattoir! The answering sign was a quick, mouthward motion of the rigid thumb to represent the assuaging of thirst at the close of day. Thus did H. R. reward industry.

Before the sandwich men had made the beat a dozen times all upper Fifth Avenue heard about it. A stream of limousines, preciously freighted, halted before the Goodchild mansion and poured out onto the sidewalk friends and acquaintances of the Goodchilds'. On the dowagers' faces you could see the smug self-congratulations that their daughters, thank goodness, did not have to be wooed thus vulgarly to get into the newspapers. And on the daughters' the watching reporters saw smiles and envious gleams of bright eyes.

Why couldn't they be thus desperately wooed in public? To let the world know you were desired, to have a man brave all the world in order to let the world know it! It was heroism! And even more—it was great fun.

The dowagers went in to express both surprise and condolence to Mrs. Goodchild. The girls rushed to Grace's boudoir to ask questions. Mrs. Goodchild tried to brazen it out. Then she tried to treat it humorously. But the dowagers called both bluffs. Then she foolishly told them: "The poor young man is quite insane." They chorused: "He must be!" with conviction—the conviction that she was lying like a suburban boomer.

Grace was in an unphilosophical frame of mind. H. R. had made her the laughingstock of New York. It would have been ridiculous if it were not so serious to her social plans. She hated him! Being absolutely helpless to help herself her hatred embraced the world that would laugh at her! All the world! Particularly the women. Especially those of her own age. They would laugh! This is the unforgivable sin in women, because their sense of humor is minus. And when they laugh—— Just then the avalanche of those she hated the most swooped down upon her. Her eyes were red from acute aqueous mortification. They saw it. They said in chorus sorrowfully:

"You poor thing!"

Who said the rich have no hearts? The girls had given to her poverty without her asking for it. It always makes people charitable when they create poverty unasked.

"I wouldn't stand it!" cried one.

"Nor I!" chorused fourteen of Grace's best friends.

Outside, that particular section of the Avenue for the first time in its dazzling history was blocked by automobiles. You would have sworn it was the shopping district in Christmas week. The reason was that the occupants of the autos had told the chauffeurs to stop so that they might read the sandwiches.

The reporters were ringing the front-door bell and the rapid-fire tintinnabulation was driving Frederick frantic. Mrs. Goodchild had told him not to send for the police. The reporters, feeling treated like rank outsiders, were in no pleasant frame of mind.

Upstairs Grace, hiding her wrath, overwhelmed by the accursed sympathy of her best friends, said helplessly: "What can I do?" She didn't like to tell them she wished to bury them with her own hands.

From fifteen youthful throats burst forth the same golden word: "Elope!"

She gasped and stared blankly.

"It's the greatest thing I ever heard. I don't know him, but if he is half-way presentable you can teach him table manners in a week. I'd make my father give him a job in the bank!" asserted Marion Beekman.

"And did you see the papers!" shrieked Verona Mortimer. "I say, did you see the papers? And the pictures! Girls, she's a regular devil and we never knew it! Where did you hide your brains all these years, Gracie dear?"

"I never would have thought it possible," said the cold, philosophical Katherine Van Schaick. "I call it mighty well engineered. Did you tell him to do it, Grace? If so you are a genius!"

"What does he look like?"

"Is he of the old New Jersey Rutgers?"

"If he's good-looking and has money, what's wrong with him? Booze?" asked a practical one.

"He isn't married, is he?" asked a doll-face, with Reno in her heavenly eyes.

At this a hush fell on the group. It was the big moment.

"How exciting!" murmured one.

"Is he married, Grace?"

Fifteen pairs of eyes pasted themselves on Grace's. She barely caught herself on the verge of confessing ignorance. She was dazed by the new aspect of her own love affair. These girls envied her! "No!" she said recklessly.

"It's her father," prompted a slim young Sherlock Holmes.

"No, Mrs. Goodchild!" corrected a greater genius.

"Maybe it's Grace herself," suggested the envious Milly Walton.

"How can I stop it?" asked Grace angrily.

"What?" shrieked all.

"Why, girls," said Miss Van Schaick, "she isn't responsible for it after all."

Before the disappointment could spoil their pleasure one of them said impatiently:

"Oh, let's look at 'em!" meaning the sandwiches.

They rushed to the window.

"Let's go downstairs. We can see 'em better!" And Grace's friends thereupon rushed away. One of them was considerate enough to say: "Come on, Grace!" and Grace followed, not quite grasping the change in the situation. Her fears were not so keen: her doubts keener. The girls nearly overturned their respective mammas in their rush to get to the windows.

"I Have Told Her Parents That I Have Proposed to Marry Miss Goodchild—Peacefully. Get That Straight, Please—Peacefully!"

"Grace," said Miss Van Schaick, who had never before called her anything but "Miss—er—Goodchild," "send out and tell them to stop and face this way. I don't think I've read all the sandwiches."

"Yes! Yes!"

"Oh, do!"

"Please, Grace, tell 'em!"

It sounded like election when women shall vote. Much more melodious than to-day. The dowagers were made speechless. They had acquired that habit before their daughters. Grace capitulated to the incense.

"Frederick, go out and tell them to stop and face this way," commanded Grace with a benignant smile.

"My de——" began Mrs. Goodchild mildly.

"I have lived," said Miss Van Schaick, in her high-bred, level voice that people admiringly called insulting, "to see a New York society man do something really original."

Mrs. Goodchild gasped—and began to look resigned. From there to pride the jump would be slight. But hers was not a mind that readjusted itself very quickly.

"Oh, look!" and the girls began to read the legends aloud.

The dowagers rose, prompted by the same horrid fear. Chauffeurs were bad enough. But sandwich men! The world moves rapidly these days. One week ago these mothers did not know sandwich men even existed. A new peril springs up every day. They decided, being wise, not to scold their daughters.

The girls shook hands with Grace with such warmth that she felt as if each had left a hateful wedding gift in her palm. Mrs. Goodchild went upstairs, weeping or very close to it. She could not see whither it all would lead, and she was the kind that must plan everything in advance to be comfortable. By regularly using a memorandum calendar she cleverly managed to have something to look forward to in this life.

Grace remained. She was thinking. When she thought she always tapped on the floor with her right foot rhythmically. She realized that H. R.'s courtship of her had changed in aspect. She knew that the girls in her set thought everything was a lark. But they themselves did not visit those who had larked beyond a certain point. An ecstatic "What fun!" soon changed to a frigid "How perfectly silly!"

It was not so difficult to treat the sandwich episode humorously now, or even to take intelligent advantage of the wide heralding of her good looks. She knew that, with the negligible exception of a few old fogies, the crass vulgarity of H. R.'s public performances would not harm her—unless she took it seriously enough to appeal to the law about it, when the same old fogies would say she should have ignored it. But she could not clearly see the end of it—that is, an ending that would redound to her glory. This man was a puzzle, a paradox, an exasperation. He was too unusual, too adventurous, too clever, too dangerous. He had too much to gain and too little to lose. He did not classify easily. He was masterful. He loved her. Masterful men in love have a habit of making themselves disagreeable. In how many ways would this masterful man who was resourceful, original, undeterred by conventions, indifferent to the niceties of life, unafraid of public opinion as of social ostracism, make himself disagreeable? Was he serious in his determination to marry her? Or was it merely a scheme to obtain notoriety? Was he a crank or a criminal? Of course, marriage was out of the question. But if she didn't marry him, what would he do? What wouldn't he do? How long would he keep it up? Must she flee to Europe?

Her foot was tap-tapping away furiously. She ceased to think in order to hate him. Then because she hated him she feared him. Then because she feared him she respected him. Then because she respected him she didn't hate him. Then because she didn't hate him she began to think of him. But all she knew about him was that he said he loved her and that everybody in New York knew it. Who was he? What was he? Should she start an investigation—genealogical, financial?

"I beg pardon, miss. But the men——" Frederick paused.

"Yes?"

"They are standing." He meant the sandwiches.

"Well?"

(Continued on Page 52)

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The Submarine

BY ONE of the amiable rules of war, soldiers may take fearful reprisal for any attack on them by a civilian. Immediately on entering Belgium the German Army let it be known that if a civilian fired on them, not only he but every mule in the house whence the shot came would be executed; and they applied this rule with that rigorous thoroughness for which Prussia's military conduct has long been famous.

A standing cause of unhappiness to American war correspondents was the certainty that if any intoxicated or otherwise irresponsible citizens should happen to shoot at a uniform from their habitations, they would be introduced to a firing party first, and the detailed circumstances of the case—possibly—investigated afterward. Louvain was laid waste, with much bloodshed, because of a civilian attack on soldiers. Many smaller towns suffered the same fate for the same reason.

The excuse is that soldiers must know whom they are fighting. They assume that a man in civilian dress is a noncombatant and, therefore, let him alone; but he must strictly live up to that assumption or he would have them at a disadvantage.

It is, of course, a barbarous rule; but it is binding in whatever military law there is, and in practice. If it is binding its converse ought to be, and the deliberate killing of an actual noncombatant by a soldier ought to be regarded as mere murder. To take a horrible vengeance for a shot fired by a supposed noncombatant, and then in cold blood to kill an actual noncombatant, will never do.

If a submarine cannot operate effectually without killing noncombatants, then it must not operate at all. Unquestionably that will be the world's judgment. As a matter of fact, the effectual operations of submarines in this war that have really counted at all have consisted in the sinking of war vessels.

The sinking of merchant ships has not changed the military situation in the least. So far it has merely generated an odium, which counts as a heavy liability in a world where public opinion is, after all, a great force. War may temporarily suspend its operation, but not abrogate it.

We have no doubt Germany could have better afforded the loss of a dozen army brigades than the sinking of the Lusitania.

Time to Make Friends

TRADE and finance were mostly the subjects of discussion at the recent Pan-American Congress, in Washington; but we hope some things that did not appear conspicuously on the program were subjects of thought. Events of the last two years, but especially in the last ten months, should have operated powerfully to remove American misunderstandings and get these two continents on better terms.

This country's course with respect to Mexico ought to remove the last suspicion that it entertains predatory ambitions in any direction. Europe's frightful stew has extended to Africa, where British colonist marches against German colonist; and to Asia, where thrifty Japan seizes the happy occasion to lay hands on China. That ought to bring home the common American interest in a system over which Europe extends no spheres of influence or other benevolent jurisdictions.

A view abroad in any direction ought to make the United States seem a pretty good neighbor—or, rather, the making of a pretty good neighbor.

That dislike, suspicion and jealousy of the United States have obtained very generally to the south of us up to a recent time is almost altogether our own fault. It would be absurd to say that we have tried much to be liked or understood. Ignorance of South America in general is still discoverable in too many North Americans. We have wanted their trade—if they would hand it to us—but really cared little about their friendship.

What the world most needs at this moment—as any day's newspaper headlines will suggest—is a better understanding among nations, genuine international respect and friendship, a warmer realization of the unity of human interests, irrespective of boundaries. It is a highly favorable juncture for closer relations among American nations.

The Enduring Conflict

DIRECTLY after the outbreak of war, as you doubtless recall, the British Government took over all the railroads of the country, to make sure that nothing interfered with the rapid movement of troops and munitions. The regular management was not displaced or disturbed; but it took orders from the government instead of from a board of directors. Government business was to be carried free; but the government guaranteed net earnings equal to those in times of peace.

This measurably put the labor unions out of business, for a strike against the government would be an awkward thing; so the government granted to railroad employees a war bonus in addition to their ordinary wages. This amounts to an increase of pay estimated at about twenty million dollars a year.

After a "war truce" between employers and employees had lasted several months, workmen at the Clyde Shipbuilding Yard struck, because cost of living was rising rapidly and they thought their employers were making big profits. An arbitration arrangement satisfactory to the men was soon made and the strike ended.

Warned by that apparently, the government has incorporated Liverpool dock workers into the army. They are regularly enlisted; the secretary of their union is head of the battalion, and they do their docking in overalls of army khaki.

Presumably a strike would be legally tantamount to desertion from the army and punishable with death. But, in addition to their regular union wages as dock laborers, they receive soldiers' pay of seven shillings a week, and latest reports suggest that they are quite content.

There are various other instances of war bonuses to labor in one form or other. In England, at least, the enduring conflict between capital and labor goes right on beneath the smoke of war. Neither roar of cannon nor inspiriting rattle of patriotic drums can drown its voice—a reminder that, after the vast insanity in Poland and Flanders has subsided, society will settle down again to its rational conflicts.

Land-Mortgage Banks

THERE are two radically different phases of the rural land-credit question, as our correspondence continually shows; and we doubt that the two phases can be satisfactorily dealt with in one lump.

For example, the Massachusetts House recently passed a bill authorizing land-mortgage banks, differing considerably in detail from the land bank set up in New York last winter, but looking in the same general direction. The banks would lend up to fifty per cent of the value of improved real estate and sell debentures based on the mortgages. In other words they would make farm loans strictly on an investment basis.

The Census reports a million farms, operated by owners, mortgaged for one and three-quarter billion dollars. A third of these mortgages are in four states—Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Missouri. Add Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Kansas and Nebraska, and you have considerably over half of them. These are almost wholly investment loans, with a wide margin of security, the mortgage seldom exceeding fifty or, at most, sixty per cent of the value of the property. They are in well-proved, prosperous agricultural territory, and investors readily take them at a moderate rate of interest.

But nearly two-fifths of the farms of the country are operated by tenants—in the South more than half. An enterprising tenant wishes to buy the farm he works, paying down about a quarter of the purchase price. If he is capable he should be encouraged to buy; but he cannot borrow the money at a moderate rate of interest, because his is not a good investment loan. The margin of security is not wide enough. Coöperative or philanthropic enterprise may meet his needs, but his loan must be treated differently from investment loans. On its own merits it cannot expect to command equal terms.

There is no doubt a field for the extension of farm credits—preferably by local or regional cooperation—to those who are not in a position to compete in the investment market; but the two sorts of loans should not be confused.

Economics and War

JUDGING by British and French returns, exports of the countries at war must have declined at least a billion dollars in the first quarter of this year—which is one of the smaller illustrations of the folly of trying to find any economic justification for war.

Take the case of Germany. Her sales to the three countries she is now fighting amounted to considerably more than a quarter of her total foreign sales. The notion that she could possibly gain foreign trade by fighting her three biggest customers, and immediately cutting off over a fourth of her business, might appeal to a lunatic, but never to a man capable of adding two and two correctly; yet the militarist propaganda finally leans pretty heavily on foreign trade. The place in the sun, so far as any tangible meaning can be attached to it, means mostly a place to sell more goods.

China was a chief objective of German imperialism; yet every week since August first, Germany has probably lost as much foreign trade as her total yearly trade with China amounts to. We know positively that this war cannot economically pay any belligerent; but the war itself shows that demonstrating a thing does not pay is by no means equivalent to stopping it.

As to total economic effects of the war, destruction of foreign trade, so far, has probably put the world back about ten years—that is, value of all the goods entering into international trade in 1915 will be no greater than in 1905 and may sink back to 1900.

That what is happening in Europe hardly threatens to set the world trade farther back indicates the rapidity with which commerce and wealth have multiplied in late years.

Farm Indebtedness

A LITTLE more than three-fifths of the farms in the United States are operated by their owners, and a little less than two-fifths by tenants. As to farms operated by tenants, the Census makes no attempt to learn whether or not they are mortgaged; but, as to farms operated by owners, it reports one-third mortgaged and two-thirds free from incumbrance. Probably among farms operated by tenants the ratio of those free to those mortgaged is not widely different.

As to about three-quarters of the farms operated by owners and mortgaged, the Census reports the amount of the mortgage debt—the aggregate being roughly one and three-quarter billion dollars, or twenty-seven per cent of the value of lands and buildings.

If, as seems fairly likely, about the same ratio of indebtedness applies to the other farms that are operated by owners and mortgaged, then we have farm lands and buildings valued at twenty-two and a third billion dollars operated by owners, and mortgaged to nine per cent of the total value.

Farm lands and buildings valued roughly at twelve and a half billion dollars are operated by tenants and managers. No report concerning the incumbrance on them is available. If we wish to assume that they are mortgaged to about the same extent as farm lands and buildings operated by owners, then we may take the total farm-mortgage indebtedness as something over three billion dollars; but that is assuming in a pretty free-and-easy manner.

So far as Census figures show, mortgage debt relatively to value has decreased in twenty years; and the first glance at the Census tables shows clearly that mortgaged farms are no indication whatever of agricultural depression. Iowa has a greater proportion of mortgaged farms operated by owners than any other state, and Iowa is perhaps the most flourishing agricultural state in the Union.

The proportion of mortgaged farms is twice as high in Wisconsin as in New Hampshire; three times as high in Illinois as in West Virginia; ten times as high in North Dakota as in New Mexico—which certainly does not mean that farmers are twice as prosperous in New Hampshire as in Wisconsin, and so on. In many cases a farm mortgage, exactly like a railroad mortgage, means prosperity and expansion.

As to the million and more farms for which the Census furnishes figures, the mortgage debt is but little over a quarter of the value of lands and buildings. The average value of the mortgaged farm is, in round numbers, six thousand three hundred dollars; the mortgage is seventeen hundred dollars; the owner's equity, forty-six hundred dollars. Probably exactness is not to be claimed for these Census figures; but it is a fair assumption that they show approximately the situation.

THE BRUTE—By Edward Mott Woolley

THEY call him the Brute when he is safely out of hearing. He would cut you into slices like bacon, they say, and fry you down to a grease spot. He has no soul. That is what some people say about him; but the opinion is rather *ex parte*. Of course he might fry you into a grease spot. He might make a man work on the Fourth of July or fire him on Christmas Eve; but he would have a pretty good reason for doing those things.

The Brute is the head and chief operating executive of a big firm of railroad contractors. In addition to being a brute he is what men call chain lightning. Quick decision and rapid action are his chief characteristics; the brutality is incidental. Once, while engaged in a contract out in the state of Washington, a river began to rise suddenly. He knew those Washington rivers and he said to his immediate staff:

"Boys, she'll be over her banks in twenty-four hours. That means we've got to get those supplies up from the railroad before this time to-morrow."

"It can't be done!" they agreed.

Several carloads of equipment and provisions had just arrived at the nearest settlement, ten miles away, and the only route to the camps lay over a tortuous road that paralleled the river. Only two wagons were available and those could not be heavily loaded. Failure to get the stuff ahead of the flood might mean weeks of delay. Supplies would run short, hundreds of men would have to be discharged, and the progress of the work would be hampered.

At dusk the freighters came in, with their two wagons and four-horse teams. It was raining and the night looked unpromising.

"Get your supper and hustle back after another load!" commanded the Brute.

The wagon crews demurred. They were tired and they thought it unreasonable to be sent back. Then they grew more emphatic and said they would not go out again that night for anybody. "Then get your time and quit!"

Fighting a Flood With Brains

HAVING given this edict the Brute called for volunteers and got them. All the men in the camps were tired, too, for they had worked all day, like the freighters; but a dozen husky fellows were ready to go out on this emergency mission.

Meantime couriers had been sent up and down the grade, with orders for all the men to report during the night at the main camp. The tenor of the command left no room for doubt. It made no difference whether the men were tired or not, or whether they would prefer their bunks to the rain. With all the autocracy of a military commander the Brute ordered them out. Every camp within reach was drawn on. The Brute's inhumanity is really of the military sort—the kind we glorify in history.

Several hundred men were thus mobilized before daylight; and, after being fed, they were marched off in squads to the railroad station, each squad in charge of a member of the Brute's staff. When the men arrived at the settlement they were fed and rested, and then turned into pack animals and started back, with stacks of provisions on their shoulders. The more damageable goods went by wagon.

The water ran into the road just after dark that evening and the last of the provisions had to be carried through it; but the thing was done. For a day or two that contracting job was paralyzed with exhaustion; but the Brute was not troubled with compassion. He is soulless, remember.

Yet no weak executive could hold that job. Perhaps even a diplomatist could not hold it. It belongs to a class of executive work in which tremendous personal force seems to be necessary—brute force, if you choose. At any rate, it is the sort of individual force that gets things done when the odds seem strongly in the opposite direction. And when you simmer the whole thing down, this strenuous contractor merely accomplishes, in his own way, just what other big executives accomplish. The men under him must make good.

However, I am not defending brutishness. This man is presented just as he is. If you take the best that is in him, and forget the worst, you still have a character worth studying. It may be that his greatest fault lies in his tendency to seize on the worst in men rather than the best; yet, when you scrutinize events closely you perceive that his lightning rarely hits the sort of men who are inclined to make good. On the other hand he expends no patience on the slothful. He eliminates them, as far as he can, from his scheme of things. His creed is action and the shirkers had better keep away.

One day, on arriving at one of his construction camps, he gave an order that all laborers of a certain nationality be discharged.

"But we can't do that!" protested the engineer. "We've got hundreds of those fellows up here on the grade!"

"Fire 'em!" he insisted. "Fire every devil among them! They won't work; and we've got to pay expenses on this job, even if we get nothing more."

"But we can't get men to take their places; and, besides, there'll be a riot!"

"I've already wired Chicago, Omaha, Minneapolis and Kansas City," he answered; "and if necessary I'll wire New York and other towns. There are men enough in this country who will give us a fair day's work. Loafers don't go on this contract! And there won't be any riot. We'll nip it!"

His orders were carried out. The timid men on the staff had their backbones stiffened, and the affair was put through with such firmness and finality that the resistance was tame. The men who were not wanted were escorted back to the settlements and disbanded. Within two or three weeks the recruits had more than filled the gaps and the dynamite roared louder than ever. He demonstrated his theory that there are plenty of willing workers if one goes out and gets them.

In this connection a story is told of him that brings out his quick-acting habit of thought. Through the failure of another contractor his firm came into possession of a lot of equipment, including a number of shovels. When he saw these for the first time a gang of laborers was engaged on the grade with them. After sweeping his eyes along the shovelers he called to the foreman.

"By to-morrow night," he said, "I'll have some shovels up here. Then I want you to throw those spoons in the ditch."

It was found afterward, on examining the old shovels carefully, that their capacity ranged round twelve pounds, while many of them were almost worthless in type. The new shovels had a uniform capacity round twenty pounds, which is about the standard.

The Brute does not waste time on arguments when he knows a thing can be done in a better or quicker way. Once, while straightening a railroad and lowering the grades, an immense landslide came down a mountain and blocked traffic, so that it looked as though no trains could get through for many days; but the Brute, with his customary rapidity of decision, proposed to move a small steel-truss bridge a quarter of a mile downstream, thus making possible a temporary cut-off.

Meeting Sudden Emergencies

THIS project was considered very dubious by the railroad's officials, but finally they decided to let the Brute try it. From somewhere they borrowed a special derrick car and sent it along; but when it arrived at a tunnel near the bridge it was found that the A frame, as construction men call it, was too high to go through.

While the railroad's engineers were debating the alternative of dismantling the derrick or abandoning the bridge-moving project, the Brute got busy with a gang of laborers and lowered the track through the tunnel.

This piece of enterprise, for which there had been no permission, roused some of the railroad-people's ire, and they said things. The Brute said things back. He did not always wait for permission. He was going to move that bridge; and if they did not like the way he went about it—why, they could go somewhere! I should not want to reproduce literally the things the Brute very often says.

At any rate he cut short the argument about the derrick and got to work on the bridge. He worked his men twenty-six hours without resting, and then the trains went over the structure in its new location. What had looked like an impossible piece of work proved, in reality, to be more a matter of personality than of engineering skill.

Making Friends

On another occasion a cattle train ran into some cars, loaded with dynamite, that had been destined for the Brute's camps. Dynamite and steers went away together to the sky. Some of the train crew, in fragments, went along. The Brute was up in a mountain fastness when he heard of the accident, in the middle of his dinner under the canvas of a tent and surrounded by his men.

"He had a nicely buttered chunk of boiled potato on the way to his mouth," said one of his engineers in telling about it; "but he put it back on his plate, grabbed his coat, and disappeared down the partly finished grade.

"Naturally you might guess that he went to the scene of the explosion—only he didn't. The explosion was ancient history to him. He was pretty well calloused, anyway, to the idiosyncrasies of dynamite. He didn't even ask for a list of the killed. He was in too big a hurry to get along on his errand in the other direction. What he wanted was to get more dynamite, of which the work stood in urgent need.

"Walking nine miles to the nearest telegraph office he arrived in the midst of a blizzard and found the wires down.

"Going out into the railroad yards to reconnoiter, he

saw a roadmaster's gasoline velocipede. Not finding the roadmaster, he commandeered the little car and drove it through the snowstorm twenty miles, being obliged to dismount several times and drag it through the drifts. Finally he reached a telegraph office, where he was able to send his message to a junction point near by; and he was just in time to divert a car of dynamite bound over another branch of the railroad to a different section of his contract. Another hour's delay would have held us up on our part of the work for maybe a week or two.

"The roadmaster was mad, of course. I understand that when he found out what had become of his dinky little truck automobile he couldn't see straight.

"The velocipede came back to him next day, towed by a freight train; but the Brute had gone along somewhere else to make fresh trouble. He can make more trouble in a day than some fellows make in a year; but he can put through twice as much work as any man I ever knew."

In the wilds or in the city this trait of instant action has often been manifested. His wife tells this:

"In Chicago not long ago we were caught in a thunderstorm, but my husband saw a ten-ton truck coming and hired it to take us to the hotel. It was nicely covered and we got back without much wetting, while some friends who had been with us were soaked. They refused to get into the truck, but waited for a cab."

If he had any motto no doubt it would be the one so often seen on the walls of offices, where it is hung up because it can be had ready-framed at the ten-cent store—not because it really means anything. With the Brute, however, it is an everyday code, and he acts it:

"Do it now!"

He gets things done habitually while other men are getting ready. They tell about a railroad bridge that was on fire. The Brute had a locomotive available and, taking all the men and buckets he could crowd aboard the tender, he made a dash for the scene, a dozen miles away.

Arriving there he had his men cut some saplings, out of which ladders were improvised. These were hung from the unburned stringers of the bridge in such a manner that the lower rungs were in the water. On the suspended ladders he put his men, close enough together to pass up buckets of water from the river. In this way some pretty fair streams were poured on the flames and the fire was extinguished while the railroad wrecking crew was rigging up a pump at a distance, preparatory to starting for the spot.

Thus he does things, with a biff and a bang, before other men get through thinking about starting. He is impatient of preliminary work and crowds it through so as to get at the real business. He cuts out ceremony and form, and in his everyday relations jumps at once to the matter at issue. Nothing pleases him more than to have the members of his staff transact their business with him without circumlocution and do their work without vacillation.

Often he earns his reputation as the Brute by the way he stirs up sluggish movement.

"Here, you!" he said to a sleepy individual who was dreamily harnessing a team of horses. "You, there! Wake up!"

Then he seized the collar or crupper—I do not know which—and gave an exhibition of the zest a live man can put into a procedure even so primitive as the harnessing of a horse; and the old horse, too, stepped livelier after that.

Even the water boys learn to quicken their pace on the Brute's contracts, for when the latter comes round he does not spare their feelings.

"Lift your feet!" he said to one boy. "We don't need any plows on this grade."

Then he has a rude and distressing habit, though effective to an extraordinary degree, of "calling" the drones and bunglers; and he invents picturesque names and phraseology to characterize his victims in the presence of their fellow workmen. Usually he gets a laugh from the other men in the gang.

"There is a bestial humor about him that takes away some of the sting," explained one of his associates. "He will stick a verbal knife into a man and run it clear through, and the poor devil will pick himself up with a grin and proceed to reform." Thus:

"Come along, chipmunk! You are getting a man's pay!"

"Hey, you canary bird over there in the yellow shirt! You'll have time enough to roost when you get to the Golden Shore!"

"Limber up those crooked legs, Blue Back. This is no rest cure!"

"McGinnis, over there! Unbend that rheumatic old back of yours!"

You might be inclined to think he would have difficulty in retaining his men; but he seems to have less trouble in that respect than other contractors who have a more careless discipline. There seems to be a peculiar magnetism in his strong personality that men like, despite the knocks they get. And I think you will find this situation paralleled wherever such a personality holds sway. Even the laborers feel a subtle inspiration, and they would rather work on the Brute's contracts than under other contractors.

This was attested on one occasion in particular, when a whole gang of men deserted another contractor and walked forty miles in order to go to work for the Brute at the same pay. Yet many of them had worked for him before and knew they would have to strike a different pace.

(Concluded on Page 34)

When China Says: "No Wanchee!"

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

"WHAT you pay for yen?"

"No wanchee yen."

"No wanchee yen! Why not?"

"No can do."

"How fashion no can do?"

"No can do!"

There was the finality of forty centuries in that last "No can do!" But I thought this particular Chinese money changer I had visited in Shanghai in order to sell my Japanese yen had some personal reason for refusing to buy that currency; so I went to the next one.

"I want to sell some yen," I said.

"No can do."

"But why?"

"No can do!"

He turned away; and so did the next one, and the next, and the one after that. Then it began to dawn on me that the Chinese money changers were refusing to sell or buy Japanese money. Inasmuch as Chinese money changers rarely, even under the utmost stress of circumstances, refuse to turn a penny or more—usually more—in exchange, and inasmuch as their turning facilities have long been the wonder of the poor wights who seek to get a shade on them in such transactions, I looked about for the reason.

"Why," I asked an old Shanghaister, "are the Chinese exchange artists so prejudiced against perfectly good Japanese yen?"

"It's the boycott," he replied. "The Chinese are boycotting the Japanese because of the demands made on China by Japan as a sequel to the taking of Tsingtau."

I looked about some more and ran into a most interesting situation. The Chinese of Shanghai—and, I understand, of many other places in China—are boycotting Japanese goods and Japanese money and the Japanese. They have taken that method for getting even. It may be that the Japanese will have secured power enough with the government at Peking to stop the boycott before this article is printed; but at the time it was written the boycott was in full swing and was getting stronger every day.

I was walking on a street just outside the boundary between the International Settlement in Shanghai and one of the native quarters. A man came out of a Japanese store—a Chinaman—carrying two cheap blue-and-white bowls, of Japanese manufacture. Two coolies had been loafing about in front of the store. As the man with the bowls reached the middle of the street the two coolies pounced on him. They beat him about the body, threw the bowls to the ground and broke them, gave him a guttural warning in objurgatory Chinese, and fled into an alley. The man who had bought the bowls stood in the street, bewildered, squealing a protest, and then waddled off to find a policeman.

Presently the Chinaman came along, holding a coolie by the ear. He found his policeman and explained volubly that this miscreant he held by the ear had attacked him because he had ventured into a Japanese shop. The policeman, who happened to be a Chinese policeman and not a turbaned and whiskered Sikh, listened impatiently. He looked with utter contempt at the protester and told the coolie to "beat it!"—in whatever the Chinese equivalent for that expressive phrase may be. The coolie lost no time in doing so and the policeman, after telling the injured patron of the Japanese to get along about his business, strolled up the road—and I thought I heard him laugh.

The Circular, "A Word, With Tears of Blood!"

Word has come out to the East, since I have been here, of similar boycotts organized by the Chinese in the United States and in Hong-Kong and other places, both on the coast and in the interior of China. The Japanese naturally are furious and are protesting; but the Chinese seem to be organizing compactly, and if they stick to it they will work a most effective revenge on the Japanese. The theory of the boycott is that China is not able to protect herself against the Japanese by force of arms, and is practically helpless against the demands of Japan. Indeed, long before this gets into print the Japanese may have secured what they are after—which is a good deal. However, if the Chinese run true to form in this matter they will stick to their boycott and it will be expensive for the Japanese.

Take that episode of the Taku Maru, at Hong-Kong—I think it was the Taku Maru. At any rate it was some maru, which is the word the Japanese tack on the names of all their merchant ships, albeit they are hazy about what maru means. The best explanation I had of it is that it means "going round"; and as ships are going round from place to place they put it on all their merchant vessels. However, eight years ago this Japanese ship—some maru or other—was caught smuggling arms or taking arms into China for some ulterior Japanese purpose. The Chinese seized the ship. The Japanese demanded indemnity from the Chinese Government and got it; and immediately the Chinese at Hong-Kong instituted a boycott.

That boycott is going on yet. It extends to freight for Japanese ships and for passage on them, and it has cost the Japanese lines a lot of money. The government has tried to stop it; but the Chinese method of boycotting is so secret and so subtle that it cannot be stopped. They know how to get back at their enemies through trade channels in one way, even if they do not know much about beating them in open competition and are children at fighting—these Chinese.

The Japanese have notified the Chinese Government that it will be held responsible for the boycott, and the government has protested that it is doing all it can to stop it. So the government is, in the way of breaking up demonstrations and clubbing Chinese orators out of meetings; but the conditions at Shanghai are so favorable for the spread of the propaganda that both the Chinese and the Japanese are more or less helpless.

The International Settlement at Shanghai is an empire within an empire. The Chinese have no jurisdiction over it; a council of the nineteen consuls general for the countries of the world represented there administers its affairs. Each nation has its court, and so on. Also, the lines of the Settlement

are plainly marked. Wherefore an offense committed in the Settlement is punishable only by the Settlement authorities and not by the Chinese.

The circulars urging the boycott are printed in some Chinese printing shops within the Settlement. Then they are scattered in the native city by boys hired by Chinese who carefully remain within the boundaries of the Settlement, and when the boys are arrested they do not know who gave them the circulars; so their punishment is slight. These circulars are sent to many parts of the republic and distributed, and in short order the boycott is in full swing.

Though there are many circulars, there are three that are most used. These circulars are printed on slips of white or yellow paper and are not signed; nor have they any mark of identification to show where they were printed. It is supposed that the boycott was instigated by the guilds—or certain of them. Every industry in China has a guild of bankers, and a guild of coolies, and a guild of beggars; and there are guilds for every sort and character of occupation or employment or business in between. In some instances these guilds correspond to trade organizations in the United States, and in some instances to labor unions. They have their own laws and customs, and are quite as intricate in their methods as any other Chinese organizations—which means that they are the most intricate organizations of which we have any knowledge.

Now, mind, I do not say definitely that the guilds are behind the boycotting. I say it is supposed they are, and let it go at that. At any rate, as soon as it became known in China that Japan was making certain demands on China—which shall be discussed in later articles—the Chinese, unable to protest in any other way and not having any particular voice in their government, sought to get even with Japan by attacking that most vulnerable of points, the pocketbook.

China in 1912 bought about twenty per cent of all her imports from Japan, and a trifle less in 1913. The figures for 1914 are not yet available; but it is fair to assume, owing to the tremendous trade efforts Japan is making, that the Chinese bought from twenty-three to twenty-five per cent of all her imports from Japan, and thus, next to the United States, she becomes the best customer Japan has. Moreover, it is entirely within the trade policy of Japan to make China her great money producer.

Getting the Boycott Movement Started

THE total business of China with the outside world amounts to about one dollar a head. It is the Japanese idea to increase this to four or five dollars a head, and to make the increase all Japanese business. Thus it will be seen how keenly Japan is interested in this boycott demonstration and how vitally that country may be affected.

No matter who started the boycotts in Shanghai and Hong-Kong and Hankow, and in other places—the boycotts began. After it became known in China that Japan had made twenty-one demands on China, embracing many rather drastic provisions, the Chinese began to hold their own sort of indignation meetings. To be sure, the Chinese version of the demands and the Japanese version may differ materially, and the sum total secured may not be so great as the sum total demanded; for one Oriental nation is dealing with another Oriental nation, and there is no Western criterion for such negotiations. Still, the Chinese version was the version on which the Chinese acted.

Some meetings were held, fostered by Chinese merchants, who combined their patriotism with a keen perception of the advantages that might accrue to themselves, and some posters were put out. The police took notice of some of the meetings—perfunctory notice, but notice. Then the circular artists began to operate. They appealed to the patriotism of the Chinese.

Patriotism is a thing of recent growth in China. They had no conception of it, because they considered themselves to be all there was. They reverenced the land, of course, because the land is the resting place of their ancestors; but, so far as being patriotic in the sense of holding China above all other countries, there was no such emotion or feeling, because, to the Chinese, there was no other country. However, since outside influences have been going into China, a certain sort of Chinese patriotism has grown up, and the patriots who wrote the circulars made their appeal to that.

The first appeal—and one of the most widely circulated—was as follows:

A WORD, WITH TEARS OF BLOOD!!!

Wake up, brethren! It is important that nothing should be lost, for Japan is offering us a gross insult. Be in good earnest to boycott Japanese goods of every description. Let all the wealthy and poor, aged and young, take pains and give energy to the movement. The fate of Indians and Koreans will be ours unless we make a unanimous effort. It is better to die a martyr in the field than to survive without a country. The life of a man without a country is no more worthy to be lived than that of an inferior being; for his misery and affliction are beyond endurance. We now appeal to the general Chinese public, with deep grief, in the hope that every one of us will be in sympathy with this object.

Don't eat marine delicacies from Japan!
Don't use articles of Japanese origin!
Don't go to Japanese pictorial shows!
Don't wear garments made of Japanese cloth!

This circular was scattered broadcast throughout Shanghai and sent in quantities to Hong-Kong and other places. The author evidently thought he had hit a good lead, for he soon prepared another appeal, longer and with more detail; and that one exhorted a boycott in these fervid phrases:

A WORD, WITH TEARS, TO OUR BRETHREN!

GIVE THIS PAPER TO OTHERS AFTER YOU HAVE READ IT

Brethren, are you aware of the danger of our country to-day? Are you aware that our brethren will be the slaves and animals of others?

Japan has made twenty-one demands of China and is coercing our government to accept them. The acceptance of any one of these demands will be sufficient to undermine the seat of our life and cause the downfall of China or the slavery of her citizens.

With this in mind, men of strong will and public spirit have been crying and running about with numerous circulars and posters, writing such literature with bitten fingers, shedding tears of blood, and with beating hearts. By all these they mean to stimulate our brethren and wake them up. Are you not aware of this fact? Will you not think over the matter at once?

I would not take into account the stupid and unintelligent, who are still ignorant of the situation and would not care to examine into this subject. He must be an inferior being or less worthy than a cold-blooded creature who knows what has happened, but, instead of getting up at once to remedy the situation and start a vigorous campaign of boycott, awaits the expected fall and shows no reluctance to be a slave and an animal of the Japanese race.

If there are among you men who would not sit down to watch the downfall of China and the slavery of Chinese citizens, I would request them to be unanimous to carry out the boycott plan and thus show that hope is still alive in the hearts of the people. The demonstration may have the effect to deter Japan from making unreasonable and cynical demands. The method is to refuse acceptance of the Japanese currency and refrain from buying Japanese goods of whatever description. Let us first cut off the banking facilities of Japan. This measure we are at liberty to take, there being no room for others to interfere.

In case the negotiations come to a deadlock, and each has to face the other, with daggers drawn, the only thing required of us would be an ardent love of our country. It is not possible that the 400,000,000 citizens of the Republic of China, descendants of Huang Ti, should fail to prove equal to the task of an encounter with the dwarf drudges of three small islands! Brethren, let us make an effort!

泣告同胞

請君看過轉趙別人

同胞乎 同胞乎 亦知吾國今日之危亡乎 亦知吾同胞之將爲他人之牛馬奴隸乎 日人近以二十一條件 強迫我政府承認 承認一條 即足以制我死命 亡我中國 奴隸我同胞 以故志士仁人 奔走呼號 傳單告白 汗牛充棟 嘴指作酸 心血嘔盡 以鼓動我同胞 喚醒我同胞 我同胞其知之乎 其猛省乎 若尚不知不省 冥頑不靈 吾無論矣 如知之而尚不急起直追 力圖抵制 必待國亡後 而甘心爲日本人之牛馬奴隸 則其人必非人類 誠冷血動物之不若矣 同胞諸君 有不甘作日本人之牛馬奴隸 不忍坐視我中華國民作今日之亡國奴者 則請萬衆一心 合死力以行抵制之法 俾知我國民心未死 或不敢作此野蠻無理之要求 其法維何 即凡遇日本貨物 一概拒絕不用不買 先絕其在我國之金融機關 此乃我之自由權 他人無從干涉者也 設不幸會議決裂 一旦以兵戈相見 貫要我同胞人人具有愛國無心 亦未見得以中華民國四萬萬之黃帝子孫 不敵彼區區三島之倭奴耳 我同胞其勉之

The Circular Headed: "A Word, With Tears, to Our Brethren!"

同胞注意抵制日貨救亡先着

列位同胞 知道不知道 我們中國 就要瓜分了 就要亡國了 大家尚不設法挽救 到了國亡之時 自己再有多少錢也用不成 再有多大福也真不成 寧作他人之奴隸 變他人之馬牛 受各種之凌辱 經百般之壓制 亡國奴之慘狀 筆所難言 列位豈不猶憶前印度兩國乎 國亡之後 家中不得藏有數金 不得藏有寸鐵 呼馬應馬 呼牛應牛 到了那時 如夢初醒 雖想恢復 已經在他人制下 萬不能動了 大家要知道 若將來失悔於後 不如預防於先 列位可知我們中國 什麼會瓜分 什麼會亡國呢 現在日本借歐洲戰事爲名 說是維持東亞和平 明是欺騙我們中國 對我國之土地 奪我國之國權 當初攻青島之時 說取回仰還中國 如今已取得了 不特不還我們 反另生枝節 要求中國廿一條款 此廿一條中 仰是要中國的這一省 要中國的那一省 又要某幾條鐵路 又要某幾處礦山 中國精華之地 幾乎爲他要遍了 更可恨者 中國之財權政權兵權及各種權 均要握在他的手中 中國無論何省 隨便日人營業 隨便日人居住 隨便日人購買土地 就是掀資奪主之意 又要我們中國 人人都要學日本話 即是並吞中國了 列位切勿存這種苟安思想 以爲日本並吞中國 總不要我們死 那時雖了得要我們死 然而比死還要難過 列位都知道 日本滅了朝鮮國之後 當時廢收其財產 搜檢其兵器 使兩家人共用一把菜刀 寸鐵不准存有 防其死灰復燃 今其男子獨居 女子爲日人婦 使其國至於絕其傳可忍聞乎 我們中國此時如不趕緊設法挽救 漸漸就要到了這步田地 大家要設個抵制之法才好 抵制之法 先從文明上抵制 大家齊心不買日貨 不用日貨 使其受制於我 免日本向貨 幷不暢美 幷不便宜 何必定要去買他的 即使便宜 如今中國與日本 不共戴天之仇 中國人民 寧無天良 寧無廉恥 以至於此耶 你看日本向貨 西洋人都看作眼生 獨專專還中國 每年計算 日本輸入中國的貨 至少幾千萬 此幾千萬之利權 由中國而轉移於日本 致日本自日俄戰爭以後 國內空虛 現在又富起來了 他拿中國的錢 去練兵 去製造 來打我們中國 同胞同胞 何不大衆齊心 堅意抵制 自今以往 至後不用日貨大家要想到亡國之慘 萬萬要相持到底 切不可虎頭蛇尾 切不可私自取買 爭國得利 則喪心喪良 點災外人 若有人再買日貨者 即涼血動物 人人得而誅罵之 今用文明抵制於先 如不了開戰的時候 中國四萬萬同胞 只好拚個一死 豈有廿一行省之大國 竟亡於區區三島之日本 吾不信也 到頭來不過是打得個你死我亡 同歸於盡 寧爲中華鬼 不爲日本奴 同胞努力同胞努力

日貨種類甚多 舉不及列 陳人家須注意

請君同過時傳觀如有熱心翻印寄送各埠者尤幸

中華國民公啟

This is the Circular Headed: "Attention, Brethren!"

of any one of these demands will be sufficient to undermine the seat of our life and cause the downfall of China or the slavery of her citizens.

With this in mind, men of strong will and public spirit have been crying and running about with numerous circulars and posters, writing such literature with bitten fingers, shedding tears of blood, and with beating hearts. By all these they mean to stimulate our brethren and wake them up. Are you not aware of this fact? Will you not think over the matter at once?

I would not take into account the stupid and unintelligent, who are still ignorant of the situation and would not care to examine into this subject. He must be an inferior being or less worthy than a cold-blooded creature who knows what has happened, but, instead of getting up at once to remedy the situation and start a vigorous campaign of boycott, awaits the expected fall and shows no reluctance to be a slave and an animal of the Japanese race.

If there are among you men who would not sit down to watch the downfall of China and the slavery of Chinese citizens, I would request them to be unanimous to carry out the boycott plan and thus show that hope is still alive in the hearts of the people. The demonstration may have the effect to deter Japan from making unreasonable and cynical demands. The method is to refuse acceptance of the Japanese currency and refrain from buying Japanese goods of whatever description. Let us first cut off the banking facilities of Japan. This measure we are at liberty to take, there being no room for others to interfere.

In case the negotiations come to a deadlock, and each has to face the other, with daggers drawn, the only thing required of us would be an ardent love of our country. It is not possible that the 400,000,000 citizens of the Republic of China, descendants of Huang Ti, should fail to prove equal to the task of an encounter with the dwarf drudges of three small islands! Brethren, let us make an effort!

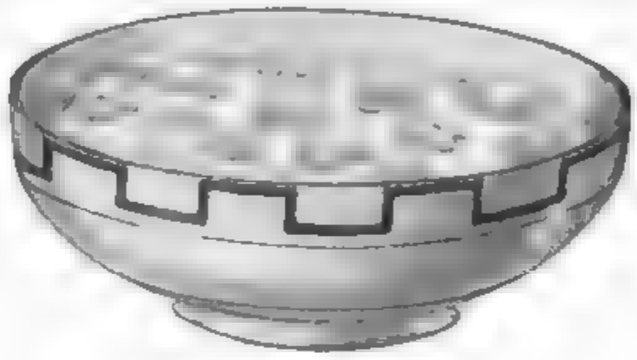
A Specimen of Japanese Sarcasm

THIS appeal started something. The Chinese began boycotting. There were meetings and more efforts by the police to stop them, and strenuous endeavors to discover and arrest the writer and the printers. Many boys were haled to court and examined. They all said a man they did not know gave them the circulars to distribute and they distributed them, having no other motive than the earning of the few cents offered to them for the work. Many complaints were made by the Japanese merchants that the Chinese were refusing to deal with them, and there was a noticeable desire on the part of the Chinese to get what Japanese money they had changed into Chinese money. If any Chinese secured a five-yen note he hurried to the branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank in Shanghai or in Hong-Kong or elsewhere, and demanded its equivalent in Chinese money.

The bank was exceedingly ready to change the money. Also the bank elaborated each transaction with some Oriental sarcasm which made the Chinese wince. When a Chinese came into the bank in Shanghai, for example, and presented his yen or yens to be changed into Chinese money, the teller handed out the money instantly. The Chinese counted it carefully. Then, as he turned to go, the teller laid down a ten-sen piece, worth five cents.

"What is that for?" the Chinese asked.

"To pay for your 'rikisha," the teller said. "We are so glad to get this most valuable Japanese money in exchange



Don't Overlook

The Daintiest Dish of All

In planning summer meals—breakfasts, luncheons, suppers—don't overlook Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. They'll serve you better and oftener than any other foods you know.

These are whole-grain bubbles, airy, flaky, crisp and fragile, with a taste like toasted nuts. In no other form are these grains so enticing or so easy to digest.

Keep them in the house. Morning, noon and night in summer—afternoon and bedtime—they are just the foods that everybody wants.

These are Cereal Tit-bits

Here are food confections to be served in many ways. Mix them with your berries; serve with sugar and cream. Float in bowls of milk, instead of bread and crackers. Use in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Let children eat like peanuts when at play.

If nut meats could be made crisp and flaky they would taste much like Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. So Puffed Grains can be used like nut meats in addition to their use as foods.

These grains have become the great table delights. The summer demand runs pretty close to two million dishes daily. Once they were breakfast dainties only. Now they are all-day foods. Perhaps the greatest use of all today is in evening bowls of milk.

Puffed Wheat, 12c.
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS

The Maximum in Cookery

Cookery has reached its climax in these steam-exploded foods. Every food cell is blasted. Digestion is easy and complete. It has never been possible, in other methods of cooking, to break up more than part of the granules. But in this method, invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, not a food cell is left whole.

That's the hygienic reason for serving Wheat and Rice in puffed form. They supply every whole-grain element. They do not tax the stomach, and every atom feeds. Food experts hope the time will come when all grains can be puffed.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

9131

for this filthy Chinese money, we think you should be compensated for your outlay in bringing it to us."

The boycott grew and the Japanese were still more worried about it. Complaint was made to the government and proclamations were issued. Then the circular writer made his supreme effort. He produced this interesting specimen of inflammatory literature:

"ATTENTION, BRETHREN!

"BOYCOTT JAPANESE GOODS AS THE FIRST STEP TO SAVE YOUR COUNTRY!

"*Dear Brethren:* Are you aware that the dismemberment and downfall of China will come in the near future? The danger is imminent. Will you still not devise a means to save her? However rich you may be, however comfortably you may live, you could no more enjoy your fortune and your life after the fall of your country. You would then be enslaved and compelled to drudge as inferior animals. You would have to bear insult, outrage, oppression, and what not.

"It is beyond the power of pen and ink to describe the wretched condition of a race without a country. But have you not heard of Poland and India? After the collapse of those countries neither a few dollars nor a lump of iron could be kept in any house. Every call for a horse or an ox had to be readily answered. Brethren, you should understand that it is better to take precaution than to cry over spilt milk.

"Do you know what it is that will lead to the dismemberment of China and what it is that will lead to her downfall? Under the subterfuge of preserving peace in the Far East during the continuance of European hostilities Japan is insulting and bringing pressure to bear on China. She means to take possession of our territories and deprive us of our sovereign right. When she attacked Tsingtau she declared it to be her intention to turn over the city to China after its capture.

. . . . . .

"The best way to avoid such a consequence is to make a boycott, which should be carried out gently at the outset. Let us unanimously agree not to buy Japanese goods or to use Japanese currency, so as to put them under our restraint. Furthermore, goods of Japanese origin are neither superior in quality nor low in price. . . .

"If the time comes when war is inevitable the only course open to our four hundred million brethren is to fight until death."

There were governmental considerations of the matter in Tokio. Word had come that the Chinese were boycotting Japanese goods in all parts of China. The local Japanese officials in the various Chinese cities were instructed to protest; and they protested. The Honorable A. Arivoshi, consul general for Japan at Shanghai, wrote to the municipal authorities of Shanghai and asked for action. He said in part:

"Recently some agitators have made their appearance in this city; and, in order to stir up anti-Japanese sentiment among the local Chinese populace, they are, I am informed, working hard to disseminate their propaganda through every available means, including placards posted on street walls in various places. Their effects are now felt keenly in manifold perceptible forms. Some Japanese streets are picketed by their followers; and, deluged with railings and invectives—at times coupled with some sort of violence—customers were prevented from patronizing them. Others were robbed of their signboards, or stoned oftentimes and damages wrought on their properties. In still other cases the doors were broken through and their occupants threatened with storming."

Mr. Arivoshi felt that something must be done, else the peace of Shanghai would be threatened and an outbreak occur. Other Japanese officials in other parts of China felt the same way; and they all demanded action. Later, the Japanese Minister to China, Mr. Hioki, made similar representations. He threatened to hold the Chinese Government responsible. Whereupon the chairman of the Municipal Council of Shanghai communicated with the dean of the consuls, Mr. D. Siffert, who represents Belgium, and Dean Siffert told Mr. Yang Cheng, Special Envoy for Foreign Affairs in Shanghai, to do something.

Thus incited, Mr. Yang Cheng went to bat with a proclamation containing these moral precepts:

"In this world men should be kind within the family and amiable to neighbors, and

Mercury Walked On Air —So Can You

Tread like the gods. Make your every step buoyant and youthful by walking on air—now made possible by the effective air cushions found on Goodyear-Akron Wingfoot Rubber Heels.

Rubber-heel comfort was a great advance over leather-heel pounding. But this new Goodyear-Akron air-heel joy marks finality in heel efficiency.

GOODYEAR AKRON Wingfoot Rubber Heels

The resilient rubber and live air cushions will make you walk with eagerness. The play of the rubber keeps the air spaces free of grit and mud.

Used by Leading Makers

So successful have been Goodyear-Akron Wingfoot Rubber Heels that most leading shoe manufacturers now equip their shoes with them.

MANUFACTURER	BRAND
Emerson Shoe Co.	"The Emerson Shoe"
E. T Wright & Co., Inc.	"The Just Wright Shoe"
P. B Keith Shoe Co.	"Keith's Konqueror"
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.	"Douglas Shoe"
The Excelsior Shoe Co.	
Emery & Marshall Co.	"E. & M."
Field Bros. & Gross Co.	"Walkabout"
J H Winchell Co.	
N B. Thayer Shoe Co.	
E. E. Taylor Co.	
Stacy-Adams Co.	
Field Lumbert Co.	
Foss-Packard Co	"The Foss Shoe"
Brockton Co-operative B. & S. Co.	
Isaac Prouty & Co., Inc.	"Matchless"
The Alden, Walker & Wilde Co.	
The Maury Shoe	
Newark Shoe Stores in 93 Cities	

Cost No More

And they cost no more than ordinary [illegible] Shoe repair shops or dealers to [illegible]. It costs [illegible] to send us his name and the [illegible] of your shoes and we will see that you are [illegible]. Take no others if you are seeking [illegible] heel comfort.

Ox-lite Soles

Goodyear-Akron Ox-lite Soles are made of *vegetable leather*. Light, durable, stub-proof. They add ease and comfort to every step.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires
Akron, Ohio (2386)

ought not to regard them with contempt: the country, in relation to the universe, is fundamentally identical as to this principle. As the jaw is to the lips and teeth, so is the principle of friendship with neighboring nations dependent on proximity for the increase of intimacy. The President, having entered office at a juncture critical to the fate of the country, has, for four years, up to now, disposed of affairs in due order; and, both in the internal government and in exterior relations, he has become practiced in his disposition. And, as to matters affecting the nations, it is he and not the individual who first bears the brunt—of course more closely than any of the people."

His Excellency Yang then proceeded to point out that there had been many difficulties and alarms since the war in Europe began, and the preservation of the neutrality of China has depended on the President. Wherefore, Yang said that, as it is a world-wide principle that international negotiations should be secret, these negotiations have been held in secret; and it is no time for rumors and efforts to boycott Japan. "The feelings of the people," observed Yang, "are the final shield of a country. Yet, if there is the least retrogression or perversion, it will suffice to bring ruin."

Tremble and Obey!

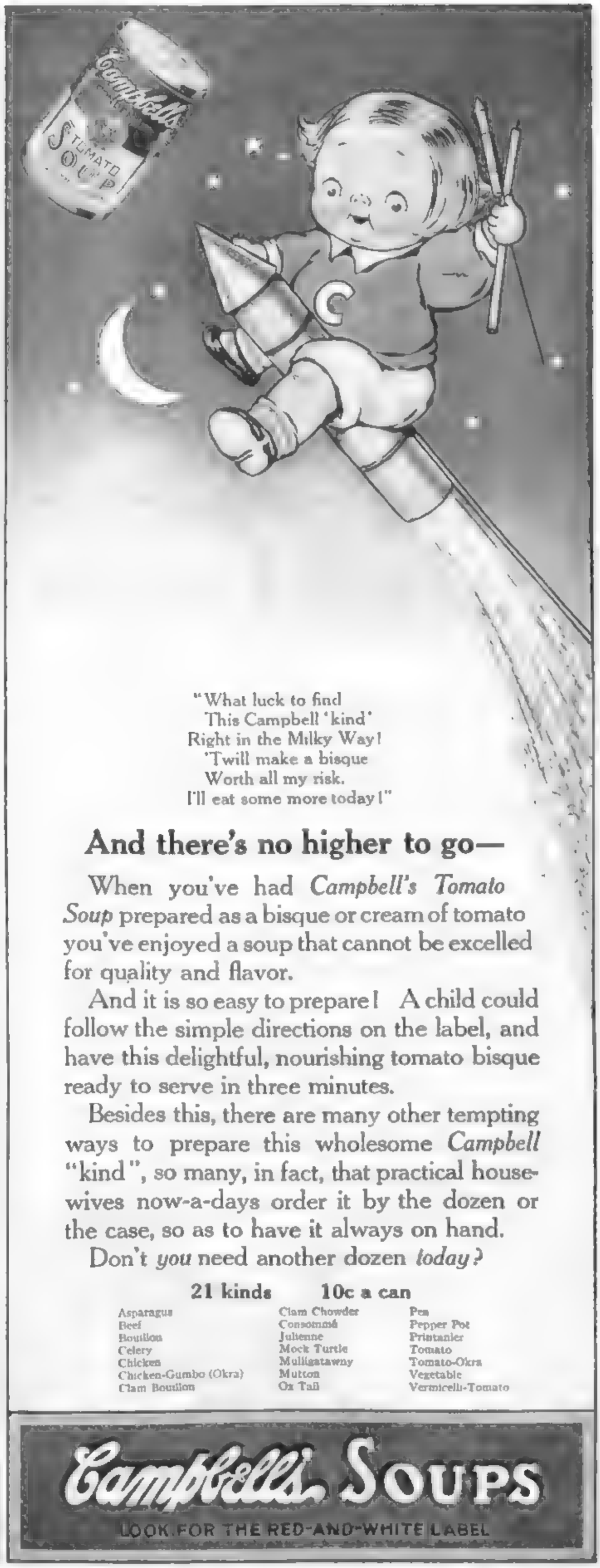
Having established this, His Excellency got down to the root of the matter and continued: "Of the merchants and students, and other classes, those who, moved by the warm sincerity of their patriotism, have been roused to unreasoning excitement, will, after this explanation, of course, refrain from agitation." Yang was not so sure about the loafers and the idlers, and recited that he had given various orders to, and had discussed the matter thoroughly with, the police, whom he directed to visit offenders with severe penalties. He closed with this fearsome sentence: "The merchants and people are expected hereby one and all—to take note, and from this proclamation to tremble and obey."

It is not certain how much they trembled, but it is somewhat apparent that they did not obey. The fact is, the Chinese, no matter what the outcome of the negotiations may be, have small recourse against Japan save by boycott; and they are likely to do some damage with that. It must not be overlooked that there is no keener set of business men in the world than the Chinese merchants, and they see a chance in this situation to get for themselves trade that Japan has had. There is small wonder, too, that Japan is concerned; for China is Japan's meal ticket. Japan must have Chinese trade. She cannot get along without it. Wherefore Japan is not intending to allow any Chinese boycott to interfere or allow any Chinese boycott to exist if it can be put down.

The leading Chinese merchants and others of the educated classes minimize the boycott, and say it is the result of agitation by men who have no other occupation. They say it will amount to nothing. Japan is not so sure of that, however; nor are men of other races who have studied the Chinese for many years. Indeed, if the Chinese feel aggrieved at Japan over Japan's demands there is no other weapon for China to use; nor is there any weapon China can use to such advantage and with such effect. Thus the outcome becomes a commercial struggle between two Oriental nations, and one that will be most interesting to watch.

It may be, of course, the boycott will not be maintained and cannot be made national in scope. It may be it will center in Shanghai and in Hong-Kong and in a few other cities; and there always is the suspicion that the men who make sugar and the men who make cotton goods and the men who deal in other commodities are responsible for it, and are using the situation as a means to advance their own interests. If that is the case the boycott will not last. But if it gets to be a national movement, based on the newly roused patriotism of the Chinese, then the nonresisting four hundred millions of the Flowery Kingdom can make it very expensive for Japan.

As I write, it is not to be taken too seriously; but if it develops as the men who are urging it hope to make it develop this silent struggle of the Chinese against the Japanese will be as noteworthy in its way as the fighting between the other countries of the world which are now trying to strangle one another.



"What luck to find
This Campbell 'kind'
Right in the Milky Way!
'Twill make a bisque
Worth all my risk.
I'll eat some more today!"

And there's no higher to go—

When you've had *Campbell's Tomato Soup* prepared as a bisque or cream of tomato you've enjoyed a soup that cannot be excelled for quality and flavor.

And it is so easy to prepare! A child could follow the simple directions on the label, and have this delightful, nourishing tomato bisque ready to serve in three minutes.

Besides this, there are many other tempting ways to prepare this wholesome *Campbell* "kind", so many, in fact, that practical housewives now-a-days order it by the dozen or the case, so as to have it always on hand.

Don't *you* need another dozen *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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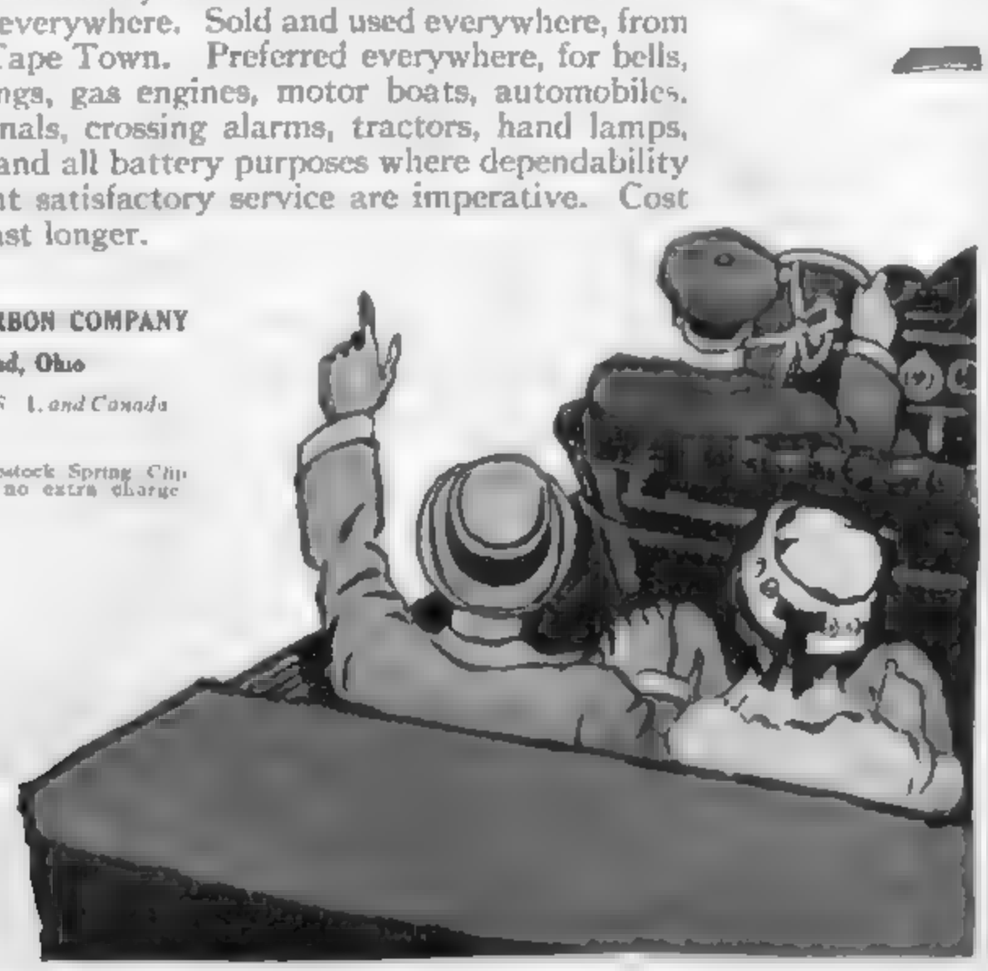
One of our customers looked into the battery case of his telephone the other day and found the Columbia Batteries dated 1906. They gave him nearly nine years of continuous, vigorous vitality.

A lot of Columbia Batteries recently went through a sizzling oil fire in a garage. When they cooled down a test showed that they were still fit for service.

For all battery purposes, and under all conditions of service, you will find it safe and sensible to put Columbia Batteries on your preferred list. You have a right to the quality guaranty that you get when you insist on Columbias—by name.

They are absolutely uniform in manufacture and service. Staple everywhere. Sold and used everywhere, from Alaska to Cape Town. Preferred everywhere, for bells, buzzers, gongs, gas engines, motor boats, automobiles, elevator signals, crossing alarms, tractors, hand lamps, barn lights and all battery purposes where dependability and constant satisfactory service are imperative. Cost no more—last longer.



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Factories in U. S. A. and Canada

Convenient Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts—no extra charge

A DISPENSATION

(Continued from Page 7)

Chances are ten to one that the girl you married in Tinkerville and deserted thirty years ago is either dead or divorced."

Evans dropped in a chair, drew a hand across his forehead and spoke more quietly but not less grimly:

"No, old man, she's not dead and she's not divorced. I know that. I've got a hunch about it. This blasted Tinkerville thing," he added with deliberation as he stared at the table and laid a big fist on his knee, "has been sort of creeping up on me for a good while—kind of keeping pace with my good luck, you know. As the money piled up and the children came, and with that and Martha I was having everything I wanted, heaped up and overflowing, why, more and more this rotten Tinkerville business bothered me. For when you come right down to it, it is just the punk old notion that, no matter how right you've been for fifteen years, a fool thing you did when you were a youngster is dogging your footsteps all along and is bound to get you sometime. I hated the notion and despised it and kicked it out, but it kept sneaking right along with me all the same. I tell you I've seen Tinkerville in my dreams

"It began, you know, before Janet was born. I didn't pay much attention to it then, yet it troubled me some. I couldn't think of anything in particular to do about it. I was married again. The bigamy was there if anybody should find it out. There was a good old scout and reformed desert rat named Tom Willets—once a 'jour' printer back East that I'd prospected through old Mexico with. Tom had given it up and was running a little weekly newspaper down in Sanibel, Arizona. I slipped down there and wrote a notice of the death of Eli Epley from fever in a mining camp. It said deceased was born in Tinkerville, Pennsylvania.

"Tom printed that in his paper and drew a pencil mark round it and mailed it to Mrs. Eli Epley at Tinkerville. That was all I could think of at the time."

"I see," said Josslyn.

"And with that I put Tinkerville out of my mind for some time," Evans continued, "or almost. But it came back all right. It's been back harder and harder the last two years. You see, for the life of me, I hardly dared make a stir for fear I'd bring the thing down on my head. If I started an inquiry, you know, it might be a boomerang. I tried to tell myself she was dead or divorced, but all the while I had a hunch that she wasn't. For one thing, divorces are not looked upon with approval in her set. I remember her mother had strong convictions on that question. She used to rub it into me that I abused Minnie because I knew no matter what I did she wouldn't ask for a divorce. But three months ago when I was in New York I figured out a roundabout scheme by which a trustworthy man would go to Peterloo, the county seat, and search the probate-court records to see whether the estate of Minnie Epley had ever been administered, for if she had died her estate would have been in probate court; also to search the circuit-court records to see whether Minnie Epley had got a divorce. I was mighty canny about it, covering up my tracks by working through two intermediaries so the man who went there would have no notion who really sent him. And I had him strictly instructed to keep his mouth shut while he was on the job—just to search records and say nothing. Well, there was no probate record and no divorce. I had a hunch there wouldn't be, but I satisfied myself absolutely. She's alive and not divorced."

The lawyer frowned perplexedly and twirled his eyeglasses.

Evans paused a moment, looking his friend in the eye.

"Silas Wood knows that too," he went on. "He'll set the Indians on me, and I tell you, Cal, it's plain rotten! I said my real name was Eli Epley because that's what I was baptized. But Edgar Evans is the name I've made myself by. Blast it!" he affirmed hotly, "I've a right to that name because I've made it good. I've a right to what else I've made here. I made it fairly. I don't mean especially the money, but Martha, the children, this whole life in California. I've a right to it! You know what Silas' little sensation would be to Martha and Janet—say nothing of the younger children. I might as well walk up to 'em and strike 'em in the face. You can't prosecute me for bigamy without crucifying them! I've a right to protect them! I've a right to fight for them all I know! Damn Silas Wood and Tinkerville!"

The cords of his neck swelled and his fists doubled.

"Cal, two minutes after I looked into Silas Wood's face something came back to me. I remembered a day in old Mexico. Three of us were prospecting in the Yaquis' country. We'd learned the Indians were up and acting nasty, so we were making tracks as fast as possible for a healthier latitude. That morning we'd come across the bodies of two white men full of bullet holes. The brutes like to pump lead into a fellow. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. We'd stopped under a big bowlder to rest and take a bite. An Indian came sneaking round that bowlder. He and I discovered each other at the same time, but I had the advantage of position—standing while he was stooping—also I was a shade quicker. It was just one good smash with the butt of my rifle. Somehow that came back to me two minutes after I stared into Silas Wood's face, for to me, old man, Silas was just such another snooping Indian ready to yell for the tribe.

"I calculated Silas wouldn't spend a dollar on a telegram to announce the end of the world, so I'd probably have the night to work in. I went to Belknap. I know that detective agency of his is a tough concern and Belknap himself is tough enough. But I did him a good turn years ago and he knows I wouldn't begrudge pay, so I could trust him when I had to. I told him to locate one Silas Wood, a tourist, presumably stopping at an economical boarding house. I gave him a description of Silas and enough about Tinkerville so he could make up a good come-along yarn about his being a nephew of Edgar P. Tram and recognizing Silas from having once seen him in Tinkerville long ago. There was more about his wanting to introduce Silas to a relative here who'd fallen heir to some property near Tinkerville—a regular bunco-man's come-along story, you know. I framed it up with him. Well, Cal, Belknap's got Silas right now. He telephoned me just before I telephoned you."

With a pudgy thumb and forefinger the lawyer was plucking at his double chin, and he was gnawing a corner of his nether lip as he looked his friend fast in the eye.

"Cal, I care no more for Silas Wood than I do for a bug under a board!" Evans affirmed with passion. "He's no real good on earth and I despise him. I hate that rotten old Tinkerville notion of retribution. If mean, gossiping, prying Silas goes back to Tinkerville with this sensation inside him—why, even if he was gagged and handcuffed, it would leak out of him of itself. If it didn't he would simply bust like a toy balloon that's been pricked with a pin. He could no more hold it than a sieve could hold water. That probably means jail for me—ruined life for my wife, disgrace for my children. When a bug is going to ruin you and your family, you step on it."

Leaning over the table he dropped his voice a bit, but the lawyer still eyed him steadily, fingering his double chin.

"I framed it up with Belknap," Evans continued. "There's my ranch in Lower California—a good safe place to keep any man; plenty of food and exercise and good air, but no communication with Tinkerville. Belknap said it would be easy as eating pie. I framed it with Belknap and went home," Evans repeated. He passed a big hand over his bronze face and added: "And now, damn me if I can do it! I just haven't the nerve!"

"No, you couldn't, Ed," said the lawyer gently. "That's no paper crime, but a real crime against flesh and blood, for Silas Wood is flesh and blood. You couldn't do it. Martha and the children wouldn't let you."

"That's just it," Evans affirmed. "I swear, Cal, I don't care a whoop for Silas Wood! I'd as lief step on him as not. And I'd defy Tinkerville to get me as long as I could help myself in any way. But Martha and the children wouldn't let me. Naturally I spent the night thinking about it. By daylight I was mighty shaky about it. Then I saw 'em at breakfast and it was all off. If I'd been going to do it I never should have seen them at breakfast. That simply broke my nerve. So Belknap telephoned me and I telephoned you."

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Men who build, or own or use buildings, are awakening to the vital importance of the pipe they install. They are beginning to realize that all pipe is not alike—and that it pays in comfort, convenience and actual cash to install the best pipe.

That is why more and more new buildings—of every kind—are equipped with

BYERS
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON
FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED
PIPE

Byers Pipe is made from clean, guaranteed scrap-free pig iron that has been *hand puddled* by expert workers—skillful men who slowly and carefully manipulate the iron until it reaches the highest possible state of physical perfection—tough, sinewy, fibrous, free from flaws and structural weaknesses.

Byers Pipe has been made in this way for fifty years. Its quality is the same today as it was fifty years ago, when the wrought iron pipe, nails and other hand puddled articles of iron attained a standard of quality never since surpassed.

Use Byers Wrought Iron Pipe in YOUR building—and eliminate the costly repairs, replacements and alterations which are the inevitable train of too many pipe installations.

Write for a copy of Byers Book—"The Control of Quality in Every Process." It outlines the Byers ideals and methods—and gives a greater appreciation of Byers Quality.

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23 Sullivan St.	11 Sleeper St.	720 Fulton St.
New York City	Boston, Mass.	Chicago, Ill.

Distributors in all jobbing centers.
Names on request.

Look for the BYERS Mark

Josslyn studied the table a moment—all the perplexities of the case pressing upon his mind, his lips pursed and his brows contracted.

"You see, old man," Evans explained, "all I could get out of it was just this: I've been mighty scared of Tinkerville for some time. I couldn't do anything to protect myself there, because I was afraid any move I made would be a boomerang. So it sort of came to me this morning that I'd been protecting myself the best I could out here—I mean, you see, sort of building myself up against Tinkerville by being as decent as I knew how to my family and neighbors. That's all. Probably it don't amount to a rap. I can't see that it does. It don't change the law about bigamy any. It don't change the evidence in the case. It looks as though I was square up against it. I telephoned to you, Cal, to do what you can for me. If there's any possible way we can sew Silas Wood up and bribe him to keep still, I knew you could figure it out."

Josslyn frowned.

"Of course," Josslyn remarked, "no possible contract would be binding if he wanted to break it."

"I supposed not," Evans replied. "I supposed not. I supposed—the chances were Tinkerville would get me." He passed his hand over his hair and added: "Well, Cal, do all you know how for me. We may as well call him in and have it out with him. I told Belknap to steer him up to your office."

A moment later the slope-shouldered, bewrinkled little person in butternut overcoat slipped in through the door that a clerk held open. His eyes fell upon Evans and he stopped short, his rabbit mouth agape, his sallow face paling. His prominent Adam's apple showed the motion of swallowing. The fascination held him a moment, then he looked slowly over to Josslyn.

"Say, who be you anyhow?" he cried in alarmed accusation.

"I am a lawyer; my name is Josslyn," the attorney replied. "Please be seated, Mr. Wood. My client and I wish to talk to you."

"Your client!" the tourist exclaimed, as though all his fears were confirmed. He ignored the invitation to be seated. The flesh puckered painfully round his eyes. He looked like a man stricken down with unbearable affliction. "Look here!" he blurted forth in anguish, "this good-for-nothing bum ain't going to try to make me any trouble, is he? When I saw him workin' in that rich man's garden yesterday I hoped he'd got a regular job and was tryin' to make a man of himself. He never was any good on earth. Run off and deserted his wife and beat his creditors. I can prove every word of it! We supposed he was dead—as he ought to be. Minnie got a paper years ago with a notice of his death in it. I believe any court on earth would say that with that paper and the way he'd run off and left her we had a perfect right to get married."

After a little pause Josslyn's voice sounded smoothly:

"Perhaps any court would. My client takes that view of it. Naturally, however, it would be disagreeable for your wife to know that her former husband was alive. We wished simply to suggest that she might as well go on supposing him dead."

"You can bet she'll go on supposing him dead for all of me," said Silas firmly. "I never said a word yesterday and I was meanin' to get her out of town this very day."

"Do so, Mr. Wood," said Josslyn, "and my client will go back to his gardening and never trouble you."

Two minutes later lawyer and client were leaning back in their chairs laughing.

A Land of Ease

A GOOD many years ago a transplanted Southerner ran for office in one of the Western States.

It was an off-year for the Democrats. The Republicans swept the platter clean and the Southerner was beaten along with the rest of his ticket. In his disappointment he spoke harshly of the state of his adoption.

"I've about decided," he said gloomily, "to move back to Tennessee, which, after all, is really the only fitten' place for a gentleman to live. My friends, in that fair land a gentleman doesn't have to put his hand to debasin' toil. The niggers make his crop for him—and the sheriff sells it!"

J-M Auto Clock

Guaranteed 8-day movement in dust-proof case with winding and setting keys and attaching bolt and screws enclosed. For one or two headlamps. **$5.00.**

J-M (Merger) Soot-Proof Spark Plug

Delivers a big, fat, hot spark with absolute regularity. Won't short-circuit or break down or foul motors. Price 75c.

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Will reduce your fuel bills at least 10% and increase your engine's power, speed and flexibility. The last word in carburetor efficiency.

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Entirely eliminates headlight glare. Increases road illumination. Puts more light where you need it. Per pair, $3.25.

Other J-M Auto Accessories

James Speedometer
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$5

LONG HORN

INVENTED BY G. C. LONG

Model "J"

Canadian Price $6.50

See it— Sound it— Ask about its Guarantee

GO to the Long Horn dealer and say, "Show me Model 'J' Long Horn."

Note its handsome design and finish. Think how well it would look on *your* car.

Listen to its powerful, penetrating warning that gets the right of way so easily in crowded traffic or on the open road.

Consider, too, the *economy* of this horn, which requires no current to operate, whose first cost is the only cost. And then—

Ask the dealer about its guarantee. He will answer you as follows:

"If any part of this horn at any time proves defective, Johns-Manville absolutely guarantees the purchaser a *new* horn."

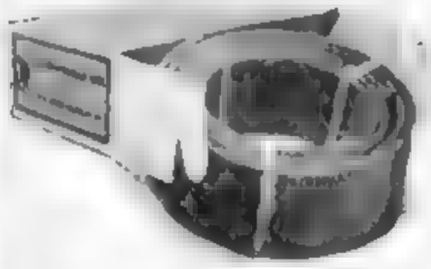
If you want a horn at all, you will want a Long Horn.

See the Long Horn dealer today. Booklet on request.

One Firm One Service One Guarantee
back of every J-M Automobile Accessory

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

J-M NON-BURN BRAKE LINING



Economy Commends It Safety Demands It

FOR economy as well as safety, insist that your brakes be lined with genuine J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining

J-M Non-Burn has the gripping power essential to the fullest measure of safety and the long-wearing quality necessary to the fullest measure of service.

It is honest brake lining backed by a long experience in the manufacture of brake linings for heavy industrial machinery, where the requirements are infinitely more severe.

And the fact that it has successfully met these requirements is the best assurance that it can and will meet yours.

Sold by good dealers everywhere. Write today for booklet, "Practical Pointers on Automobile Brakes." 3125

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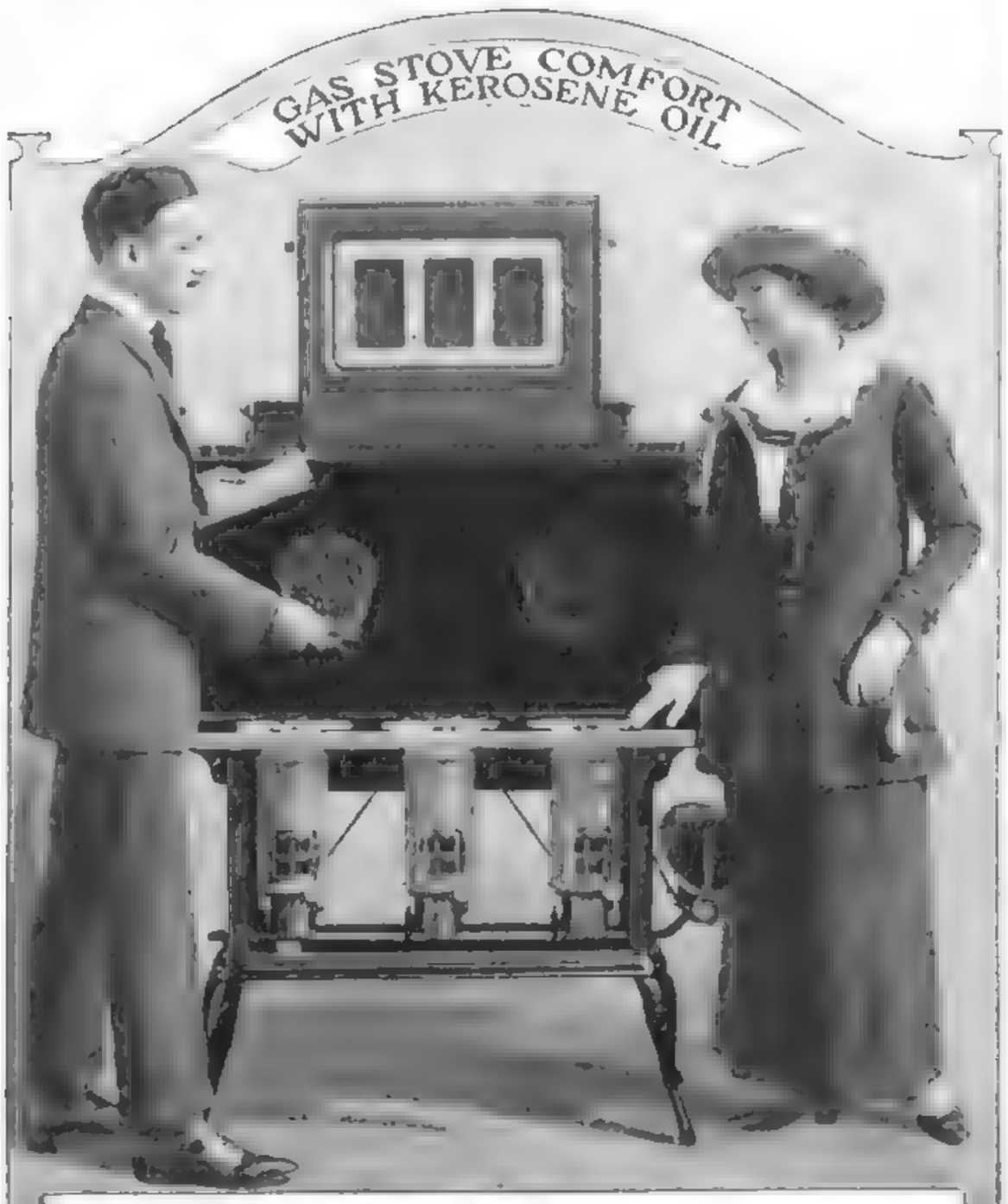

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You can place implicit confidence in the NEW PERFECTION. We are the largest manufacturers of oil stoves in the world and we back the NEW PERFECTION with our reputation and guarantee.

After 12 years of experimenting with all kinds of oil stoves, we have found the NEW PERFECTION to be the most satisfactory oil stove for all kind of cooking. It overcomes all the objections found in other types of oil stoves.

It will operate year in and year out with continuous satisfaction and great economy. Five to ten cents a day is the fuel cost for the average family. Its flame control is positive—low, medium or high—any size desired. The flame never creeps, adjusts instantly, giving just the required heat for any kind of baking, roasting, broiling or toasting.

It is our belief that the NEW PERFECTION *is the best oil stove on earth.*

Adopted by the Standard Oil Company as the Standard.

NEW PERFECTION stoves are made in 1, 2, 3 and 4 burner sizes, with or without ovens or cabinet tops. Also 2 and 4 burner models with Fireless Cooking Ovens.

Sold at moderate prices by hardware, furniture, general and department stores, or wherever you see the picture of the NEW PERFECTION GIRL.

Send to Department A for our *free* illustrated catalogue, or send 10 cents in stamps for the famous NEW PERFECTION Cookbook containing 227 prize recipes.

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OIL COOK STOVES

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THE GREAT TERROR

(Continued from Page 18)

in England a reliable system of communicating with German warcraft from the coast. Every move of the German Admiralty against Great Britain has demonstrated that it was perfectly advised as to the disposition of the English Fleet, and furnished with data that could only have been communicated by some signaling device. A naval officer declared in the Times of November thirtieth:

"Their submarines are outside even now, and it seems funny where they get their information; but, at any rate, they are well served, for they knew where the fleet was when we were at Devonport—and we ourselves did not know!"

Such raids as those at Yarmouth and Scarborough could have been made only after the German Admiralty had been signaled as to the position of the English warships. The bombardment of Yarmouth indicated that the range had been ascertained by German spies and was shown by the position of floating buoys in the harbor. The English authorities came to this conclusion, because the first shells fired by the cruisers fell short—the reason being that on the day before the raid these buoys had been moved some distance out to sea.

One morning early in December, under cover of heavy weather, a number of German submarines endeavored to force a way into Dover Harbor. They were discovered by searchlights and the attack came to nothing, but it became certain that these submarines had been communicated with by some method from the English coast. It seemed apparent that only three methods were possible for signaling the German warcraft—carrier pigeons; flashlights from the coast; and wireless stations.

The Alien Restriction Act, passed on August fifth, was directed against these forms of signaling. Under the authority of this act every means in Great Britain was used to uncover such methods. All carrier pigeons were seized the whole island was literally netted for them.

German Activities in England

An equal effort was made to discover wireless stations. Numbers of these stations were located. They were found in abandoned factory chimneys and in the chimneys of private houses. Aliens in Great Britain were not permitted to possess telephones or to have any electric connections, since it was possible to set up a wireless station by stringing wires from the lofts of barns and attics.

Wireless stations are now equipped with an instrument by which they may detect the direction from which messages are sent. With this instrument, all local stations in operation in England are determined; but the mechanism for such stations, together with a little telescoping steel tower, can be carried about in a motor car.

It is thought that such a motor car, fully equipped and operating along the coast, has been in communication with the German submarines. An outfit of this kind could not be discovered by the direction finders of the government stations, since it would be moved from place to place after signals had been sent. And this apparatus could send signals out to sea a distance of at least a hundred miles—quite sufficient for the German submarines operating along the coast or in the English Channel.

At night it is possible for an automobile to signal a submarine off the English coast from elevated points on the coast roads merely by the direction in which the machine is turned. If an obstruction were in the center of the road—like the branch of a tree—it would be possible for the machine to pass on either side. If the machine were going north, and passed on the right, the lights could be thrown inland; and if it passed on the left they could be thrown on the sea. Either way, the lights of a high-powered car would make a sufficient signal.

Signals have been seen flashing from the coast to ships in the North Sea. Such flashlight signals were observed on a number of occasions between Rye and Winchelsea. They were apparently directed to German submarines. The spies engaged in the work built a hut, which was presently found.

The expected Zeppelin raid has been prepared for by German spies in England. They are not only ready to direct it by signals, but it is asserted that somewhere in the north of Scotland a depot has been established, with supplies of petrol, in order that there may be no danger that the airships engaged in this raid will run short of fuel.

So certain has the British Government been of the existence of such a depot that the commander-in-chief in Scotland offers a hundred pounds reward for any information that will enable him or his agents to locate these hidden stores. In spite of all efforts, this depot with supplies for the Zeppelins has not yet been discovered by the English authorities.

The German Secret Service has not been so fortunate in continuing to mystify the English War Office about the source of oil for the submarines. It was known to the English Admiralty that submarines appearing in the North Sea were obtaining oil from some point off the English coast. For a long time the most careful search failed to disclose the source of this supply. Every ship going out of port was minutely examined, but nothing was discovered.

German Means of Communication

The oil supply remained a mystery until one day a ship, which had come in, delivered her cargo and was about to go out again into the North Sea, was observed to carry on her decks more cable than seemed necessary; in fact, the whole deck of the ship was dotted with coiled rope. It occurred to one of the English customs officers that this type of ship could have no use for so much cable. An investigation was made. It was found that the great heaps on the deck were merely rope wrapped round metal drums. The drums were filled with oil.

It will be seen from this mass of evidence that the German Secret Service has accomplished two of the objects for which it organized its system in England—naval surveillance and a signal system to warcraft. We shall find that it likewise accomplished its third object.

It has long been evident to the German Government that when hostilities opened between the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance, Germany would be isolated. This foresight was immediately justified. England cut the cable at the very opening of the war. In spite of every effort on the part of Great Britain, however, and though the usual and direct means of communication have been destroyed, the German Government has not the slightest difficulty in communicating swiftly and directly with neutral countries.

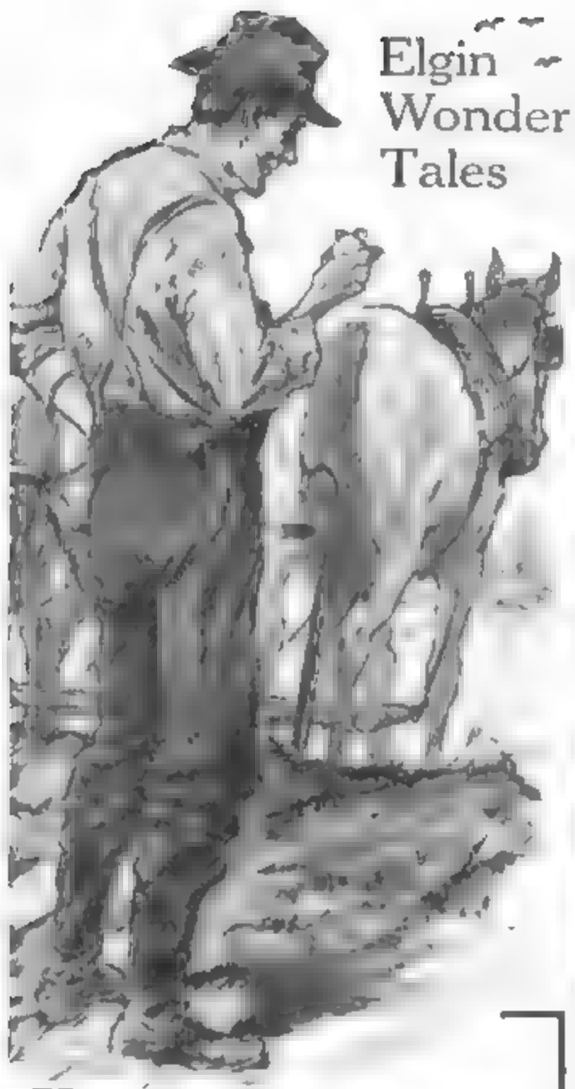
This mysterious communication has puzzled the world. The English Government, exercising the minutest search and severest censorship, does not seem to be able to prevent it. The explanation is to be found in the combination of two methods, simple and efficient. The first is that any communications Germany wishes to send out can be quickly taken into England, by way of Holland, from Belgium.

Belgium is German territory. A permit from the German authorities will put anyone through the lines into Holland, and from Holland to London there is open travel. To a system of secret service like that of the German Empire it is a perfectly simple matter to send a courier into England in the guise of a Belgian refugee.

English censorship of communications coming from Holland would not reach messages the German Government sent in by courier. Nor is it likely that a search of passengers arriving from Holland and refugees from Belgium would avail. Such a wholesale search could not possibly be efficient enough to prevent German spies from carrying messages into London.

It was shown in the trial of Louis Trabaut that he had traveled between English and German lines, by way of Brussels, more than nine times. That number of times was proved at the trial, but how frequently he, in fact, went through the lines nobody knows. English authorities admit that Germany has sent letters into London by couriers since the war opened.

So late as the eighth of October, 1914, the editor of the Yachting Monthly got a notice from the German Admiral von Eisendecher directing him to strike off his subscription to the monthly. The curious thing about this notice was that, though it was written at Karlsruhe, it bore an English stamp and had been posted in a certain London district. It was carried into London by a German courier and mailed there by one of Steinhauer's fixed posts.



Ticks Merrily Off After Two Years Burial

"IN the Fall of 1908 I lost my Elgin watch in the refuse from my stable, which was spread on the field and plowed under. This ground was put in corn and cultivated all next summer. The next summer the ground was again plowed, and the watch was plowed out. The horse stepped on it and broke the crystal. The watch, when picked up and wound, started running and has run ever since, keeping perfect time."

(ORIGINAL LETTER ON FILE AT ELGIN HEADQUARTERS)

Sturdiness as well as beauty distinguish Elgin watches. Because they have superb qualities of lifelong service is why so many Elgins are selected as graduation gifts and wedding presents.

Ask your Elgineer

Write for the Elgin Book of Wonder Tales. Send stamped and addressed envelope for set of Elgin Poster Stamps.

ELGIN
Watches
KEEP TIME

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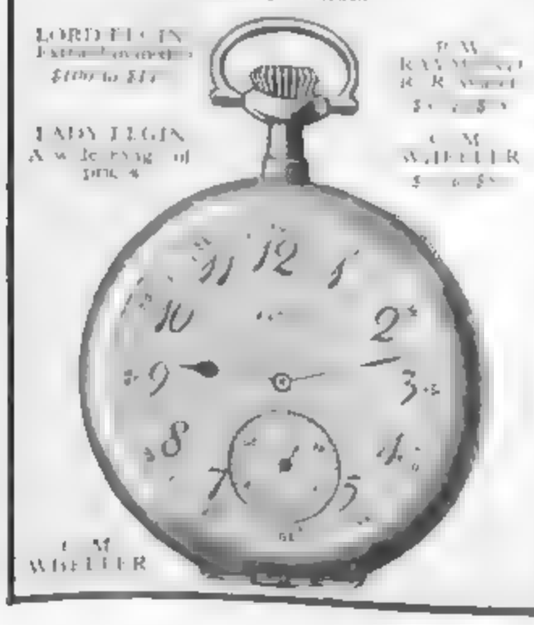

It is clear that the German Secret Service, before the opening of hostilities, perfected a system of getting communications into London.

It is said that this system was carefully inspected by Count von der Schulenberg, later appointed military governor of Liège by the Kaiser. As early as 1909 Schulenberg was in London. From time to time thereafter, he was located at various places in England—sometimes at a prominent hotel; sometimes in a flat; at other times in certain villages, where he apparently devoted his attention to the fad of breeding bulldogs!

The inquiry naturally arises: After getting these communications into London how does the German agent send them out? No cipher dispatch of any character would be received at an English cable office.

Let us consider the mystery. It will be remembered that for a number of years the German Secret Service, in communicating with its agents in France, has been using a simple form of personal note coming apparently from a friend or relative; or it has been using a form of business letter having no indication of any hidden significance.

The messages, then, sent by the German Secret Service are not in cipher and not to any official of a German embassy. They are personal messages directed to individuals—or business communications sent by an agent in London to his home office in the neutral state.

No degree of care would be sufficient to prevent so able an organization as the German Secret Service from sending out messages of this character. Such messages, when received by individuals in the United States, for example, could easily and without detection be transmitted to the German Embassy.

It is no wonder that England was thrown into a very panic of terror when she awoke to find that the German Secret Service had long ago discarded as obsolete the old, conspicuous and dramatic spy methods, and was now using a system of such incredible simplicity—a simplicity so ingenious that to root it out would mean practically the suspension of cable service in the British Empire.

The Use of Invisible Ink

A continuous stream of information, requiring less speed in its delivery, goes out by English mail ships to neutral countries; not in sealed packets addressed to German embassies or consuls—not even addressed to any German name—but inconspicuous personal letters to individuals.

These letters, following the forms used in France, cannot be detected by the English censors. The German Secret Service does not bungle its affairs. With the greatest ingenuity it prepares personal letters in a variety of forms; precisely the sort of letters that come in thousands from Europe to America on the fast liners.

It is thought that some of these communications to German embassies in neutral countries have been written in invisible ink under a personal letter of no consequence. This method was used by the American Government before there was any cable service.

The first agent sent by the Continental Congress to France communicated in this way with the American Government. His letter, as it appeared, was simply a note directed to an individual, showing that he had arrived safely in France and giving some trifling details concerning his passage and health. Under this, in invisible ink, was an official communication directed to the American Government, giving a list of the troops and munitions of war that the French Government would send to the aid of the American Colonies, advising the Continental Congress how it should act with respect to certain foreign countries, and notifying it of the imminence of a general European war.

This communication, of the most vital importance, did not appear until the sheet of paper, on which a harmless personal note was written, was treated with chemicals.

It was shown at the trial in England of Otto Luz that this method of communication is now in use by the German Secret Service; but it is more likely that the German cipher dispatches, in general, follow the plan of the simple personal or business message—such personal notes as are written every day by one individual to another, and business messages such as are constantly cabled between Great Britain and the United States.

Author's Note—See German Spies in England, and the mass of evidence assembled by the British press.

Simply Raise and Lower the Lever and it Fills
"The Lever Locks"
For Those Who Prefer a Pen of this Type We Have Perfected
The New "Pocket Self-Filler"
—the Latest
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen
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Simply raise and lower the lever, with the point in the ink, and it fills immediately. The lever snaps down and forms an absolute lock of the ink tube. It also has the security screw-lock cap for safe carrying. It is the
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Has the reliability, durability and instant writing convenience that characterize all Waterman's Ideals, including the perfect ink control assured by the famous patented spoon feed. Made in a wide assortment of sizes, including short size for vest pocket or purse.
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BRILLIANT, vivid and natural, round and "big" of every gradation of ton Grafonola is well named musical instrument."

Those who take the tro find that in sheer tonal beau is supreme—whether it is pl of the modern dance, or the superb instrumentalism of and Ysaye and Casals.

"No one thing will give so people for so long a time at so Grafonola."

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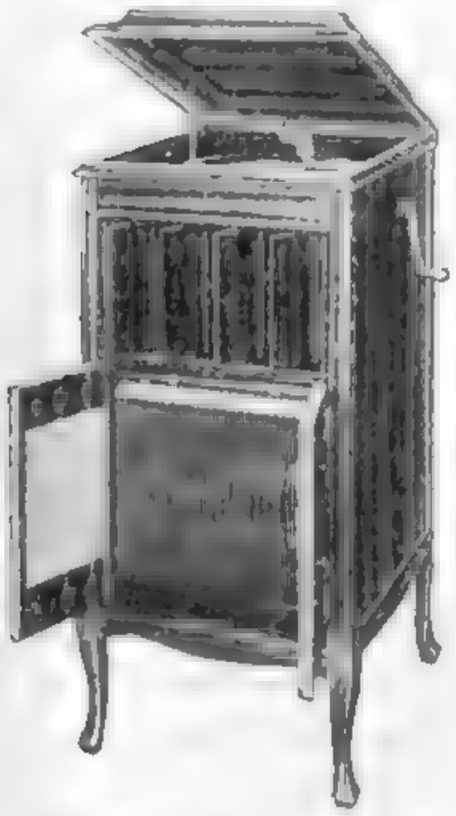
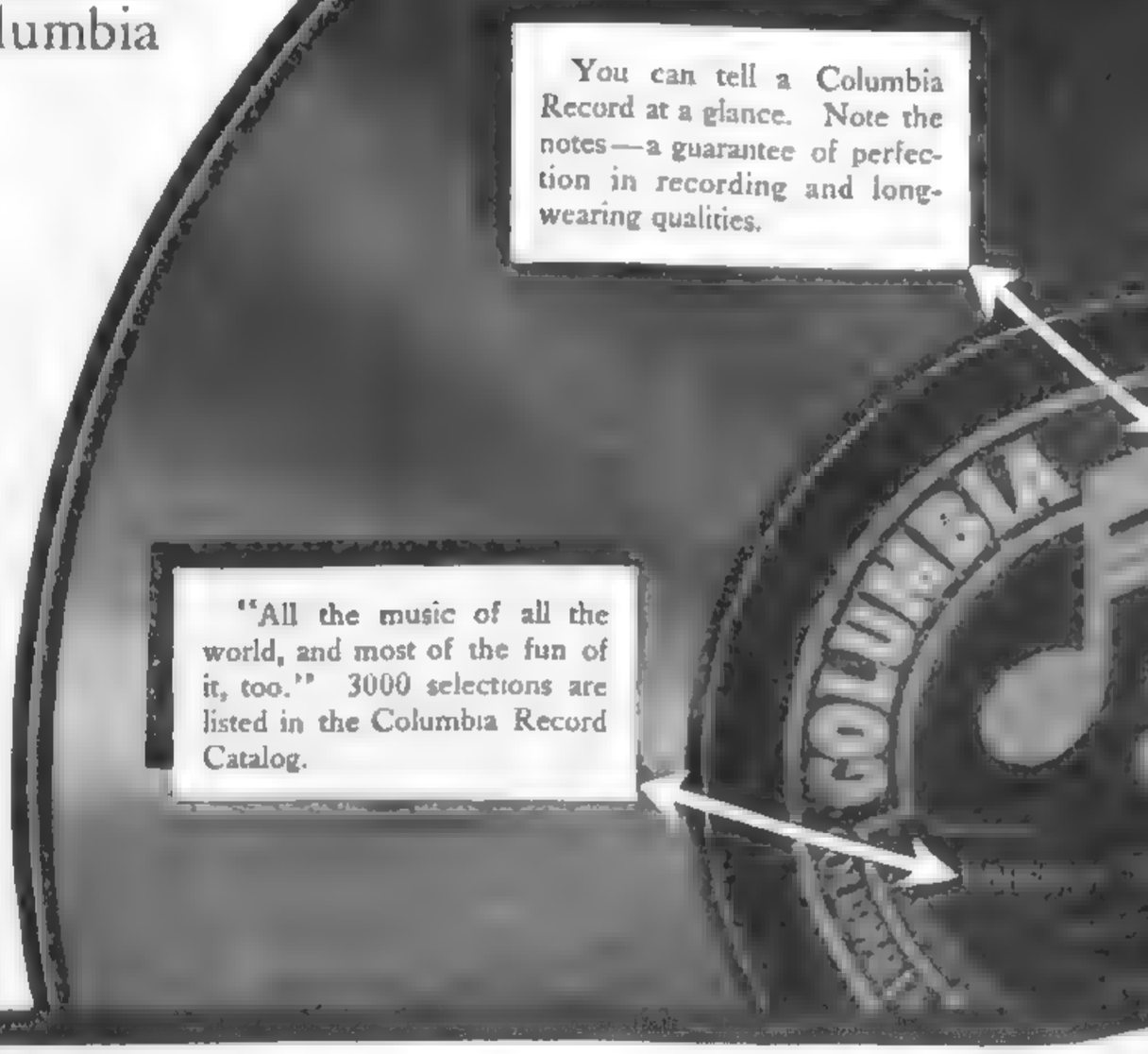
CERTAINLY they will play on your machine. Perfectly!

Go to your dealer and hear just one Columbia Record, and you will have a new conception and appreciation of the fidelity and naturalness with which music can be recorded and reproduced. A new list of Columbia Records is out the 20th of every month—and all the big hits, whenever they appear, between-times.

There are 3000 selections listed in the Columbia Record Catalog which your dealer has ready for you. And in every class of music and entertainment, vocal and instrumental. And nearly all of them double-discs.



Columbia "Leader" with individual record ejector, $85. With ordinary record racks, $75.


You can tell a Columbia Record at a glance. Note the notes—a guarantee of perfection in recording and long-wearing qualities.
"All the music of all the world, and most of the fun of it, too." 3000 selections are listed in the Columbia Record Catalog.
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clear, yet unmistakably
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much pleasure to so many
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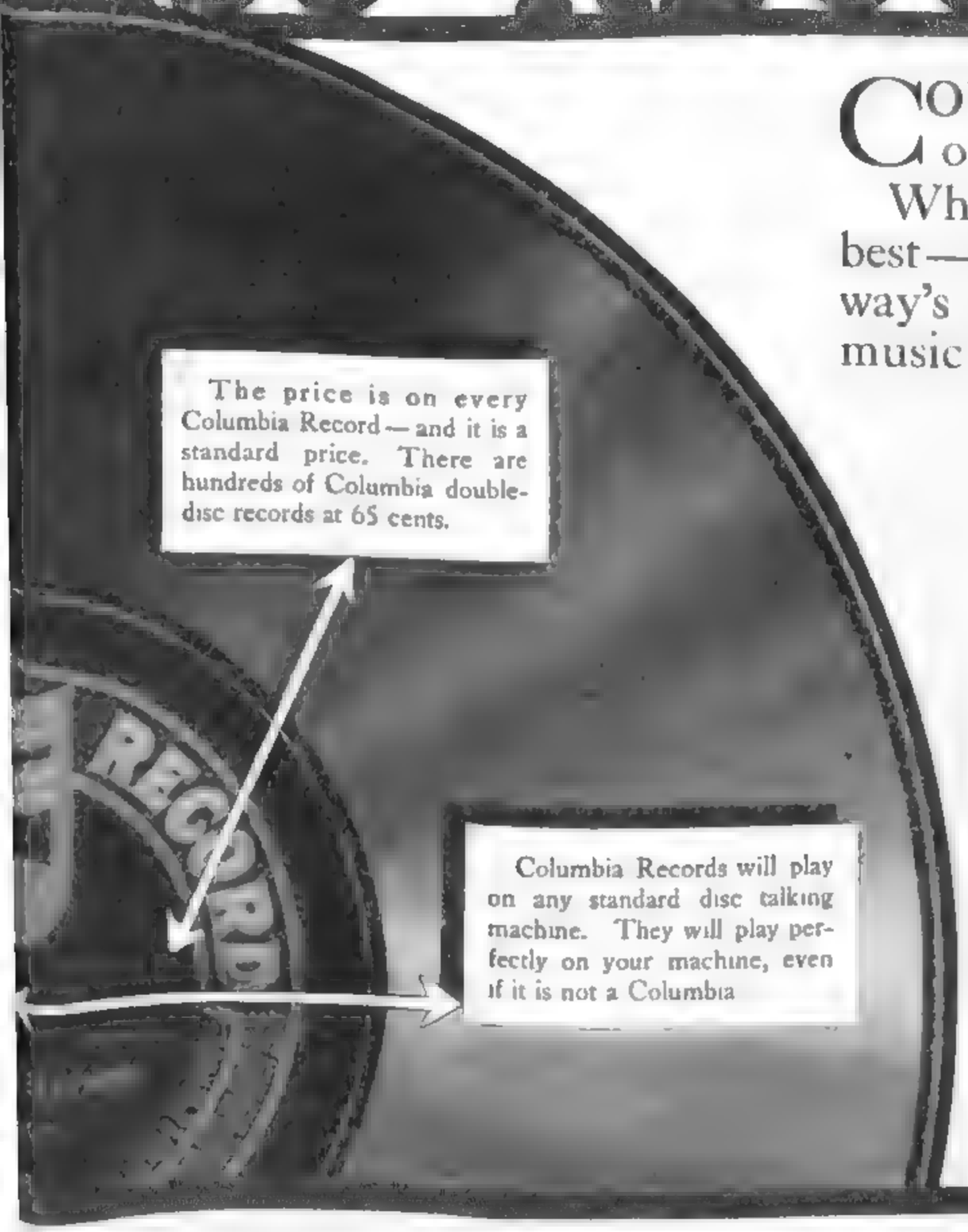
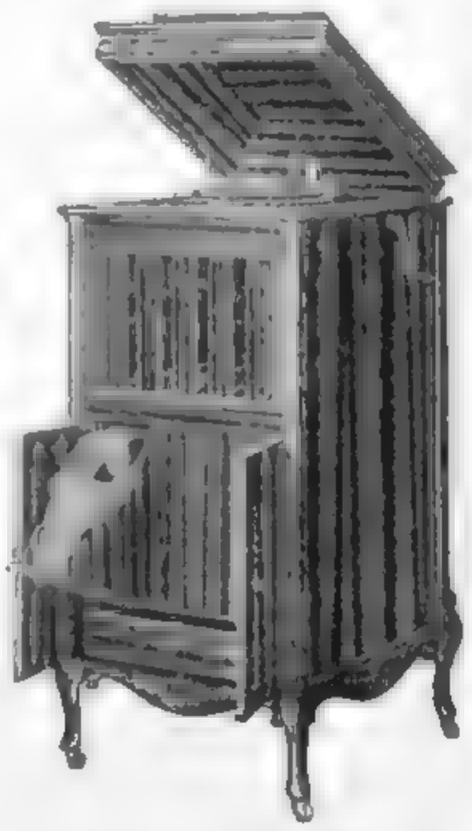
DISC RECORDS 65¢


The price is on every Columbia Record—and it is a standard price. There are hundreds of Columbia double-disc records at 65 cents.
Columbia Records will play on any standard disc talking machine. They will play perfectly on your machine, even if it is not a Columbia

COLUMBIA Records bring to you "all the music of all the world, and most of the fun of it, too."

Whatever kind of music or entertainment you like best—you get it best on Columbia Records. Broadway's newest hits while they are hits; the latest dance music specially recorded, which means right in tempo and rhythm. And bands, and orchestras, ballads and comedy monologues; the latest recordings of the greatest instrumental masters and vocalists—every kind and every class of music. Go to the nearest Columbia dealer and have him play, say, those wonderful chorus selections from Maritana and Trovatore, No. A5667.



Columbia "De Luxe," $200
Other Columbia Grafonolas
from $17.50 to $500.

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You can't make a man out of a boy by puttin' him on stilts. An' no process will ever make tobacco mature. You got to let Nature do it her own way.

Velvet Joe

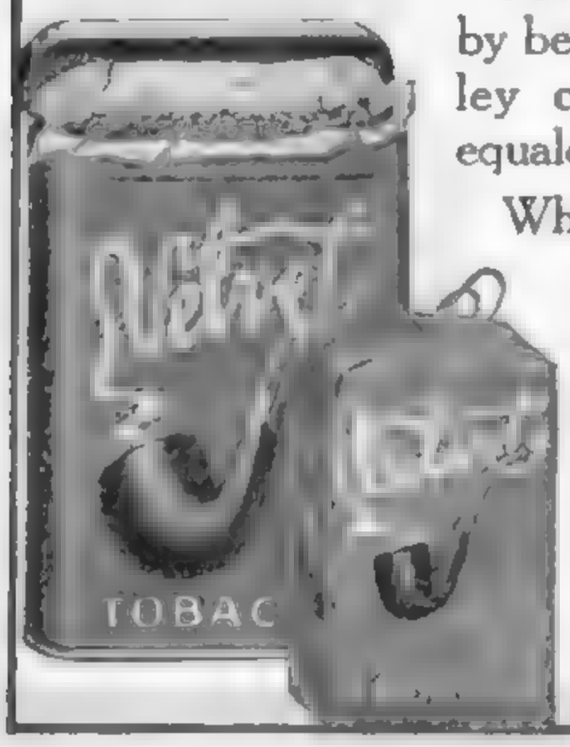
HOW do you suppose the "bite" gets into a tobacco leaf? *Nature*, of course.

How do you suppose the "bite" can be taken out? *Nature*, of course.

Nature's way—slow, careful ageing—is the way. That's why VELVET ages for not less than two years. Huge wooden casks protect the leaf. *Out* comes the natural harshness, commonly called "bite." *In* stays the natural flavor and aroma.

And VELVET *starts right* by being the pick of the Burley crop—considered unequaled tobacco for the pipe.

What are *you* smoking?



Have you read "Pipe Philosophy"—Velvet Joe's new book of verse and bright sayings? Send a 2c stamp for a copy.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

10c Tins
5c Metal-Lined Bags
One-Pound Glass Humidors

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THE BRUTE

(Concluded from Page 24)

"It is an undeniable fact," said one of his engineers, "that the great body of workers everywhere prefer life and action rather than an atmosphere of stupid torpidity. This applies to the men higher up as well as to laborers. It is only the chronic kickers and loafers who are repelled, and they are the kind we want to get rid of anyway.

"Besides, our men are assured of getting fewer idle days than they get at most other camps. They know there is less danger of our equipment's breaking down or our supplies running short. They have an almost awesome respect for our big fellow's ability to get round difficulties. His reputation is a force that draws men to us.

"Not long ago a couple of our old men came here clear from New England and went back to work. They had been engaged for a year on various contracts in that region; but for one cause and another they had lost nearly half their time. I don't mean to say that New England is worse in that respect than any other part of the country. The dilatory tactics of contractors, as a class, are absolutely heartbreaking to the men who work for them."

Men will stand some abuse in order to march with the band. I am not seeking to idealize this contractor. In some ways he is brutal enough; but when it comes to real sacrifices he is quite as inconsiderate of himself as he is of others. On one contract it became necessary to crowd the work very hard in order to avoid heavy penalties. Without consulting the inclinations of the men he issued this notice:

"Beginning Monday morning, all hands will work time and a half until further notice."

This meant thirteen hours and a half a day, with commensurate pay; but some of the men objected to the work, even with pay. Men are variously constituted in this respect and the traditions of different callings give men varied viewpoints. Newspaper men, for instance, will usually work twelve or more hours a day if called on, without extra pay; and they will do it willingly, because of the loyalty they feel toward their occupation. It is in the Brute's code that all workers should have something of this sentiment—he always had it himself. In this particular instance a group of his men rebelled.

"Quit!" he said to them, without discussion. "We'll get along without you."

Getting Back the Dinner

Then he got out with his men in person and worked with a shoval thirteen hours and a half a day for a week, doing twice the work that many a man did. This example had a great inspirational effect and there was little more complaint. The men bent to the yoke and put the thing through. Meantime he was waited on by a delegation of the quitters. They had repented.

"We'll go back to work," they said.

The Brute stopped shoveling long enough to inquire:

"Have you had any dinner?"

They had not. They had quit, and the nearest restaurant was fifteen miles off.

"Then get your shovels and follow me," observed the Brute grimly, "and I'll give you an extra good appetite for supper."

Until supper was tooted on the cook's horn he set a pace for those penitent quitters that increased their respect for him.

It is one of his pet theories that men who refuse to work do not deserve to be fed, and stories are told which bear out his brutish reputation—and make men cautious about trying to put anything over on him.

Two laborers, after quitting in the middle of the forenoon, demanded their pay, and got it. No man who has earned his money ever has to wait a minute at those camps if he wants the cash—at least, not if there is money enough on hand. These two men, after being paid off, hung round until noon and regaled themselves on boiled beef and mashed potatoes, with the concomitants. Then they said a sarcastic farewell. It happened that the big boss was in the camp that day, and somebody who was aware of his numerous aversions called the matter to his attention, hoping, no doubt, to see some fun. They were not disappointed.

"Where are the damned miscreants?" he demanded—only he did not say miscreants.

They were pointed out to him as they made tracks along the grade toward the settlement.

"Get them!" said he.

Some good runners caught the fugitives and hauled them back through the dirt. Then emetics from the emergency medicine chest were forced on them, after which they were speeded along out of camp.

When roused by the trickery, incompetence or laziness of men under him, the Brute shows little regard for the amenities of life, but paints his feelings in lurid words that are not soon forgotten.

It may be that this method of handling a certain class of men and offenses is more effective and reformatory than the diplomatic and dignified way. I do not pretend to decide the point. But this is the Brute's way, and the Brute has acquired a fortune that is variously stated as being up in the millions. He started as a contractor's clerk and the manner in which he got going was something like this:

He was in charge of the office on one occasion when the prices of certain food staples took a sudden drop, owing to a glut or panic, or something or other. Out on his employers' contracts there was pretty constant need for canned foods, bacon belly, evaporated apples, beans, and such like. It looked to him like the psychological moment to buy.

The Brute's Start in Life

His bosses, however, were away, and could not be reached readily; so he began his record of quick action by putting all his own money—maybe a thousand dollars—into the items of food that looked best to him from the standpoint of cash profit in sight. When the bosses came home he said to them:

"I bought that stuff for the firm, though I paid for it myself. If you don't want it I'll keep it until I can sell at an advance."

They not only took the goods but took the young Brute into the business. They wanted a man who had the nerve to shoulder responsibility on his own account and the judgment to do it in a profitable way. And that is what this man has been doing ever since.

All through his staff the Brute is reflected in the ideas and acts of the men under him. His atmosphere pervades all the offices, tents and camps. There is a vim to things that is missing in some business establishments. Business revolves round the Brute with a vigor that gives all operations a flavor of their own.

This organization represents a school that is not exactly a modern one, but a combination of the old and the new. You find in it breezy young men in field uniforms who have no time to consider very closely the finer points of ethics, and who do not care overmuch for things other men have done—or have not done—before them.

These are the men who stand ready to go when the Brute gives the word—men who pack their grips and leave to-night for China, perhaps, on telegraphic orders that came at noon. It may be as hard for them to break home ties in this rude way as for other men. It may be as heartbreaking for them to say good-by to wives and children as for anybody; but they make up a band of trained stoics—outwardly—and they go at the drop of the hat.

Wire communication is almost as common in this organization as mail. For matters of special importance the mails are altogether too slow for the Brute; and, as a rule, code messages are taboo, because they require too much time in the writing and deciphering. A contract might be lost or a man might miss his train out of Chicago for Arizona.

The Brute has been known on various occasions to decide on a thousand-mile trip in thirty seconds, and to be under way on a train that left half an hour later. He has been known to employ a high-salaried man on the same principle. He does not concede that a man legitimately needs a week or two to make up his mind.

If he were a judge I imagine he never would take anything under advisement. Anyhow, he would be like the Wyoming judge who glowered at the criminal and then said:

"I'll take this under advisement; but I tell you right now that my mind is already made up!"

The secret of the comfort of

THE

Hatch ONE-Button UNION SUIT

is that you can forget you have it on.

IT is fashioned to your body—not drawn around you and secured by a row of straining buttons.

The single master button on the Hatch ONE-Button Union suit was put there only to close the opening and to give greater convenience in putting the suit on and taking it off. The suit itself would fit exactly as well if the button were not there. The fit is in the construction—not in the fastening.

YOUR favorite haberdasher or department store has it now or can get it easily and quickly. If you have the slightest difficulty in obtaining this garment from your dealer, send us remittance and we will supply you, delivery prepaid. Made with our special closed crotch [illegible] also in the famous Keep Kool [illegible] Suits at 50c for boys, and 50c, $1 and $2 for men

Here is the label → to guide you.

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT

PATENTED JUNE 16, 1914

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.
Albany, N.Y.

Common Sense for Commonwealths

(Concluded from Page 5)

from the members of the legislature elect—insurance commissioner, labor commissioner, state treasurer, superintendent of public instruction, and so on. These men, after familiarizing themselves with the duties of their offices, can far more intelligently legislate for the needs of their respective departments than the ordinary inexperienced legislator.

If a law needed amending, or a new enactment was under consideration, this legislature, which would soon become a body of expert lawmakers, could call in experienced men of all lines of business for counsel and advice; and, being in session whenever necessary and lawmaking being their business, they would give ample time to the study of all enactments, and their efforts would be sane, understandable, and would need no expert interpretation.

The form would be the product of a man skilled in legal procedure, who knows how to draft an enactment that would stand the test of the courts if need be and, at the same time, meet the demand the occasion required.

The Governor should be the presiding officer, without veto power, of this legislature. The office of lieutenant governor should be abolished. This would be simplified state government.

There will be savage criticism that this is undemocratic. I would answer that this form of government would be more responsive to the will of the people and, therefore, more democratic. We must cease confounding numbers with democracy. "The prevailing misconception of democracy makes it every man's business to concern himself with matters that, as a rule, he knows little about."

The initiative and referendum was the vagary of crank reformers; but it put a menacing power of reform into the hands of the electorate, to be used when occasion requires. Anything is democratic that can be used as a medium to express more easily the will of the public; but we are fast drifting from the old-fashioned idea that nothing is genuinely democratic unless everybody has a hand in it.

Fewer Laws and Better

The modified commission form of government for the state and the legislative plan of a single house of few members, which I have outlined, are not departures from the principle of representative government, but a return to that simpler representative ideal from which our complex system had led us. Every elector in each congressional district will have a vote for a state representative, just as he has for his congressman.

The public may rage over some measure that has been defeated—the representative is responsible only to the few voters in his individual district, who perhaps have no concern in the question at issue. But in a small body published roll calls on all important bills will give the public a clear picture of the kind of a man who represents them and the manner in which he acts.

The last legislature cost Kansas a hundred thousand dollars and its efforts were bungling, crude, faulty and ill digested. One hundred thousand dollars would have paid the salaries of sixteen skilled men for two years as combined legislators and state officials.

We should have had fewer laws; but they would have been only such laws as there was a positive demand for, and they would have come from a commission composed of deliberate, experienced and careful men whose wisdom had been ripened by experience.

Faith With Works

AS JUDGE CAMPBELL FLOURNOY, of Washington, tells the story, a new preacher down in rural Kentucky called on one of his fold, an aged and bedridden lady, to sound her out on questions of creed.

"Sister," he inquired, by way of a starter, 'do you believe in the doctrine of Falling from Grace."

The old dame's eyes rolled heavenward.

"Brother," she said, "I not only believes in hit, but I bless the good Lord that I practizes hit!"

The Meal That Changed a Summer

This is how one family was won to Van Camp's.

The man asked the chef at his downtown lunch how he baked the new-style Beans. The chef said he didn't bake them—he couldn't bake them. The Beans he served were Van Camp's.

So the man brought some home, and they were served one night at supper on the lawn.

That meal changed the summer. It showed the wife how good Baked Beans could be. It pointed a way to save hot-weather cooking. Van Camp's became the hearty dish most frequently served at that table.

That home, like a million others, graduated then forever from old-style Pork and Beans.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Here is a dish more nutritious than meat, much cheaper and ready-baked. Everybody likes it. It's our national dish, in fact.

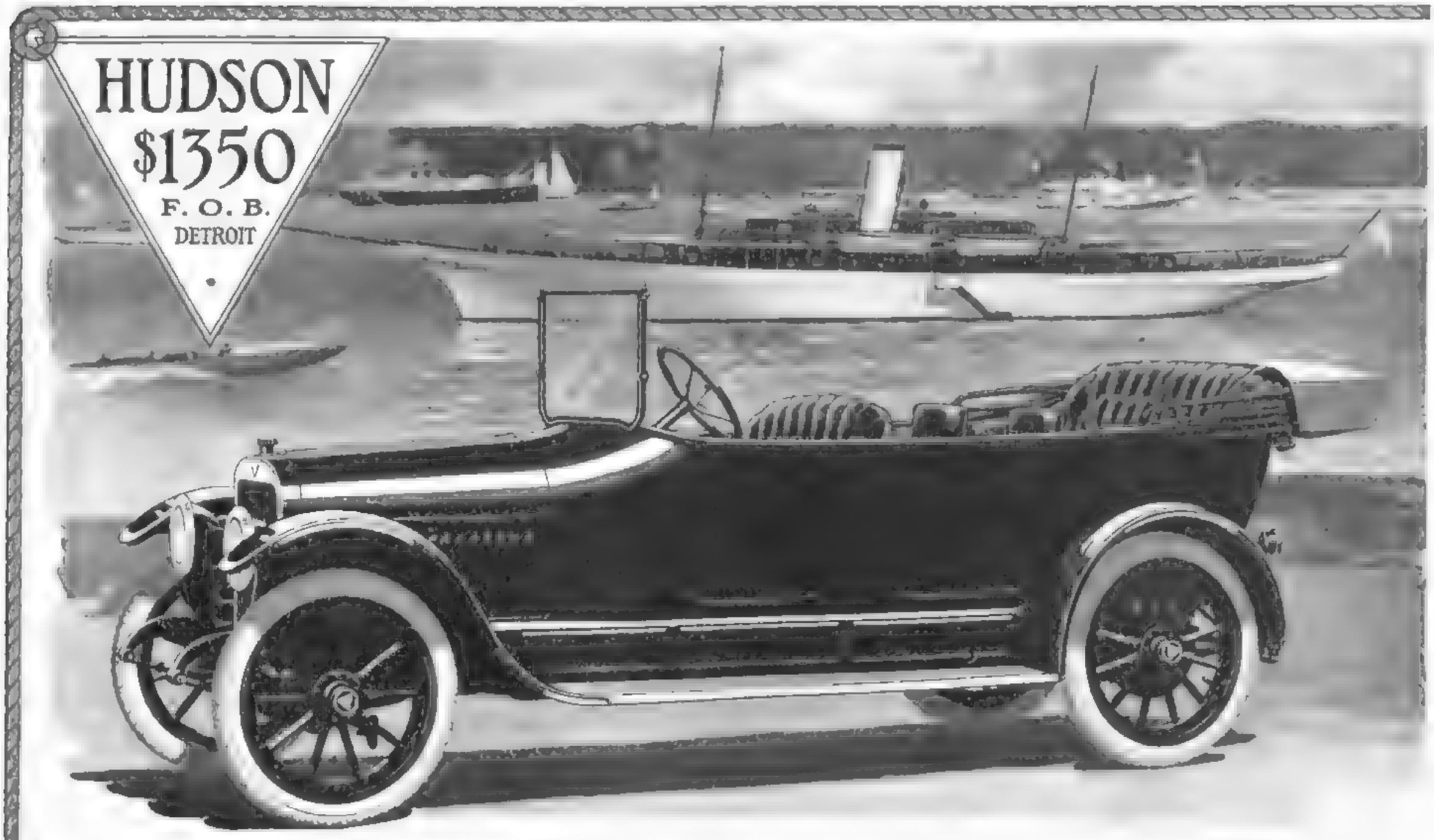
It was for years neglected, because home-baked beans were very hard to digest. They were never more than half-baked. They were crisp or mushy. They lacked zest.

Then came Van Camp's, baked in modern steam ovens, mealy yet unbroken. And a matchless sauce was baked into them. Since then, the popularity of beans has been multiplied by five.

Go now and order a few meals of this new-style dish. Compare it with the kinds you know. Learn how our chefs have changed Baked Beans to a delicacy.

It means a meal in a minute. It means easy digestion. It will change a rarely-served dish to a frequent delight. All these things mean much to you, especially in summer. And they mean much to those you serve.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



"The Road Cruiser"

Ready—the 1916 Hudson

Countless tongues in the past few months have voiced this question everywhere:

What more can HUDSON do?

Now the answer is ready. And we believe this answer will amaze the most zealous HUDSON admirers.

Another $200 Reduction

First, we've reduced the price by another $200. That makes $400—23 per cent—since this new type first came out.

To grasp that, remember former conditions. Only a little time ago, $4000 was a low price for a Six. The cheapest Six cost 2½ times HUDSON'S price today.

We brought out this new-type HUDSON, late in 1913, at a $1750 price. It startled Motordom. Some of the oldest makers in the business told us the price was impossible.

But we gave it to you on a car of HUDSON standard—on a Howard E. Coffin design. And men bought that car in such numbers that next season we were able to quote $1550 on it.

At that new price, men bought 10,000 of the 1915 model. They forced us to treble our output, to build enormous factory additions. And now we are able to quote you $1350 on this famous Six.

We Refined the Six

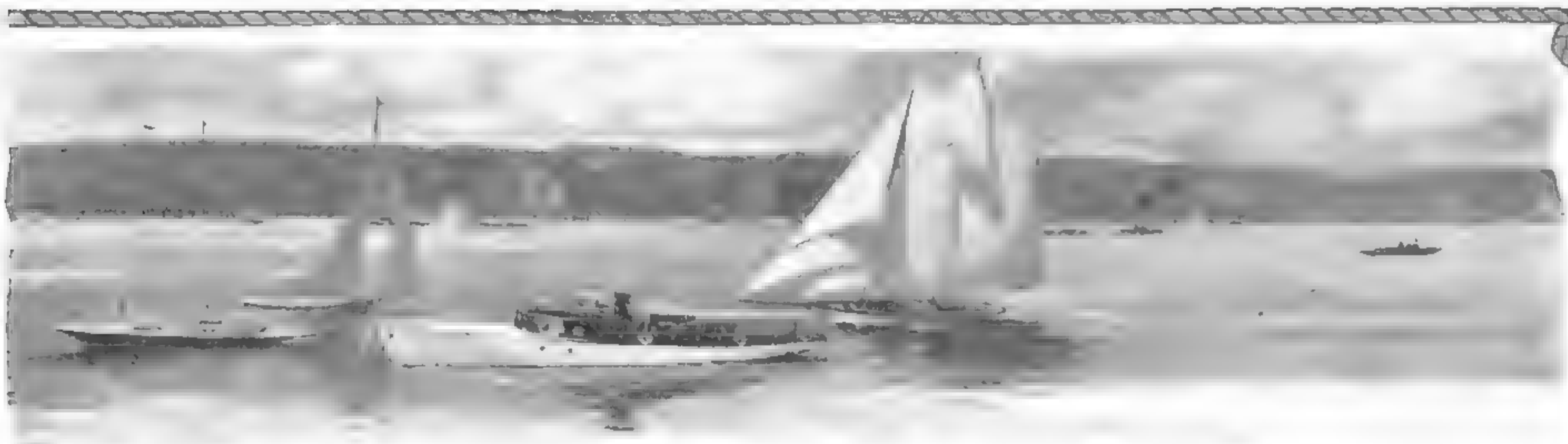
Old-time Sixes were heavier by some 1500 pounds. This vast weight reduction required better materials and better designing. It required higher quality, greater refinement. A thousand crudities had to be eliminated.

No iota of strength was sacrificed. Seating capacity was not reduced.

In beauty, luxury and equipment we gave you the best of the times. Yet, while adding class and quality, we gave you a moderate price. And, by cutting out excess, crudity and waste, we cut tire cost and fuel cost in two.

Four Innovations
1—Yacht-Line Body
2—Ever-Lustre Finish
3—Roomier Tonneau
4—$200 Reduction

Now this model, whose price suggested low grade, has become the modern ideal of a high-grade car.



New, Graceful Yacht Lines Now
The New HUDSON Ever-Lustre Finish
A Roomier Tonneau—A $1350 Price

Another attraction in this new-year model is a new conception of artistic beauty.

We have been growing toward this body type for years. First came fore doors, then the straight-line body, then the stream-line. Now, as a climax, come lines so graceful and sweeping that we call this the Yacht-Line Body. Every appearance suggests "The Road Cruiser," which its designers call it. Even the door tops are upholstered to secure unbroken lines. Now a leather binding protects the whole top of the body.

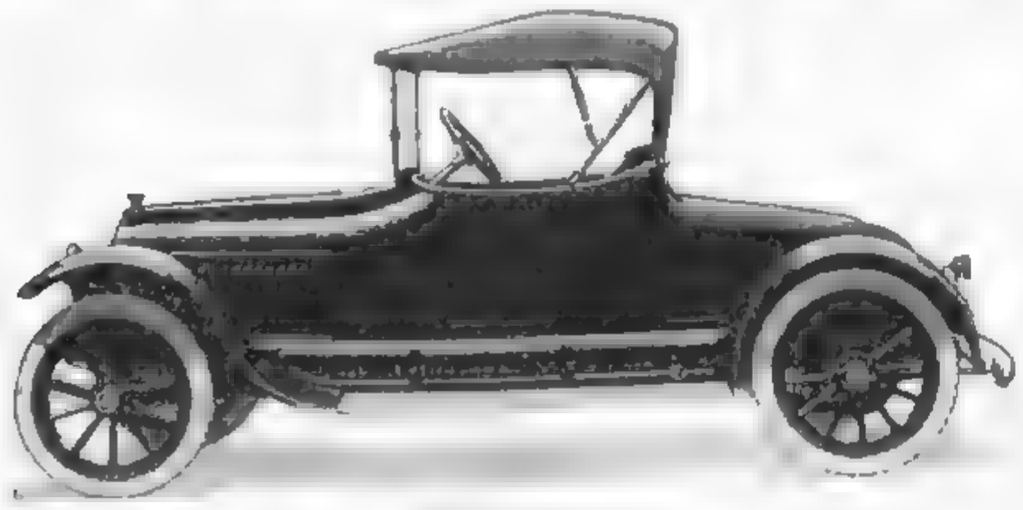
The tonneau is extra-wide and roomy. The rear seat has been widened, the sides and back are heightened. With seven in the car, no person is crowded. And two of the seats disappear when not wanted, doubling the tonneau room.

As a climax in luxury, we this year use enameled leather upholstery over deep curled hair. Never before has leather of this kind been used in a car at this price.

The Ever-Lustre Finish

And now comes what you have wanted most—a finish that stays new.

We've attained in this chassis a car that stays new. After years of use, with proper care, it should run like the day you buy it. The car grew old in looks alone, as the usual finish will.



The Roadster

Now we have a finish of wondrous lustre which will keep its newness. We have built in our factory enormous ovens, large enough for hundreds of bodies.

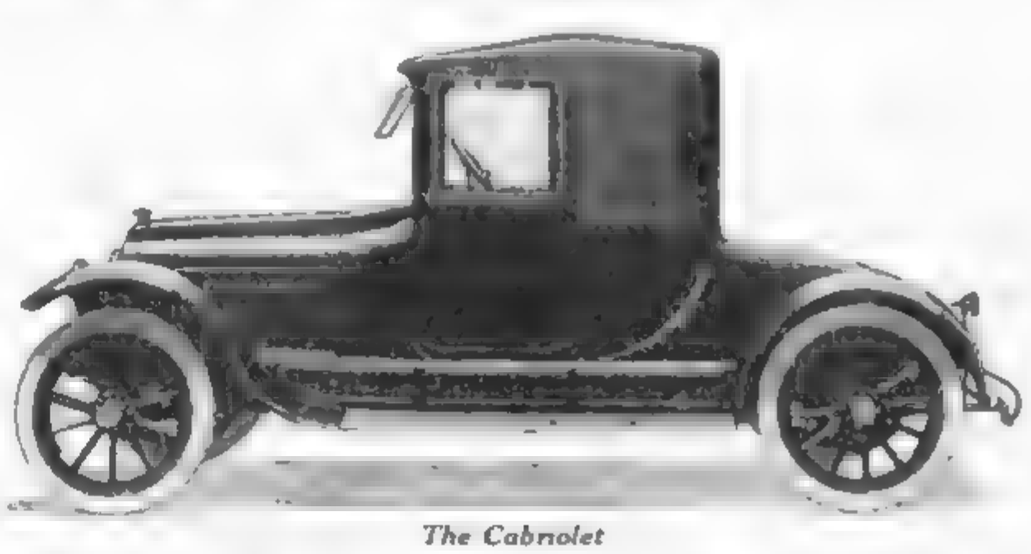
The result is a baked-on finish, brilliant, deep and enduring. It resists weather and washing, rubbing and mud. We call it the Ever-Lustre finish, found only on this new HUDSON car.

Experienced motorists, who have seen cars quickly grow dull and shabby, will consider this a great innovation.

Note that all these new attractions come to you in a $1350 HUDSON.

You used to look to high-priced cars for all the major advances. Now you get them all—all that seem worth having—in a $1350 Six.

This remarkable model, in the first place, came as the apostle of lightness. Then, after a year of refinement, it revealed new standards in beauty and equipment. This year it brings you the Yacht-Line Body, and this finish of lasting lustre.



The Cabriolet

HUDSON typifies in the highest degree the modern ideals of good taste.

That's the secret of its place and class. In all things we are coming to simplicity, away from excess, waste and show. And HUDSON typifies that trend.

You want quality, elegance, refinement just as much as ever. Makers who forget that sadly miss their cue. But you don't want over-weight, over-size, over-tax of any kind simply for impression.

Men who subscribe to that creed are driving 15,000 of these new-type HUDSONS now. And the vogue is just beginning. This year's advances, we believe, will attract 20,000 more.

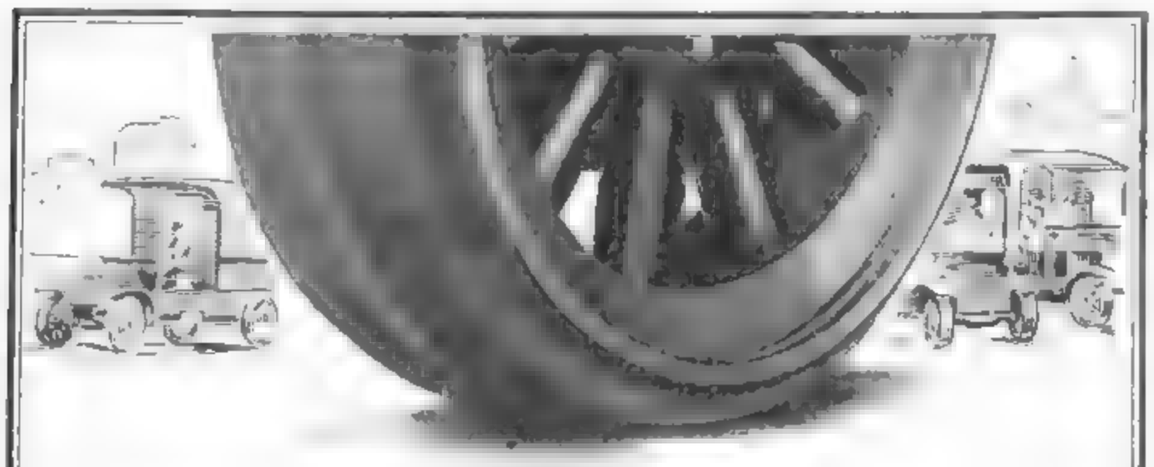
See this car early if you want early delivery. Every new HUDSON model brings an overdemand. Last July found us 4000 cars behind orders. This 1916 model is sure to oversell.

7-Passenger Phaeton or 3-Passenger Roadster, $1350, f. o. b. Detroit. Also a New Cabriolet, $1650, f. o. b. Detroit.

Ask your dealer to explain the far-reaching HUDSON service. This will show you one reason why HUDSON cars give such boundless satisfaction.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

Most HUDSON Dealers Now Have This New Model



Truck Tires Free

Unless the 1915 Goodyear S-V Outwears Any Other

Here is an offer which Truck users cannot afford to neglect. It will settle for you, without any risk, the entire Truck Tire question.

For three months—April, May and June—this amazing warrant goes with every S-V Truck Tire put on under these conditions:

Every Penny Back

Equip opposite wheels, at the same time, one with a Goodyear S-V, one with any other standard make tire of like rated size, bought in the open market.

If the Goodyear S-V fails to cost less per mile than the other, we will return you its full purchase price, making the S-V free.

Mark that—no partial rebate, no mileage adjustment, no replacement. The tire that fails is *free*. Get this guarantee in writing when you buy the tires.

Never Such a Warrant

Never before has such a warrant been given on any class of tire. If widely accepted, it means with us a million-dollar stake. It is given without reservation against any tire in the field. It covers accidents as well as wear.

Numerous makers claim to build tires as good as the Goodyear S-V. Let us stop arguing in print and in person. Let us compare them on opposite wheels. We have done that already, under every condition. Over 5,000 S-V tires were tested out on trucks before we made this offer. We know to a certainty the results you'll get, barring accidents.

We have worked for eight years on this Truck Tire problem. We built 29 types before arriving at this one. We built 74 models of this S-V type before we attained this perfection.

We give you in it, as compared with others, 20 per cent more available tread rubber. The shape ends bulging, breaking or excessive grind. The compound minimizes friction.

The tire can't creep, as we press it on at a minimum of 50,000 pounds. It can't separate, for the tread, the backing and the rim are welded into lasting union.

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO
S-V Truck Tires

Go to a Goodyear Distributor or ask our local branch where you can get this warrant on the latest S-V tire. Accept it while the offer lasts.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Desk 158, Akron, O.

Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

We Make Demountable, Block, Cushion, Pneumatic and Other Types of Truck Tires

(2374)

YOUR BOY'S SPENDING MONEY

should represent not a tax or a problem but a method of teaching him thrift and the value of money. How thousands of parents are applying the method to their sons' future success is explained in our illustrated booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" We will send you a copy, free of charge, upon request. Write to

SALES DIVISION, BOX 904

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 13)

"But what do you do?" I asked one of these young women. She was drawing on her mittens ready to start for their car.

"Sick and sorry work," she said briefly. "You know the sort of thing. I wish you would come out and have dinner with us. There is to be mutton."

I accepted promptly, but it was the situation and not the mutton that appealed to me. It was arranged that they should go ahead and set things in motion for the meal, and that I should follow later.

At the door one of them turned and smiled at me.

"They are shelling the village," she said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all," I replied. And I meant it. For I was no longer so gun-shy as I had been earlier in the winter. I had got over turning pale at the slamming of a door. I was as terrified, perhaps, but my pride had come to my aid.

It was the English officers who disapproved so thoroughly who told me about them when they had gone.

"Of course they have no business there," they said. "It's a frightful responsibility to place on the men at that part of the line. But there's no question about the value of what they are doing, and if they want to stay they deserve to be allowed to. They go right into the trenches, and they take care of the wounded until the ambulances can come up at night. Wait until you see their house and you will understand why they got those medals."

And when I had seen their house and spent an evening with them I understood very well indeed.

We gathered round the fire; conversation was desultory. Muddy and weary young officers, who had been at the front all day, came in and warmed themselves for a moment before going up to their cold rooms. The owner of the broken wind shield arrived and was placated. Continuous relays of tea were coming and going. Colonel ——, who had been in an observation balloon most of the day, spoke of balloon sickness.

An Embarrassing Position

"I have been in balloons of one sort and another for twenty years," he said. "I never overcome the nausea. Very few airmen do."

I spoke to him about a recent night attack by German aviators.

"It is remarkable work," he commented warmly, "hazardous in the extreme; and if anything goes wrong they cannot see where they are coming down. Even when they light in their own lines, landing safely is difficult. They are apt to wreck their machines."

The mention of German aëroplanes reminded one of the officers of an experience he had had just behind the firing line.

"I had been to the front," he said, "and a mile or so behind the line a German aëroplane overtook the automobile. He flew low, with the evident intention of dropping a bomb on us. The chauffeur, becoming excited, stalled the engine. At that moment the aviator dropped the first bomb, killing a sow and a litter of young pigs beside the car and breaking all the glass. Cranking failed to start the car. It was necessary, while the machine maneuvered to get overhead again, to lift the hood of the engine, examine a spark-plug and then crank the car. He dropped a second bomb which fell behind the car and made a hole in the road. Then at last the engine started, and it took us a very short time to get out of that neighborhood."

The car he spoke of was the car in which I had come out to the station. I could testify that something had broken the glass!

One of the officers had just received what he said were official percentages of casualties in killed, wounded and missing among the Allies, to the first of February.

The Belgian percentage was 66⅔, the English 33⅓, and the French 7. I have no idea how accurate the figures were, or his authority for them. He spoke of them as official. From casualties to hospitals and nurses was but a step. I spoke warmly of the work the nurses near the front were doing. But one officer disagreed with me, although in the main his views were not held by the others.

BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn

Its coaxing fragrance is irresistible—its tempting flavor delightful. Every crisp, crackling, snow-white kernel is evenly buttered, piping hot—the last word in captivating food purity. Immaculate purity and delicacy are possible only with the Butter-Kist Corn Popper, that feeds itself, pops the corn, sorts it and butters each kernel evenly.

People everywhere, once they taste Butter-Kist, are satisfied with no other pop corn. They go out of their way to buy it. Try one sack—then you, too, will experience the same delight. Butter-Kist popularity is nation-wide.

$25 to $60 Extra Profit Each Week

For hundreds of storekeepers and merchants the machine is doing this every week and more for some. Records prove Butter-Kist Corn puts ... profit per square foot ... *One of these machines installed in a store November 13, 1914, took in $2080.65 the first five months.* ... to carry. ... *Superbly built, beautifies any store or business establishment. Mahogany, Oak or Ivory-White cabinet with plate glass and polished metal.*

Pay from Your Sales

A small payment down puts ... Butter-Kist ... pays for itself out of the money it earns.

Get This Book Free

... Little Gold Mine." Sent free ... day's delay means lost sales.

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
1669 Van Buren St
Indianapolis, Ind.

Sunset
The Exposition Collar
Height in Front 1¾" — Back 1⅝"

SLIDEWELL COLLARS

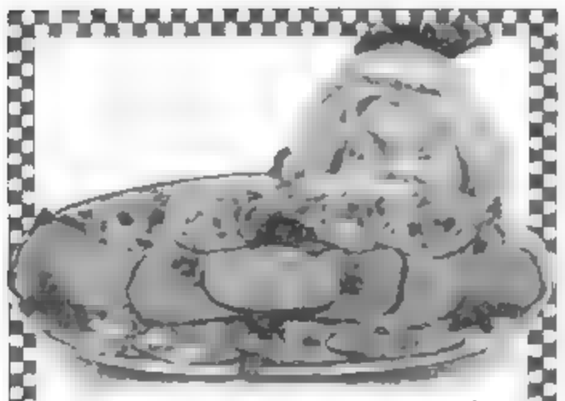
Two new summer models — dealers everywhere—

15c — 2 for 25c

With the patent scarf protecting features.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, New York

Emerald Club
Height in Front 1¾" — Back 1⅝"



Here's a real "Meat-Treat"

for the noon-day meal or Sunday night's supper—a rare addition to the day spent in the woods with a picnic basket.

English Luncheon, Mortadella, Banquet Loaf and *French Meat Cheese* are but four of the 98 varieties of

FRANK'S QUALITY MEAT-TREATS

THE NATIONAL DELICATESSEN

Made in Milwaukee

all made from the choicest of meats, seasoned with the purest of vegetable condiments, perfectly blended.

Ask your dealer (Grocery or Delicatessen) for these or any of the other tempting varieties. If he does not sell them, write us, and we will see that you are supplied. (Look for the name "*Meat-Treats*.")

FREE—Send for our booklet, "Suggestions," containing new recipes for entrées, sandwiches, hot dishes, etc.

L. FRANK & SON COMPANY
Dept. H-G Milwaukee, Wis.

RETAILERS Write for "Frank-News," the magazine on profitable delicatessen

BROKERS: Write.

From 2 to 2,000,000

Forty years ago I bought two cigars.

I was delighted with them—they seemed to meet my exacting requirements. Their rare mellowness and delicious flavor made me want more. I traced their manufacture, and found the exquisite leaf came from the mountainous Vuelta district in Cuba.

What Happened

Soon I began to order all my cigars from there. Friends bought with me. That reduced the price. Their friends joined. Until now there are over 12,000 of us buying these unusually fine cigars at about half what they would cost if we could buy them at stores.

Last year we bought over 2,000,000 cigars. Some of us wanted better cigars for what we were paying, some wanted good cigars at half what they were paying. But whatever the reason, all these men unite in approving my discovery. None of us has ever found a ready-made cigar quite so enjoyable at anywhere near the price.

The price is so low because we buy together in large quantities and have no salesmen's salaries or other expenses. The price is but $5.00 per hundred, $2.60 for fifty. That's not far from what they cost us.

It is only fair to your complete enjoyment of smoking and to your pocketbook to try these private brand J. R. W. Havanas.

First Five Free!

Send me your business card or write me on your business stationery, enclosing 10c for packing, revenue and postage, and you'll be furnished with five free as a trial. You'll probably want more. Send today for your five free cigars.

J. ROGERS WARNER
958 Lockwood Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.

Cuban Size

"The nurses at the base hospitals should be changed every three months," he said. "They get the worst cases there, in incredible conditions. After a time it tells on them. I've seen it in a number of cases. They grow calloused to suffering. That's the time to bring up a new lot."

I think he is wrong. I have seen many hospitals, many nurses. If there is a change in the nurses after a time, it is that, like the soldiers in the field, they develop a philosophy which carries them through their terrible days. "What must be, must be," say the men in the trenches. "What must be, must be," say the nurses in the hospital. And both save themselves from madness.

And now it was seven o'clock, and raining. Dinner was to be at eight. I had before me a drive of nine miles along those slippery roads. It was dark and foggy, with the ground mist of Flanders turning to a fog. The lamps of the car shining into it made us appear to be riding through a milky lake. Progress was necessarily slow.

One of the English officers accompanied me.

"I shall never forget the last time I dined out here," he said as we jolted along. "There is a Belgian battery just behind the house. All evening as we sat and talked I thought the battery was firing; the house shook under tremendous concussion. Every now and then Mrs. K—— or Miss C —— would get up and go out, coming back a few moments later and joining calmly in the conversation.

"Not until I started back did I know that we had been furiously bombarded, that the noise I had heard was shells breaking all about the place. A 'coal-box,' as they call them here, had fallen in the garden and dug a great hole!"

"And when the young ladies went out, were they watching the bombs burst?" I inquired.

"Not at all," he said. "They went out to go into the trenches to attend to the wounded. They do it all the time."

"And they said nothing about it!"

"They thought we knew. If we could be calm they could. As for going into the trenches, that is what they are there to do."

Night Behind the Trenches

My enthusiasm for mutton began to fade. I felt convinced that I should not remain calm if a shell fell into the garden. But again, as happened many times during those eventful weeks at the front, my pride refused to allow me to turn back. And not for anything in the world would I have admitted being afraid to dine where those two young women were willing to eat and sleep and have their being day and night for months.

"But of course," I said, "they are well protected, even if they are at the trenches. That is, the Germans never get actually into the town."

"Oh, don't they?" said the officer. "That town has been taken by the Germans five times and lost as many. Three nights ago they got over into the main street and there was terrific hand-to-hand fighting."

"Where do they go at such times?" I asked.

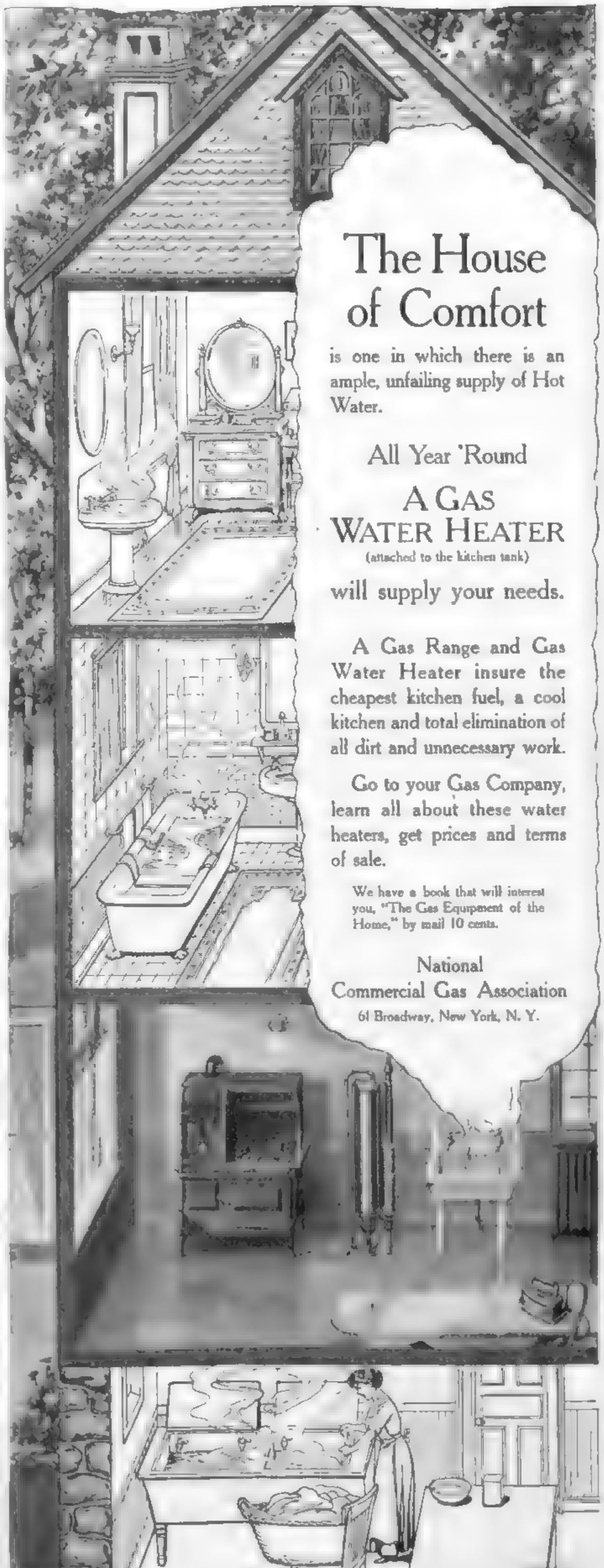
"I never thought about it. I suppose they get into the cellar. But if they do it is not at all because they are afraid."

We went on, until some five of the nine miles had been traversed.

I have said before that the activity near the front commences only with the falling of night. During the day the zone immediately back of the trenches is a dead country. But at night it wakens into activity. Soldiers leave the trenches and fresh soldiers take their places, ammunition and food are brought up, wires broken during the day by shells are replaced, ambulances come up and receive their frightful burdens.

Now we reached the zone of night activity. A traveling battery passed us, moving from one part of the line to another; the drivers, three to each gun, sat stolidly on their horses, their heads dropped against the rain. They appeared out of the mist beside us, stood in full relief for a moment in the glow of the lamps, and were swallowed up again.

At three miles from our destination, but only one mile from the German lines, it was necessary to put out the lamps. Our progress, which had been dangerous enough before, became extremely precarious. It was necessary to turn out for teams and lorries, for guns and endless lines of



The House of Comfort

is one in which there is an ample, unfailing supply of Hot Water.

All Year 'Round

A GAS WATER HEATER

(attached to the kitchen tank)

will supply your needs.

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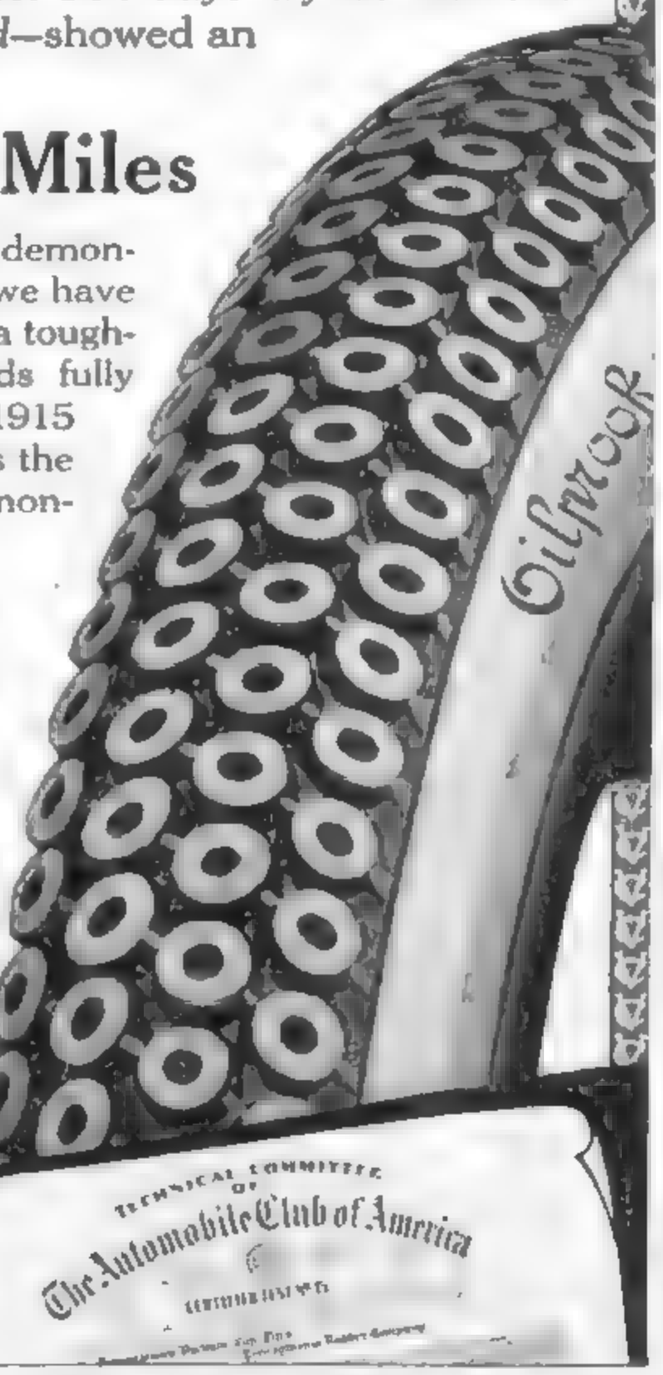

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soldiers, and to turn out a foot too far meant slipping into the mud. Two miles and a half from one village we turned out too far.

There was a sickening side slip. The car turned over to the right at an acute angle and there remained. We were mired!

We got out. It was perfectly dark. Guns were still passing us, so that it was necessary to warn the drivers of our wrecked car. The road was full of shell holes, so that to step was to stumble. The German lines, although a mile away, seemed very near. Between the road and the enemy was not a tree or a shrub or a fence—only the line of the railway embankment which marked the Allies' trenches. To add to the dismalness of the situation the Germans began throwing the familiar magnesium lights overhead, and firing by their aid. The flares made the night alike beautiful and fearful. It was possible when one burst near to see the entire landscape spread out like a map—ditches full of water, sodden fields, shell holes in the roads which had become lakes, the long lines of poplars outlining the road ahead. At one time no less than twenty starlights hung in the air at one time. When they went out the inky night seemed blacker than ever. I stepped off the road and was almost kneedeep in mud at once.

The battery passed, urging its tired horses to such speed as was possible. After it came thousands of men, Belgian and French mostly, on their way out of the trenches.

We called for volunteers from the line to try to lift the car onto the road. But even with twenty men at the towing rope it refused to move. The men were obliged to give it up and run on to catch their companies.

Between the *fusées* the curious shuffling of feet and a deeper shadow were all that told of the passage of these troops. It was so dark that one could see no faces. But here and there one saw the light of a cigarette. The mere hardship of walking for miles along those roads, paved with round stones and covered with mud on which their feet slipped continually, must have been a great one, and agonizing for feet that had been frosted in the water of the trenches.

Afterward I inquired what these men carried. They loomed up out of the night like pack horses. I found that each soldier carried, in addition to his rifle and bayonet, a large knapsack, a canteen, a cartridge pouch, a brown haversack containing tobacco, soup, towel and food, a bully-can and a rolled blanket.

A Walk in the Rain

German batteries were firing intermittently as we stood there. The rain poured down. I had dressed to go out to tea and wore my one and only good hat. I did the only thing that seemed possible—I took off that hat and put it in the automobile and let the rain fall on my unprotected head. The hat had to see me through the campaign, and my hair would stand water.

At last an armored car came along and pulled the automobile onto the road. But after a progress of only ten feet it lapsed again, and there remained.

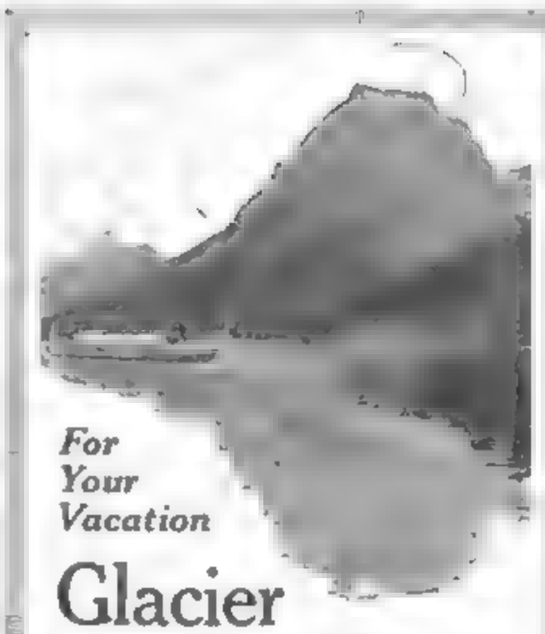
The situation was now acute. It was impossible to go back, and to go ahead meant to advance on foot along roads crowded with silent soldiers meant going forward, too, in a pouring rain and in high-heeled shoes. For that was another idiocy I had committed.

We started on, leaving the apologetic chauffeur by the car. A few feet and the road, curving to the right, began to near the German line. Every now and then it was necessary to call sharply to the troops, or struggling along through the rain they would have crowded us off knee-deep into the mud.

"*Attention!*" the officer would call sharply. And for a time we would have foot room. There were no more horses, no more guns—only men, men, men. Some of them had unrolled their blankets and put them shawl-fashion over their heads. But most of them walked stolidly on, already too wet and wretched to mind the rain.

The fog had lifted. It was possible to see that sinister red streak that follows the firing of a gun at night. The rain gave a peculiar hollowness to the concussion. The Belgian and French batteries were silent.

We seemed to have walked endless miles, and still there was no little town. We went over a bridge, and on its flat floor I stopped and rested my aching feet.



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"Only a little farther now," said the British officer cheerfully.

"How much farther?"

"Not more than a mile."

By way of cheering me he told me about the town we were approaching how the road we were on was its main street, and that the advanced line of trenches crossed at the railroad near the foot of the street.

"And how far from that are the German trenches?" I asked nervously.

"Not very far," he said blithely. "Near enough to be interesting."

On and on. Here was a barn.

"Is this the town?" I asked feebly.

"Not yet. A little farther!"

I was limping, drenched, irritable. But now and then the absurdity of my situation overcame me and I laughed. Water ran down my head and off my nose, trickled down my neck under my coat. I felt like a great sponge. And suddenly I remembered my hat.

"I feel sure," I said, stopping still in the road, "that the chauffeur will go inside the car out of the rain and sit on my hat."

The officer thought this very likely. I felt extremely bitter about it. The more I thought of it the more I was convinced that he was exactly the sort of chauffeur who would get into a car and sit on an only hat.

At last we came to the town—to what had been a town. It was a town no longer. Walls without roofs, roofs almost without walls. Here and there only a chimney standing of what had been a home; a street so torn up by shells that walking was almost impossible—full of shell-holes that had become graves. There were now no lights, not even soldiers. In the silence our footsteps reëchoed against those desolate and broken walls.

We staggered down the street toward the trenches and at last stopped before a house. Through boards nailed across what had once been windows a few rays of light escaped. There was no roof; a side wall and an entire corner were gone. It was the residence of the ladies of the decoration.

Inside there was for a moment an illusion of entirety. The rear corridor in the center of the house was weatherproof. But through some unseen gap rushed the wind of the night. At the right, warm with lamplight, was the reception room, dining room and bedroom—one small chamber about twelve by fifteen!

What a strange room it was, furnished with odds and ends from the shattered houses about! A bed in the corner; a mattress bed on the floor; a piano in front of the shell-holed windows, a piano so badly cracked by shrapnel that panels of the woodwork were missing and keys gone; two or three odd chairs and what had once been a bookcase, and in the center a pine table laid for a meal.

A German Sentry for a Souvenir

Mrs. K——, whose uncle was a cabinet minister, was hurrying in with a frying-pan in her hand.

"The mutton!" she said triumphantly, and placed it on the table, frying-pan and all. The other lady of the decoration followed with the potatoes, also in the pan in which they had been cooked.

We drew up our chairs, for the mutton must not be allowed to get cold.

"It's quite a party, isn't it?" said one of the hostesses, and showed us proudly the dish of fruit on the center of the table, flanked by bonbons and nuts which had just been sent from England.

True, the fruit was a little old and the nuts were few; but they gave the table a most festive look.

Someone had taken off my shoes and they were drying by the fire, stuffed with paper to keep them in shape. My soaking outer garments had been carried to the lean-to kitchen to hang by the stove.

The German batteries were firing, and every now and then from the trenches at the foot of the street came the sharp ping of rifles. No one paid any attention. We were warm and sheltered from the wind. What if the town was being shelled and the Germans were only six hundred feet away? We were not too old, we were getting dry, and there was mutton for dinner.

It was a very cheerful party—the two young ladies, a doctor who was taking influenza and added little to the conversation, the chauffeur attached to the house who was a count in ordinary times, a Belgian major who had come up from the trenches to have a real meal, and the English officer who had taken me out.

Outside the door stood the major's Congo servant, a black boy who never leaves him, following with doglike fidelity into the trenches and sleeping outside his door when the major is in billet. He had picked him up in the Congo years before during his active service there.

The meal went on. The frying-pan was passed. The food was good and the talk was better. It was indiscriminately rapid French and English. When it was English I replied. When it was French I ate.

The hostess presented me with a shrapnel case which had arrived that day in the house and taken off an extra corner or two.

"If you are collecting trophies," said the major, "I shall get you a German sentry this evening. How would you like that?"

There was a reckless twinkle in the major's eye. It developed that he had captured several sentries and liked playing the game.

But I did not know the man. So I said: "Certainly, it would be most interesting."

Whereupon he rose. It took all the combined effort of the dinner party to induce him to sit down and continue his meal. He was vastly disappointed. He was a big man with a humorous mouth. The idea of bringing me a German sentry to take home as a trophy appealed to him.

The meal went on. No one seemed to consider the circumstances extraordinary. Now and then I remembered the story of the street fighting two or three nights before. I had an idea that these people would keep on eating and talking English politics quite calmly in the event of a German charge. I wondered if I could live up to my reputation for courage in such a crisis.

The Evening Bombardment

The first part of the meal over, the hostess picked up a nut and threw it deftly at a door leading into the lean-to kitchen.

"Our table bell," she explained to me. And, true enough, a moment later an orderly appeared and carried out the plates.

Then we had dessert, which was fruit and candy, and coffee.

And all the time the guns were firing, and every opening of the door into the corridor brought a gale of wind through the ruined house.

Suddenly it struck me that hardly a foot of the plaster interior of that room was whole. The ceiling was riddled. So were the walls.

"Shrapnel," said the major, following my gaze. "It gets worse every day."

"I think the ceiling is going to fall," said one of the hostesses.

True enough, there was a great bulge in the center. But it held for that night. It may be holding now.

Everybody took a hand at clearing the table. The lamp was burning low, and they filled it without putting it out. One of the things that I have always been taught is never to fill a lighted lamp. I explained this to them carefully. But they were quite calm. It seems at the front one does a great many extraordinary things. It is part and parcel of that utter indifference to danger that comes with war.

Now appeared the chauffeur, who brought me the information that the car had been dragged out of the mud and towed as far as the house.

"Towed?" I said blankly.

"Towed, madame. There is no more petrol."

The major suggested that we kill him at once. But he was a perfectly good chauffeur and young. Also it developed that he had not sat on my hat. So we let him live.

"Never mind," said Miss C——; "we can give you the chauffeur's bed and he can go somewhere else."

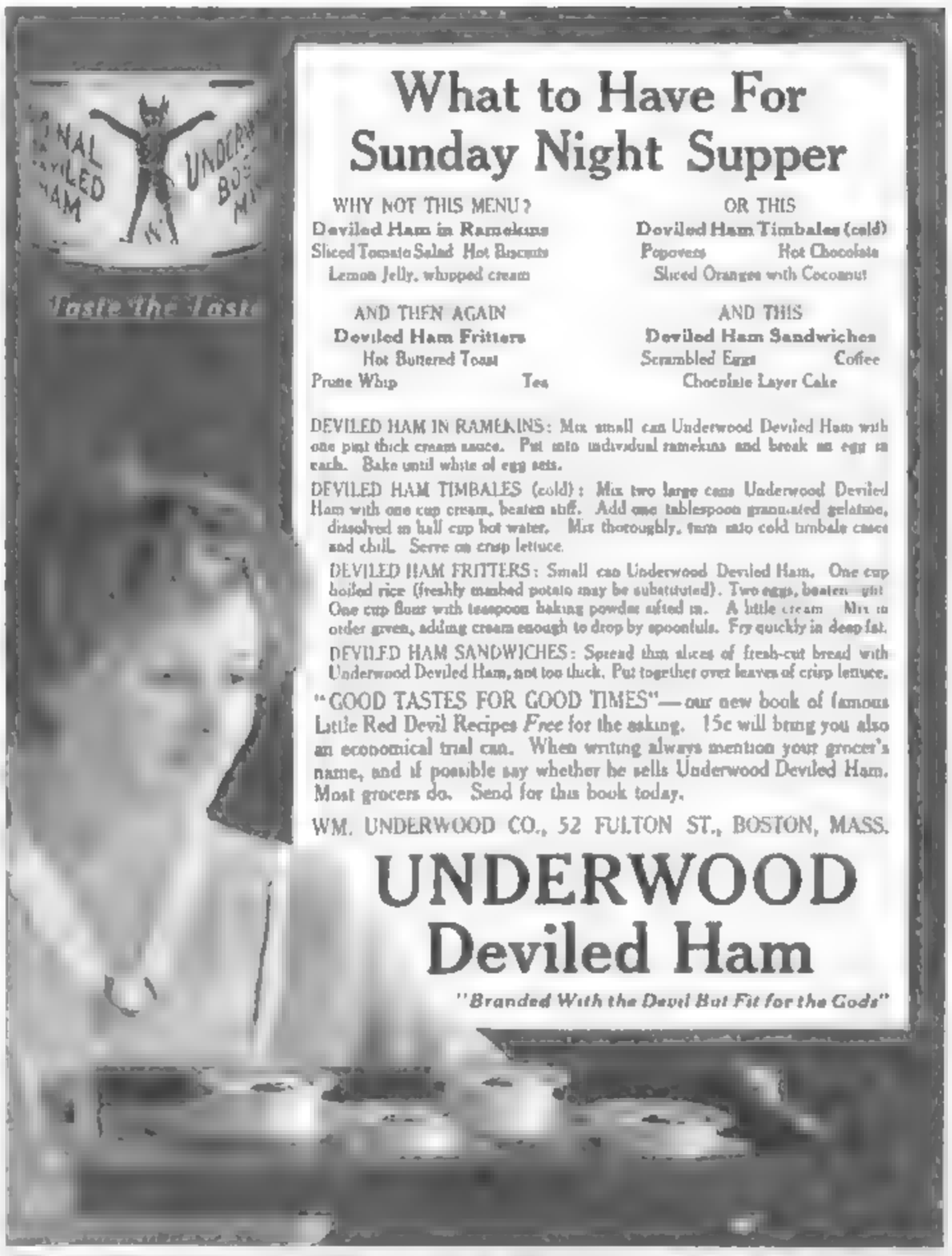
But after a time I decided that I would rather walk back than stay overnight in that house. For the major explained that at eleven o'clock the batteries behind the garden would bombard the German trenches and the road behind them, along which they had information that reserves were being brought up.

"Another night in the cellar!" said someone. "That means no one will need any beds, for there will be a return fire, of course."

"Is there no petrol to be had?" I inquired anxiously.

"None whatever."

None, of course. There had been shops in the town, and presumably petrol and other things. But now there was nothing but ruined walls and piles of brick and mortar. However, there was a cellar.


Taste the Taste
What to Have For Sunday Night Supper
WHY NOT THIS MENU?
Deviled Ham in Ramekins
Sliced Tomato Salad Hot Biscuits
Lemon Jelly, whipped cream
OR THIS
Deviled Ham Timbales (cold)
Popovers Hot Chocolate
Sliced Oranges with Cocoanut
AND THEN AGAIN
Deviled Ham Fritters
Hot Buttered Toast
Prune Whip Tea
AND THIS
Deviled Ham Sandwiches
Scrambled Eggs Coffee
Chocolate Layer Cake
DEVILED HAM IN RAMEKINS: Mix small can Underwood Deviled Ham with one pint thick cream sauce. Put into individual ramekins and break an egg in each. Bake until white of egg sets.
DEVILED HAM TIMBALES (cold): Mix two large cans Underwood Deviled Ham with one cup cream, beaten stiff. Add one tablespoon granulated gelatine, dissolved in half cup hot water. Mix thoroughly, turn into cold timbale cases and chill. Serve on crisp lettuce.
DEVILED HAM FRITTERS: Small can Underwood Deviled Ham. One cup boiled rice (freshly mashed potato may be substituted). Two eggs, beaten stiff. One cup flour with teaspoon baking powder sifted in. A little cream. Mix in order given, adding cream enough to drop by spoonfuls. Fry quickly in deep fat.
DEVILED HAM SANDWICHES: Spread thin slices of fresh-cut bread with Underwood Deviled Ham, not too thick. Put together over leaves of crisp lettuce.
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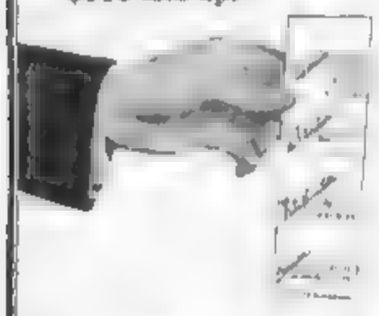

Portability. The largest model Barrett, capacity 9 billions, weighs only 22 pounds.

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My feet were swollen and painful, for the walk had been one long agony. I was chilled, too, from my wetting, in spite of the fire. I sat by the tiny stove and tried to forget the prospect of a night in the cellar, tried to ignore the pieces of shell and shrapnel cases lined up on the mantelpiece, shells and shrapnel that had entered the house and destroyed it.

The men smoked and talked. An officer came up from the trenches to smoke his after-dinner pipe, a bearded individual who apologized for his muddy condition. He and the major played a duet. They made a great fuss about their preparation for it. The stool must be so, the top of the cracked piano raised. They turned and bowed to us profoundly. Then sat down and played—CHOP STICKS!

But that was only the beginning. For both of them were accomplished musicians. The major played divinely. He played the Rhapsodie Hongroise, the Moonlight Sonata, one of the movements of the Sonata Appassionata. He played without notes, a bulldog pipe gripped firmly in his teeth, blue clouds encircling his fair hair. Gone was the reckless soldier who would have taken his life in his hands for the whim of bringing in a German sentry. Instead there was a Belgian whose ruined country lay behind him, whose people lay dead in thousands of hideous graves, whose heart was torn and aching with the things that it knew and buried. We sat silent. His pipe died in his mouth; his eyes, fixed on the shell-riddled wall, grew somber. When the music ceased his hands still lay lingeringly on the keys. And, beyond the foot of the street, the ominous guns of the army that had ruined his country crashed steadily.

We were rather subdued when the music died away. But he evidently regretted having put a weight on the spirits of the party. He rose and brought me a charming little water-color sketch he had made of the bit of No Man's Land in front of his trench, with the German line beyond it.

"By the way," he said in his exact English, "I went to art school in Dresden with an American named Reinhart. Afterward he became a great painter—Charles Stanley Reinhart. Is he by any chance a relative?"

"Charles Stanley Reinhart is dead," I said. "He was a Pittsburgher, too, but the two families are connected only by marriage."

"Dead! So he is dead too! Everybody is dead. He—he was a very nice boy."

Suddenly he stood up and stretched his long arms.

"It was a long time ago," he said. "Now I go for the sentry."

They caught him at the door, however, and brought him back.

A War of Spies

"But it is so simple," he protested. "No one is hurt. And the American lady ——"

The American lady protested.

"I don't want a German sentry," I said. "I shouldn't know what to do with a German sentry if I had one."

So he sat down and explained his method to me. I wish I could tell his method here. It sounded *so* easy. Evidently it was a safety-valve, during that long wait of the deadlock, for his impetuous temperament. One could picture him sitting in his trench day after day among the soldiers who adored him, making little water-color sketches and smoking his bulldog pipe, and then suddenly, as now, rising and stretching his long arms and saying:

"Well, boys, I guess I'll go out and bring one in."

And doing it.

I was taken for a tour of the house—up a broken staircase that hung suspended, apparently from nothing, to what had been the upper story.

It was quite open to the sky and the rain was coming in. On the side toward the German line there was no wall. There were no partitions, no windows, only a few broken sticks of what had been furniture. And in one corner, partly filled with rain water, a child's cradle that had miraculously escaped destruction.

Downstairs to the left of the corridor was equal destruction. There was one room here that, except for a great shell-hole and for a ceiling that was sagging and almost ready to fall, was intact. Here on a stand were surgical supplies, and there was a cot in the corner. A soldier had just left the cot. He had come up late in the afternoon with a nosebleed, and had now recovered.

"It has been a light day," said my guide. "Sometimes we hardly know which way to turn—when there is much going on, you know. Probably to-night we will be extremely busy."

We went back into the living room and I consulted my watch. It was half past ten o'clock. At eleven the bombardment was to begin!

The conversation in the room had turned to spies. Always, everywhere, I found this talk of spies. It appeared that at night a handful of the former inhabitants of the town crept back from the fields to sleep in the cellars of what had been their homes, and some of them were under suspicion.

"Every morning," said Miss C——, "before the German bombardment begins, three small shells are sent over in quick succession. Then there is about fifteen minutes' wait before the real shelling. I am convinced that it is a signal to someone to get out."

The officers pooh-poohed the idea. But Miss C—— stuck to her point.

"They are getting information somehow," she said. "You may laugh if you like. I am sure I am right."

Later on an officer explained to me something about the secret service of the war.

"It is a war of spies," he said. "That is one reason for the deadlock. Every movement is reported to the other side and checkmated almost before it begins. In the eastern field of war the system is still inadequate; that accounts for the great movements that have taken place there."

The Sick and Sorry House

Perhaps he is right. It sounds reasonable. I do not know with what authority he spoke. But certainly everywhere I found this talk of spies. One of the officers that night told of a recent experience of his.

"I was in a church tower at ——," he said. "There were three of us. We had been looking over toward the German lines. Suddenly I looked down into the street below. Someone with an electric flash was signaling across. It was quite distinct. All of us saw it. There was an answer from the German trenches immediately. While one of us kept watch on the tower the others rushed down into the street. There was no one there. But it is certain that that sort of thing goes on all the time."

A quarter to eleven!

Suddenly the whole thing seemed impossible—that the noise at the foot of the street was really guns; that I should be there; that these two young women should live there day and night in the midst of such horrors. For the whole town is a graveyard. Bodies in numbers have been buried in shell-holes and hastily covered, or float in the stagnant water of the canal. Every heavy rain uncovers shallow graves in the fields, allowing a dead arm, part of a rotting trunk, to show.

And now, eight weeks later, it still seems incredible. Are they still there? Report has it that the Germans captured this town and held it for a time, only to lose it later. What happened to the little "sick and sorry" house during those fearful days? Did the German officers sit about that pine table and throw a nut to summon an orderly? Did they fill the lamp while it was lighted, and play on the cracked piano, and pick up shrapnel cases as they landed on the doorstep and set them on the mantel?

Ten minutes to eleven!

The chauffeur came to the door and stuck his head in.

"I have found petrol in a can in an empty shed," he explained. "It is now possible to go."

We went. We lost no time on the order of our going. The rain was over, but the fog had descended again. We lighted our lamps, and were curtly ordered by a sentry to put them out. In the moment that they remained alight carefully turned away from the trenches, it was possible to see the hopeless condition of the street.

At last we reached a compromise. One lamp we might have, but covered with heavy paper. It was very little. The car bumped ominously, sagged into shell-holes.

I turned and looked back at the house. Faint rays of light shone through its boarded windows. A wounded soldier had been brought up the street and stood, leaning heavily on his companion, at the doorstep. The door opened, and he was taken in.

Good-by, little "sick and sorry" house, with your laughter and tears, your friendly hands, your open door! Good-by!

Five minutes later, as we reached the top of the street, the bombardment began.

Old-fashioned woodcut, showing type of illustration used in books and periodicals before the coming of coated paper.

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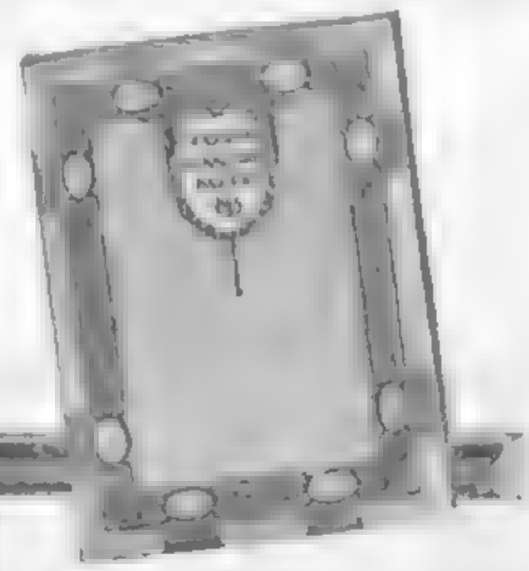

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THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL, Edward A. Rumely, President, Rolling Prairie, Ind.

OVER THE BAR

(Continued from Page 16)

"My leg ban broken," Kjellin whimpered.

"I wish it was your neck," Matt replied with feeling, and bent over to examine his fallen foe. When he grasped Kjellin by the right shoulder, however, the Finn screamed with pain, so Matt called the steward, and together they lifted him and carried him to his berth.

"I'll bet a cooky you're a total loss and no accident insurance," Matt soliloquized. "You're not worth it, but for the sake of the owners I'll get a doctor to look you over," and he went ashore at once. When the doctor had looked Thorwald Kjellin over his verdict was a broken tibia, a broken radius and a broken clavicle.

Matt was concerned. "I don't think I ever had any of those things to get broken," he declared humorously, "but if mere words mean anything I'll bet this is a hospital job." The doctor nodded, and Matt turned to the captain: "Do you want to go to the hospital in Eureka or in San Francisco?"

"I bane vant to go home," the Finn moaned.

"Very well, captain; I guess your successor will bring you there. I'm going up to the mill office now to report to the owners by telephone."

"Dot ban't none o' your business, Peasley," Kjellin protested. "Dot is der first mate's job. You bane fired."

"Yes, I know. Now I'm back-firing," Matt retorted.

Fifteen minutes later he had Cappy Ricks on the long-distance telephone.

"Mr. Ricks," he began, "this is Peasley talking from Eureka. I have to report that I'm fired out of the Quickstep. I'm not complaining about that or asking you to reinstate me, because I can get another job now, but I want to tell you why I was fired. The captain got a grouch against me coming up. We had a nor'west gale on our port counter and she rolled and bucked until even some of the crew got seasick. I'm ashamed to say I fell by the wayside myself for a few minutes, and Captain Kjellin caught me draped over the weather bridge railing. So I guess he thought I wasn't much of a seaman. Anyhow he picked on me from then on, and a little while ago he ordered me to mule shingles with the longshoremen in the after hold. I couldn't do that, Mr. Ricks. I'm a ship's officer, and besides you've simply got to have somebody to watch the slings when they're coming into the ship at the rate of two a minute or somebody will get hurt, and then the vessel will be sued for damages. You see we were in a hurry to get loaded ——"

"I see everything," Cappy retorted. "What happened next?"

"The captain got me foul in his cabin when I went to be paid off, and hung a shanty back of my ear, so I threw him out on deck and hurt him. You'll have to send a new skipper up to bring the Quickstep home, sir. The first mate is a good man but he hasn't a master's license ——"

"What did you do to Kjellin, Matt?"

"You'll have to ask a doctor, sir. I didn't intend to break him up, but it seems I damaged all his Latin superstructure, and he'll have to go to hospital for a couple of months. I'm sorry I hurt your skipper, sir, and I felt I couldn't leave your employ, Mr. Ricks, without an explanation."

"You haven't left my employ at all. Get back on the job and load that vessel, or the first thing you know you'll be stuck in port over Sunday, and that's not the way to make a start as master of the Quickstep. You have a license as master of steam, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir. I can handle her, sir."

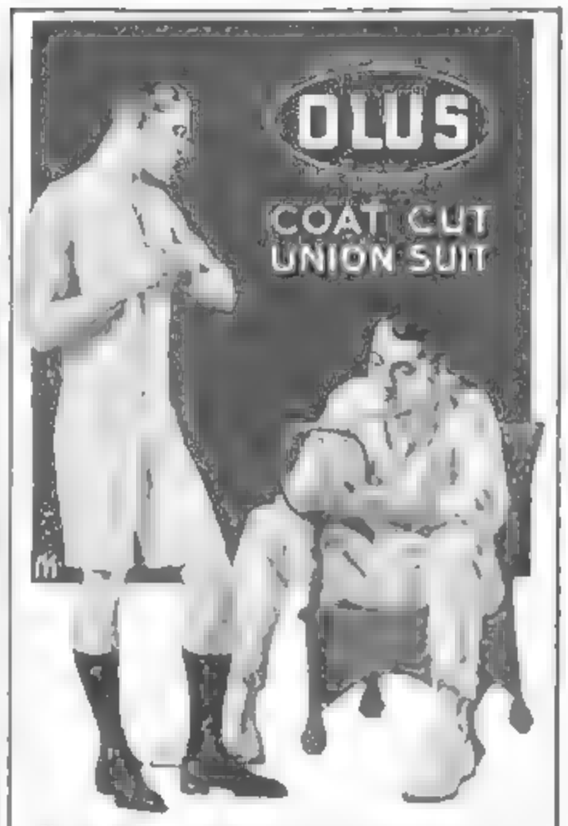
"Then do it and don't stand there burning up good money on the long-distance phone. The Quickstep is yours—on one condition."

"I accept it, sir," Matt exclaimed, overjoyed. "What is it?"

"That you stick in her at least six months."

"I will if I live and she floats that long, sir. Thank you. Please have a second mate and an ambulance waiting for me at Meiggs Wharf on Monday. I'll touch in there on my way up river to discharge what's left of your skipper."

Down in the offices of the Blue Star Navigation Company Cappy Ricks, having summoned Mr. Skinner, sat peering whimsically at the general manager over the rims of his spectacles. "Well, Skinner, my dear



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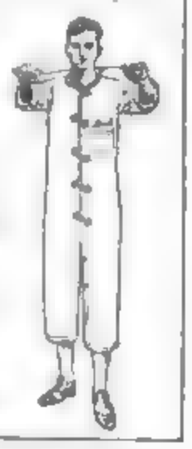

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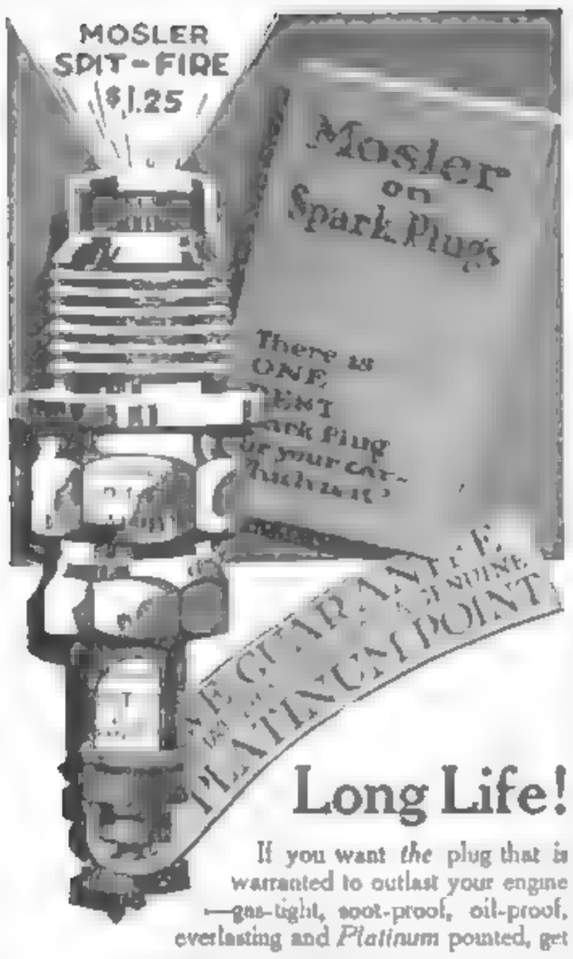

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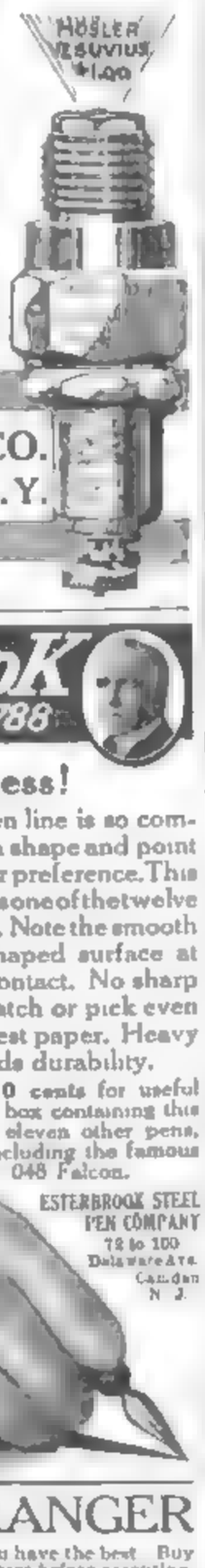

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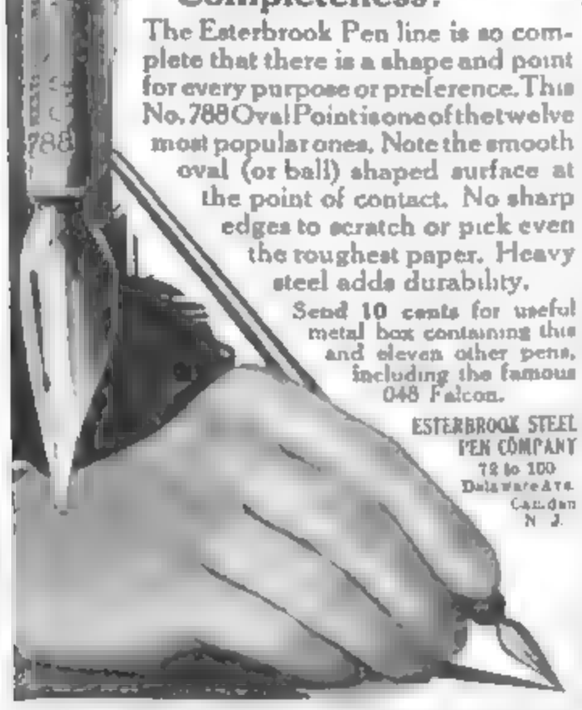

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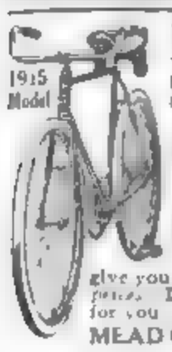

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MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W-55, CHICAGO

boy," he announced presently, "sure enough there was something wrong with the Quickstep, and now I know what it is: She has had the wrong master. When he's hustling to catch a tide or to get to sea Saturday night or Sunday morning he drives his mates and tries to make them do longshoreman's work. When he bullied a weak mate into doing that, there was nobody to pay exclusive attention to the slingloads as they came into the ship, and naturally accidents resulted. When strong second mates refused he fired them, and after firing them he cornered them in his cabin, held them foul and beat them. You see, Skinner, this skookum skipper of yours didn't realize that with two slingloads of shingles a minute dropping into the ship he had to have a man on the job to watch the loading and do nothing else; and because he didn't realize the error of his way, Skinner, he and Matt Peasley have pulled off that little skinglove contest, and now Kjellin looks like a barrel of cement that's been dropped out the window of a six-story building. Hurp! Ahem! Harump-h-h-h! Call up the attorney for that man Jacobsen that's suing the Quickstep, and tell him to come down here with his man and we'll settle the case out of court. His charge lies against Kjellin for assault and battery, but after all, Skinner, I dare say we are in a measure responsible for our servants. I'll give the attorney about twenty-five dollars for his fee, and er—the man Jacobsen—let me see, Skinner, he had a broken nose, did he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"We'll pay his doctor bill and his wages as second mate since Kjellin fired him, and give him a hundred dollars extra."

"How about Kjellin's hospital bill?"

"I disclaim responsibility, Skinner. Did he settle up with the cashier for his last voyage?"

"Yes, Mr. Ricks."

"Then send him a wireless and tell him he's fired. Also, Skinner, my boy, see that an ambulance is waiting for him at Meiggs Wharf when he arrives on the Quickstep on Monday. We'll show him we're not entirely heartless. Make it clear, however, that this office will not be responsible for the ambulance fee. Matt will bring the vessel down without a second mate, I dare say. He'll stand a watch himself. Better call up Harbor 15 and see if there isn't a second mate out of a job hanging round there, and tell him to join the ship at Meiggs Wharf."

Mr. Skinner's eyes fairly popped. "You don't mean to tell me, sir, that you've given the Quickstep to that rowdy Peasley?"

Cappy relapsed into the colloquialism of the younger generation with which he was wont to associate at luncheon. "Surest thing you know," he said.

"If I may be permitted a criticism, Mr. Ricks ——"

"You may not."

"Your sentimental leaning toward your fellow townsman ——"

"Forget it, Skinner!"

"Oh, very well. You're the boss, Mr. Ricks. But if I were in your place I would have an older and more experienced man to relieve him the moment he comes into the bay. You must remember, Mr. Ricks, that while he may run her very nicely during the summer months, he has had no experience on Humboldt Bar during the winter months ——"

"Skinner, the only way he'll ever accumulate experience on that bar is to give him the opportunity."

"He'll take big risks. He's very young and headstrong."

"I admit he's fiery. But I promised him a ship, and he's earned her sooner than I planned, so if my decision loses the Quickstep for us he shall have her. I'll be swindled if I ever did see the like of that boy Matt. He gets results. And do you know why, Skinner?"

"Because," Mr. Skinner replied coldly, "he's a huge, healthy animal, able and willing to fight his way in any ship, and at the same time clever enough to take advantage of your paternal interest in him ——"

"Rats! I'll give you the answer, Skinner, my boy: He gets results because he does his duty and doesn't sidestep for man or devil. And he's able to do his duty and do it well because he has a clear understanding of what his duty is—and that, Skinner, is the kind of skipper material I've been looking for all my life. As for the boy's horsepower, let me tell you this: If Matt Peasley wasn't any bigger than I am, he'd fight any man that tried to walk over him. It's in his breed. Damn it, sir, he's a

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The tranquil St. Lawrence, with its Thousand Islands, the marvellous "rapids"; the brief sojourn in the land of the French-Canadian habitant; the wonderful Saguenay river trip, and stupendous Cape Trinity—

All these attractions offer a holiday unequalled in diversity of interest, and with comfort supreme on these splendid steamers

Round Trip Niagara Falls to Chicoutimi and return,

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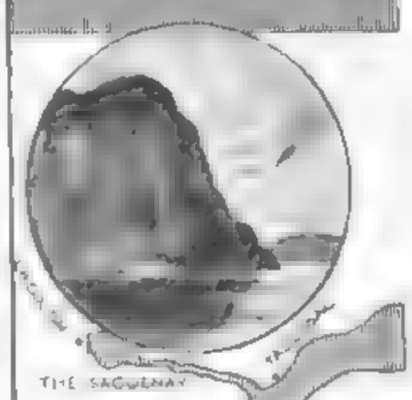

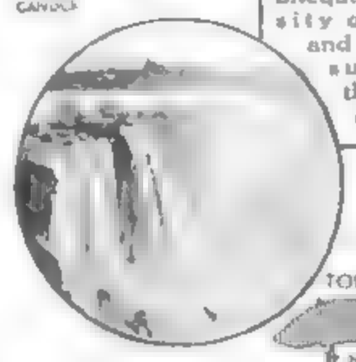

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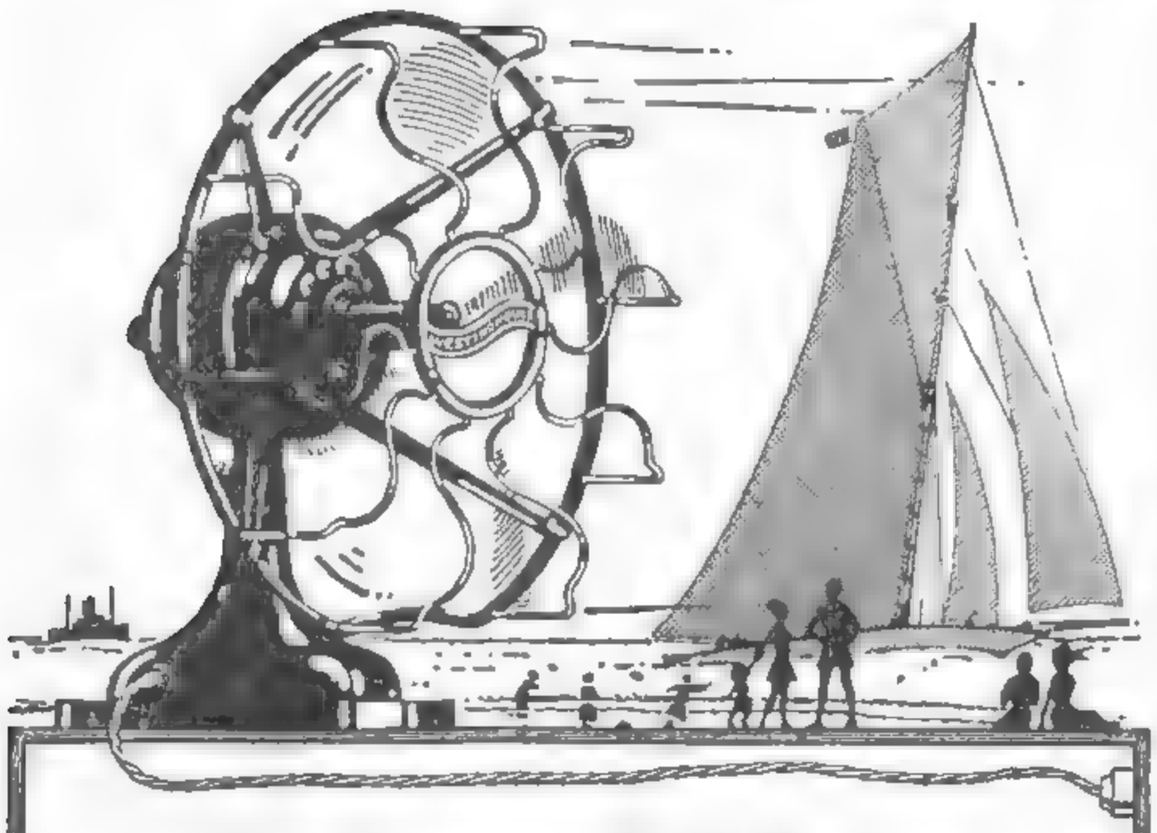

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Last year many purchasers were disappointed in finding Westinghouse Fans sold out. Every year the facilities for manufacturing Westinghouse Fans have increased; never have there been quite enough for late purchasers.

Dealers are sure to clean out their stocks of Westinghouse Fans during the hot season. Last year there were nearly a million of them in use, in homes, offices, restaurants, hotels, theatres, and churches. Yet the yearly demand increases.

The popularity of the Westinghouse Fan grows as purchasers make comparison with other fans. Few fans are as handsome, as strong, or as economical to operate. None will give you as big a breeze at so little cost.

There are twelve distinct styles and sizes of Westinghouse desk and bracket fans for you to choose from. Each is furnished complete with cord and connection. Send for our Fan Booklet and let us direct you to the dealer in your vicinity. Buy now before his stock runs out of the fan you want. Address Dept. A P.

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Mueller Neverlose *Threaded* Washer can't lose out of the hose-coupling. The threaded edge [illegible] the coupling. Ask your plumber. Send 6c in stamps for two samples.

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make your garden hose coupling watertight. Any dealer can supply you. If he is not supplied, don't fail to write us. Makers of Mueller High-Grade Plumbing Brass Goods.

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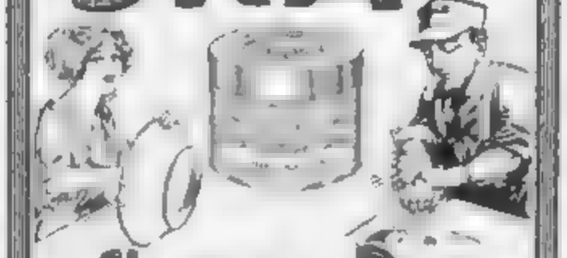

Skatters Dirt

Unlike any other soap.

Quickly removes grease, dust, grime, from hands, pots, pans, tubs, etc.

If not at dealer's, send his name and 10c to The Skat Co., Hartford, Conn., for large can

Yankee skipper, and when you've said that you're through. I guess I know. How much have we been paying that bully Kjellin?"

"Two hundred a month."

"Too much! Pay Matt two-twenty-five and attend to the certificate of change of masters."

When Mr. Skinner had departed Cappy sat back in his chair and closed his eyes, as was his habit when his gigantic brain grappled with a problem of more than ordinary dimensions. For fully ten minutes he sat absolutely motionless, then suddenly he straightened up like a jack-in-the-box and summoned Mr. Skinner.

"Skinner," he said plaintively, "I'm feeling a little run down. Will you please be good enough to book Florry and me passage to Europe right away. I've never been to Europe, you know, Skinner, and I think it's time I took a vacation."

Mr. Skinner smiled. "Why all the hurry?" he queried.

"I want to try out a theory," Cappy replied. "I have a great curiosity, Skinner, to ascertain if there is any truth in the old saying that absence makes the heart grow fonder. And if it does, Skinner—why, the sooner I start the sooner I can get back."

Mr. Skinner went out mystified. As Mark Twain's friend, Mr. Ballou, remarked about the coffee, Cappy Ricks was a little too "technical" for him.

V

THE Quickstep had arrived in port again before Cappy Ricks and Florry could get away to Europe, so Matt came down by train from Los Medanos and was granted the meager comfort of a farewell with his heart's desire. Thereafter all comfort fled his life, for, with Cappy Ricks away, Mr. Skinner was high and low justice, and he was not long keeping Matt Peasley in ignorance of the fact that it was one thing to skipper a Blue Star ship for Cappy Ricks and quite another thing to skipper the same ship for the Blue Star manager. For Mr. Skinner had never liked Captain Peasley, and, moreover, he never intended to, for the master of the Quickstep was not sufficiently submissive to earn the general manager's approbation as a desirable employee, and Cappy Ricks was the only man with a will and a way of his own who could get along amicably in the same office with the efficient and cold-blooded Mr. Skinner.

Cappy wasn't outside Sandy Hook before Mr. Skinner had Matt on the carpet for daring to bring the Quickstep up river without a pilot. He demanded an explanation.

"I made careful note of all the twists and turns when the pilot took me up the first time," Matt declared. "It isn't a difficult channel, so I decided to save forty-five dollars the next time and take her up myself."

"Suppose you'd buried her nose in the mud and we'd had to lighter her deckload to get her off," Mr. Skinner suggested.

Matt grinned. "If your aunt was a man she'd be your uncle, wouldn't she?" he parried. He had made up his mind not to take Mr. Skinner seriously. Mr. Skinner flushed, looked dangerous, but concluded not to pursue the investigation farther.

Three weeks later, when making up to a dock at San Pedro, a strong ebb tide and a mistake in judgment swung the bow of the Quickstep into the end of the dock and a dolphin was torn out. In the fullness of time the Blue Star Navigation Company was in receipt of a bill for $112 dock repairs, whereupon Mr. Skinner wrote Matt, prefacing his letter with the query: "Referring to inclosed bill—how did this happen?" Then he went on to scold Matt bitterly for his inability to handle his ship properly in making up to a dock. Matt promptly returned Mr. Skinner his own letter, with this penciled memorandum at the bottom of the page: "Referring to inclosed bill for dock repairs—the dock happened to be in my course. That's the only way I can account for it."

For some time, whenever the Quickstep carried shingle cargoes for the Shingle Association, there had been disputes over her freight bill, due to continued discrepancies between the tally in and the tally out, and Mr. Skinner had instructed Matt to tally his next cargo into the ship himself and then tally it out again. Matt engaged a certified lumber surveyor at five dollars a day to do the tallying at the various mills, but at Los Medanos he tallied the cargo out personally. To a shingle it agreed with the mill tally. Subsequently the manager of the drying yard reported a shortage of

(Continued on Page 48)

The Hundred Ways Which Don't

End Corns

Perhaps you say—"I've tried and tried, but found nothing that ends a corn."

You might keep trying for years, Madam. There are a hundred ways which don't. Most of them are very much alike.

But remember this:

There is one way which has removed 70 million corns. It is now removing corns by the thousands every day.

It's a plaster which contains a bit of wondrous wax. It ends the corn pain in a jiffy. It ends the corn itself, generally in two days. It gently loosens the corn until it comes out without any pain or trouble.

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Bear this in mind. There are folks all around you—users of Blue-jay—who never suffer corns. You are wronging yourself when you fail to do what they do.

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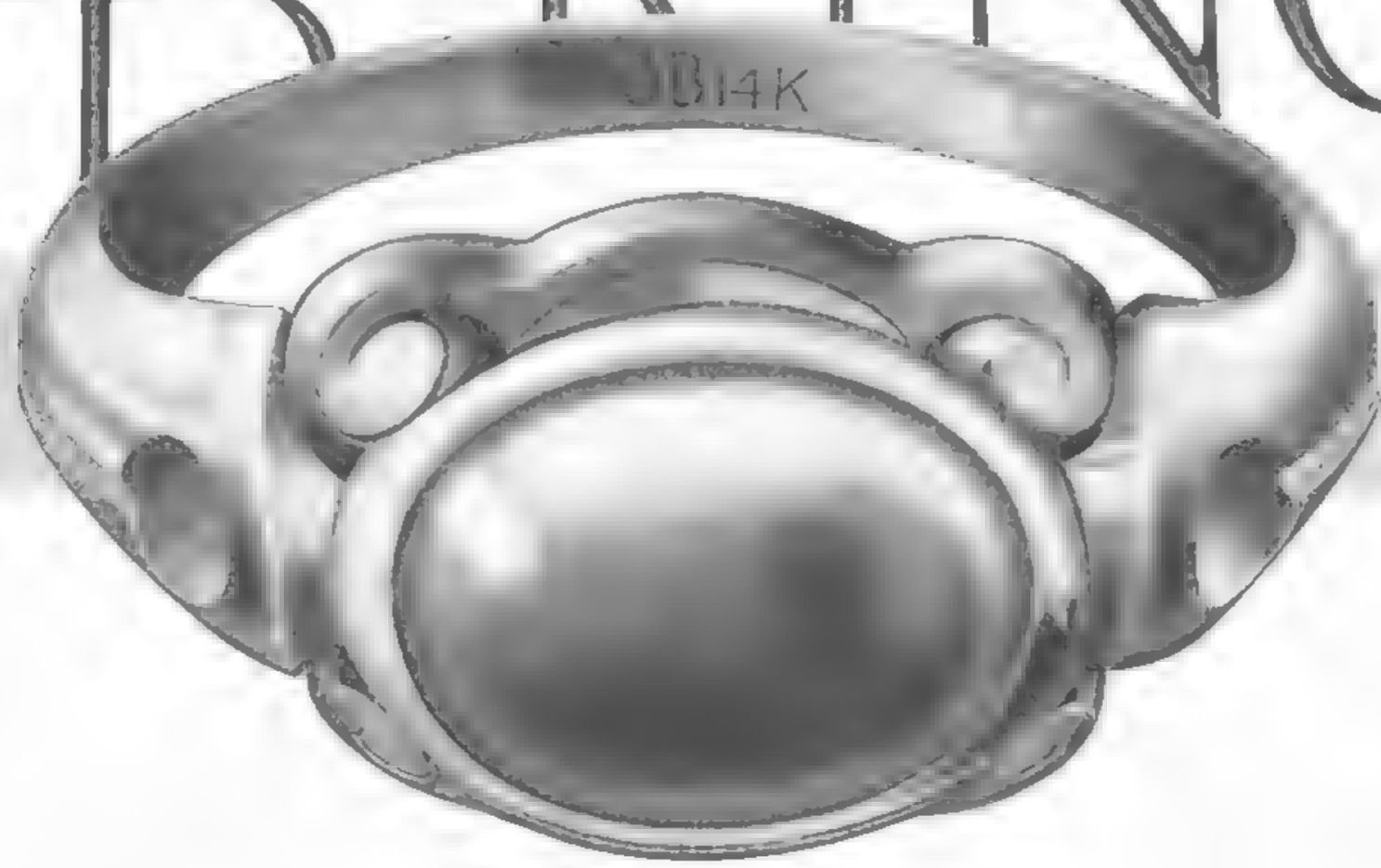

IN ring making, you find artistry—craftsmanship—sentiment and adornment blended as in no other article of jewelry.

But as to *quality*, buying a gold ring has not always been a simple matter. Even an expert jeweler does not trust his own eyes when testing a solid gold ring.

You will find rings stamped 10K or 14K—your sure guide as to quality *if the stamp means exactly what it says.* But the Government allows leeway of nearly 1K, and many a manufacturer who stamps his rings takes the benefit of the leeway.

There *is* a stamp on rings which *does* guarantee *plump quality.* The stamp is *O-B.* The 10-karat stamp in an O-B Ring means full 10 karats; the 14-karat stamp, full 14 karats, not a grain less.

The O-B stamp stands for plump quality today exactly as for the past thirty-six years. In O-B Rings, with six thousand designs to choose from—the newest styles and the finest examples of jewelry craftsmanship—and a standard of value as rigid as that of the British Assay Office itself—you may buy the ring which pleases you with the assurance of receiving full value for your money.

Of Great Importance to Purchasers of Solid Gold Rings

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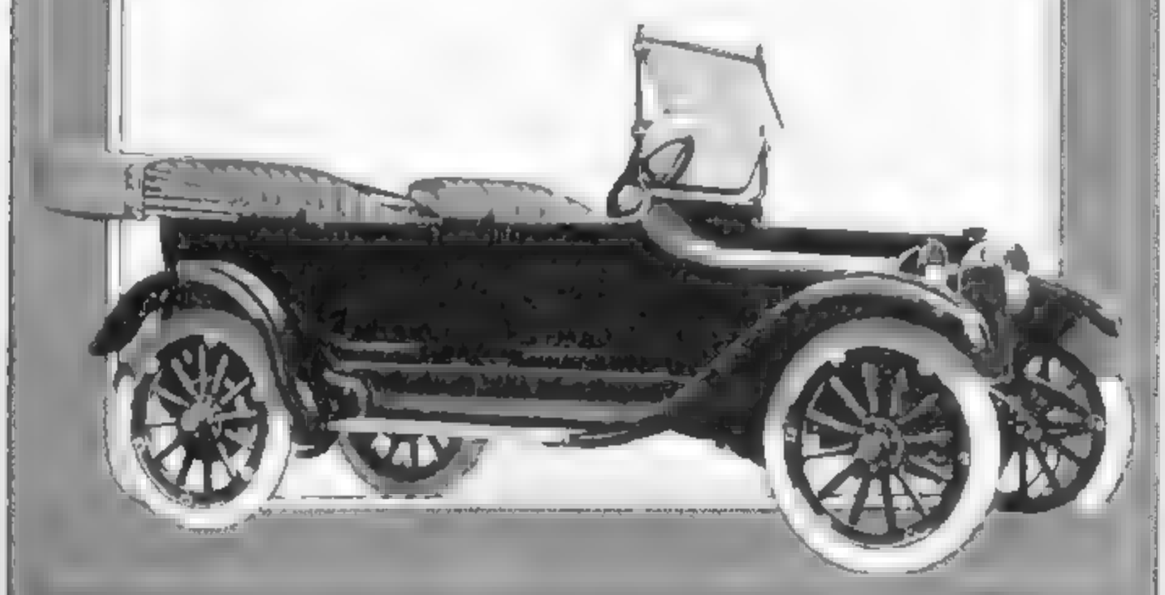

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A postal card will bring our beautiful book of Iron Clads, illustrated in full colors—write for it today!

Iron Clad

(Continued from Page 46)

eight thousand shingles, and again Mr. Skinner wrote Matt for an explanation, to which Matt replied as follows:

"Do not pay any attention to the yard manager's tally. Ours is right. A certified tallyman counted 11,487,250 in, and I counted 11,487,250 out, as I have already reported. Sorry I cannot reverse my decision. However, I have an idea which may account for the shortage: After the vessel is reported down river, the stevedores gather on the dock, and while waiting for us to arrive and commence discharging they whittle shingles to pass the time away. I give you this information for what it may be worth."

Mr. Skinner had the grace to see that he had been rebuked and left standing in a very poor light for one of his noted efficiency, so he did not pursue the subject farther; but the next time Matt came to the office he jumped on him for carrying a dead-head passenger from San Pedro in the first cabin.

"Of course I carried him," Matt replied. "When I was before the mast in the Annabel Lee he was her skipper, so when I met him in Pedro minus his ticket and stony broke I gave him a lift to San Francisco. Mr. Ricks informed me that I would be permitted these little courtesies within the bounds of reason."

"When Captain Kjellin had the Quickstep," Mr. Skinner answered, "he never carried dead-heads."

"You mean he didn't have the courage to put the name on the passenger list and write D. H. after it," Matt suggested gently. "However, please do not compare me with Captain Kjellin."

"Well, you're not making the time he made in the Quickstep."

"I know it, sir. My policy is to make haste slowly. Kjellin hurried—and see what happened to him. He'll never be fast again, either, with that short leg of his."

"Captain Peasley, I am opposed to your levity."

"Do you want me to worry and stew just because you do not happen to like me and keep picking on me, Mr. Skinner? Why don't you be a sport and give me a fair chance, sir? You have all the best of it in any argument—so why argue?"

"No more dead-heads," Mr. Skinner warned. "Hereafter pay for your guests."

With the coming on of winter, however, Matt's troubles with Mr. Skinner really commenced, although, in all justice to Skinner, the general manager was merely following out his theory of efficiency, and in respect to the matter upon which he deviled Matt Peasley most he did not differ vastly from many managing owners of steam schooners on the Pacific Coast. The trouble lay in the fact that the Quickstep carried passengers. While she was a cargo boat, and hence had no regular run or sailing schedule, her cabin accommodations were really very good and her steward's department excelled that of the regular passenger boats. By cutting the regular passenger rates from twenty-five to forty per cent and advertising the vessel to sail at a certain hour on a certain date from a certain pier, free-lance ticket brokers found no difficulty in getting her a fair complement of passengers each trip. There was a moderate profit in this passenger traffic, and Mr. Skinner was anxious to increase it.

The difficulty surrounding the passenger business in the steam-schooner trade, however, lies in the uncertainty of a vessel's arrival and departure. It is all guesswork. Thus Matt Peasley, with his cargo half discharged at San Pedro, would estimate that he would sail from that port, northbound via San Francisco to some Oregon or Washington port for another cargo, at noon on the following day. Accordingly he would wire his owners, who would immediately advertise the sailing of the vessel from San Francisco forty hours later, the Quickstep's average running time between San Pedro and San Francisco being about thirty-eight hours. If the master's estimate proved correct and there were no strong head winds to retard the vessel, she would sail within an hour or two of the advertised time, whereas a delay of six to eight hours in the arrival of the vessel at San Francisco might mean the loss of all the passenger business garnered for that trip; for competition was keen, and the ticket agents, selling on a commission of one dollar per ticket, would switch the traffic to some other vessel sailing earlier rather than have the tickets canceled and thus lose the commission.

When through delay or miscalculation the vessel lost passenger traffic out of a port other than San Francisco, Mr. Skinner did not feel discouraged. To lose passengers out of San Francisco, where the home office of the Blue Star Navigation Company was located, however, savored of a reflection on his efficiency, and caused him much bitter anguish. Consequently, when Matt Peasley, with a full passenger list from Eureka to San Francisco, wired Mr. Skinner that he would leave his loading port at two P. M. on Wednesday, Mr. Skinner allowed him twenty-two hours for the run to San Francisco and two hours for landing his passengers from Eureka to San Francisco and taking on another load for San Pedro, whither the Quickstep was bound on that voyage. As a result the Quickstep was advertised to sail from San Francisco on Thursday at two P. M., and the agents were notified to commence selling tickets. Judge of Mr. Skinner's perturbation, therefore, when he received the following wireless from Matt Peasley at five o'clock on Wednesday:

Bar breaking heavily. At anchor inside. Will cross out as soon as I judge it safe to do so.

Three hours' delay, already, with the prospects exceedingly bright for the Quickstep's lurking inside Humboldt Bar all night! Mr. Skinner saw his passenger traffic gone to glory for that trip, so he sent a reply to Matt Peasley by wireless, as follows:

You are advertised to sail from here for San Pedro at two o'clock to-morrow. Hope you will permit nothing to militate against the preservation of that schedule. Answer.

"That's what comes of having an inexperienced man in the vessel," he complained to the cashier. "That fellow Peasley sees a few white caps on the bar, and he's afraid to cross out. Damn! Kjellin had her three years and never hung behind a bar once. Many a time he's come down to Humboldt Bar and found half a dozen steam schooners at anchor inside, waiting for a chance to duck out. Did Kjellin drop anchor too? He did not. Out he went and bucked right through it."

Mr. Skinner waited at the office until six o'clock to get Matt Peasley's answer. He got it—between the eyes:

I have no jurisdiction over Humboldt Bar.

The Quickstep crossed out next morning, and Mr. Skinner wirelessed her master this message:

Your timidity has spoiled San Pedro passenger business. Drop Eureka passengers at Meiggs Wharf and continue your voyage.

Now it does not please any mariner to be told that he is timid, and, while Matt Peasley made no reply, nevertheless he chalked up a black mark against Mr. Skinner and commenced to plan against the day of reckoning.

That was an unusually severe winter. Four times Matt Peasley came down to the entrance of Humboldt Bar and came to anchor. Three times he tried to cross out and was forced to change his mind; seven times did Mr. Skinner upbraid him. The eighth time that Matt Peasley's caution knocked the San Francisco passenger traffic into a deficit, Mr. Skinner sent him this message where the Quickstep lay behind Coos Bay Bar:

What is the matter with you? Your predecessor always managed to negotiate that bar, and this company expects same of you.

"He's bound to run me out of the ship," Matt soliloquized when he read that terse aërogram, "but I promised Cappy I'd stick six months and I'll do it. That penny-pinching Skinner wants me to cut corners and get myself into trouble so he can fire me. I'll not tell him the things I want to tell him, so I guess I won't say anything—much."

He didn't. He just wired Mr. Skinner as follows:

At any time you want to commit suicide I will furnish a pistol

Somehow he and Mr. Skinner refrained from coming to blows throughout the winter. However, as Patrick Henry so truly said, there's a divinity that shapes our ends. About the beginning of March Mr. Skinner opened his cold heart long enough to let in a little human love and get married, and shortly thereafter he found it necessary to make a business trip to the redwood mill of the Ricks Logging and Lumbering Company on Humboldt Bay. He went up on the regular P. C. passenger boat

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

and took his bride with him, and while he was at the mill Matt Peasley came nosing in with the Quickstep and loaded a cargo of redwood lumber. He finished loading on the same day that Mr. Skinner discovered he had no further excuse for remaining away from the office, in consequence of which the latter decided to return to San Francisco on the Quickstep. This for several very good reasons: The food on the Quickstep was better than the food on the regular liner, the accommodations were fully as good, the vessel was loaded deeply and would ride steadily—and Mr. Skinner and his bride would travel without charge.

The sight of the Skinners coming aboard was not a pleasing one to Matt Peasley. He did not like Mr. Skinner well enough to care to eat at the same table with him, and he bethought him now of all the mean, nagging complaints of the past six months. In particular he recalled Mr. Skinner's instructions to him anent the carrying of dead-head passengers—and suddenly he had a brilliant idea. He sent for his wireless operator and ordered him to send this message:

Blue Star Navigation Company,
San Francisco, Cal.

Please accept my resignation as master of your steamer Quickstep, said resignation to take effect immediately upon my arrival in San Francisco. Kindly have somebody on hand to relieve me.

MATTHEW PEASLEY.

Matt had just remembered that his six months in the Quickstep were up. His next move was to call on the steward.

"Go into Stateroom 7," he ordered, "and collect fifteen dollars from that man and woman in there. They came aboard without tickets."

Two minutes later the steward was back with word that the passengers in question were dead-heads, being none other than the manager of the Blue Star Navigation Company and his wife.

"Steward, you go back and tell that man Skinner that Captain Peasley never carries any dead-heads on the Quickstep. Tell him that when Captain Peasley wants to carry a guest he pays the guest's passage out of his own pocket."

"But he'll fire me, sir."

"Do as I order; he will not fire you. I'm the only man that has that privilege, and I'll exercise it if you don't obey me."

Two more minutes elapsed; then Mr. Skinner presented himself at the captain's stateroom.

"Peasley," he said sharply, "what nonsense is this?"

"No dead-heads on this ship, Mr. Skinner. Your own orders, sir. Fifteen dollars, if you please. You're not my guests."

"Of course," said Mr. Skinner, "I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Then get off the ship."

"Sir, are you crazy?"

"No, I am not; I'm just disgusted with you. Fifteen dollars here and now before I cast off the lines, or I'll run you off the ship. Don't tempt me, Skinner. If I ever lay violent hands on you there'll be work for a doctor. Do I get the fifteen dollars?"

Mr. Skinner was speechless, but he laid fifteen dollars on the captain's desk and returned to his stateroom. His silence was ominous. Five minutes later the Quickstep backed out from the mill wharf and headed down the bay. As she plowed along, the rain commenced falling and a stiff southeast breeze warned Matt that he was in for a wet crossing. He was further convinced of this when the bar tug Ranger met him a mile inside the entrance. She steamed alongside, and, as she passed, her captain hailed Matt.

"Don't try to cross out, Peasley," he shouted. "The bar is breaking."

"The Quickstep doesn't mind it," Matt answered.

"Don't try it, I tell you. I've been twenty years on Humboldt Bar and I know it, Peasley. I've never seen it so bad as it is this minute."

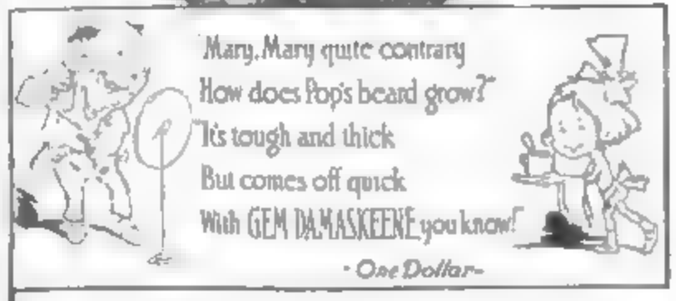
"Oh, we'll cross out without any fuss," Matt called back cheerfully, and rang for full speed ahead. They were down at the entrance, and the Quickstep had just lifted to the dead water from the first big green roller, when Mr. Skinner came up and touched Matt Peasley on the arm.

"Well, sir?" Matt demanded irritably.

"Drop anchor inside, captain. That bar is too rough to attempt to cross out."

"Oh, nonsense!" Matt declared.

"But didn't you hear what that captain said? He said it was breaking worse than he had known it for twenty years."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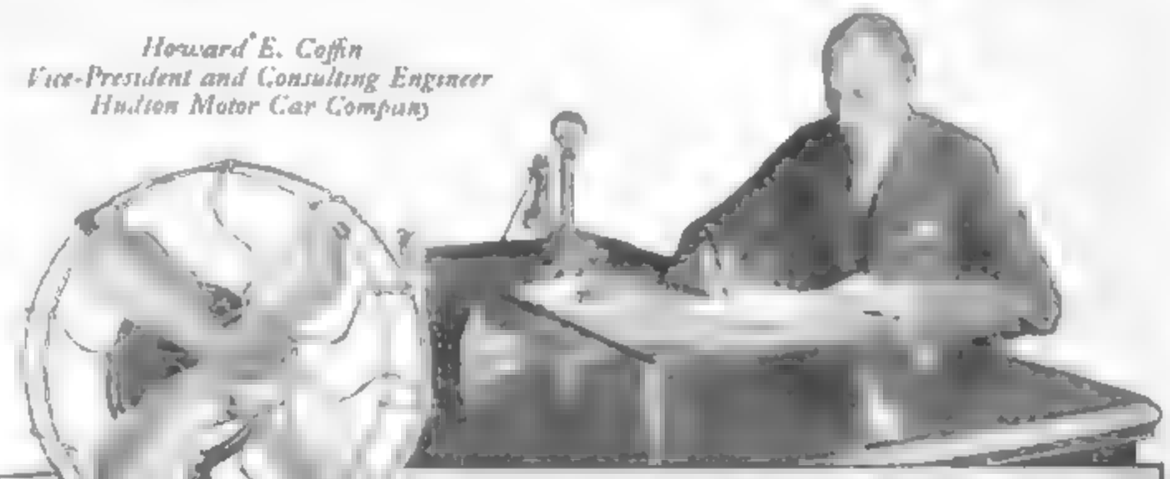

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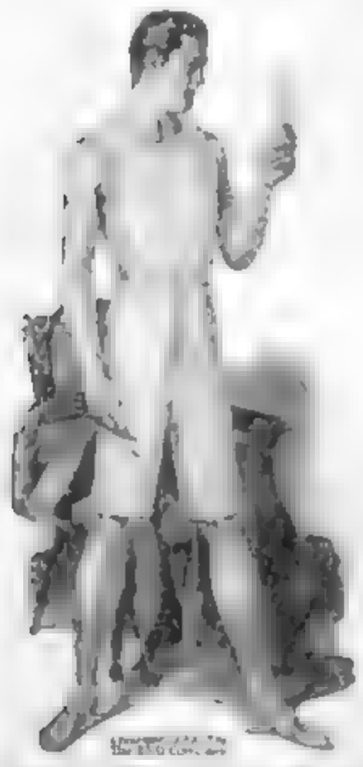

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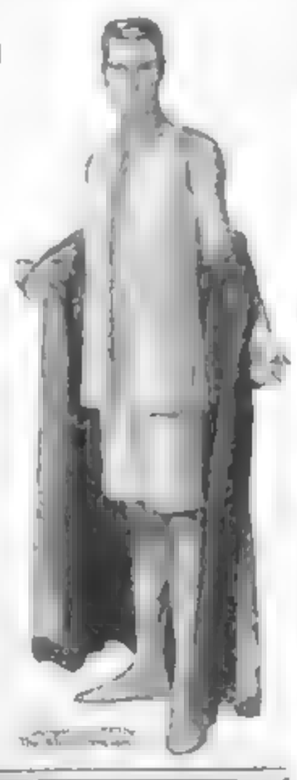

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"Bah! What does he know about it?"

"I don't care what he knows, Captain Peasley; I order you not to attempt to cross out. My wife is aboard and I'll take no chances. Come to anchor and wait for the bar to settle."

"You order me?" Matt sneered. "Who in blazes are you to give orders on my ship? I'm at sea, do you understand, and you have nothing to say. You'll give your orders and I'll obey them when I'm at the dock, but crossing Humboldt Bar I'm the master of ceremonies. I can't turn back now. I'd lose my rudder as I come about. Get out. Who invited you up here?"

"How dare you, sir!" Mr. Skinner cried furiously. "Man, have you lost your mind? Obey me, I say."

Matt Peasley laughed blithely. "You miserable, cold-blooded, nagging old woman," he said, and took Mr. Skinner by the nape and shook him. "I've prayed for this day. Do you remember the time you wired me at Coos Bay that my timidity had lost you some passenger traffic? You impugned my courage then, you whelp, and now I'm going to give you a sample of it. All winter long you've been hounding me, trying to make me take chances crossing this bar, just so the vessel might pick up a couple of hundred dollars extra in passenger money. It didn't matter to you what risks other men's wives ran when you were snug in your office, did it? You never thought of the passengers I had aboard, or the lives of my crew or me, did you? You wanted me to cut corners and risk human lives for the sake of your reputation as an efficient manager, you ——" And he shook Mr. Skinner until the manager's teeth rattled. "Now you're aboard yourself with your blushing bride, and how do you like it, eh? How do you like it? You know all about navigation, don't you? Well, you and your wife are the only passengers this trip, and I'm going to give you a taste of salt water you'll remember till your dying day," and with a shove he sent Mr. Skinner flying aft until he collided with the funnel.

"You're fired!" Skinner screamed, beside himself with fear and rage. But Matt Peasley was devoting all of his attention to the Quickstep now; and it was well that he did. The vessel rose on the crest of a green comber thirty feet high, and plunged with the speed of an express elevator into the valley between that wave and the next.

A tremendous sea boiled in over the knightheads and swept aft, burying the Quickstep until nothing showed but her upper works. But she was a sturdy craft and came up from under it, rode the succeeding three seas and was comparatively free of water when she shipped the next one. The crest of it came in along the little promenade deck, carrying away the companion that led to the bridge, staving in the doors and windows of all the staterooms on the port side and carrying away the rails and stanchions. There was two feet of water in Stateroom 7, where Mrs. Skinner clung to her husband, screaming hysterically.

But despite the awful buffeting she was receiving the Quickstep never faltered. On she plowed, riding the green billows like a gull, and shipping a sea only occasionally. The deckload, double-lashed, held, although the deckhouse groaned and twisted until Matt Peasley regretted the impulse that had impelled him to do this foolish thing for the sake of satisfying a grudge.

"She'll make it, sir," the man at the wheel called up; but Matt's face was a little white and serious as he tried to smile back.

Another sea came ramping aboard and snatched the port lifeboat out of the davits, smashed in the door of the dining saloon and flooded it, gutted the galley, and drove the cook and the steward to the protection of the engine room. The chief called up through the speaking tube:

"How's the boss making it, captain?"

"It's a wet passage for him, chief. I can hear his wife scream every time we ship one."

"Serves her right for marrying the pest," the chief growled, and turned away.

They crossed out, but at a cost that made Matt Peasley shudder, when he left the bridge in charge of the mate and went below to take stock of the damage. A new boat and four days' work for a carpenter gang—perhaps eighteen hundred dollars' worth of damage, not counting the demurrage! It was a big price to pay for one brief moment of triumph, but Matt Peasley felt that it would have been cheap at twice the money. He passed round on the starboard side of the vessel and found Mr. Skinner wet to the skin and shivering.

"We're over." Matt announced cheerfully. "How did you like the going?"

"You villain!" Skinner cried passionately. "You'll never command another ship in the Blue Star fleet, I'll promise you that."

"I know it, Skinner. But if I were you I'd go down in the engine room and dry out while the cook and the steward straighten things round."

"I'll discharge you the moment we tie up at the dock in San Francisco," Skinner stormed.

"Oh, no, you won't," Matt assured him. "I've beaten you to it. I resigned by wireless before we left the dock at Eureka."

That was a long, cold, cheerless trip for the Skinner family. The Quickstep bucked a howling southeaster all the way down the coast, and the Skinners were knocked from one end of their wet stateroom to the other and slept not a wink. It was a frightful experience, and to add to the discomfort of the trip Mrs. Skinner wept all the way. Eventually, however, the Quickstep tied up at the wharf in San Francisco, and the minute she was fast Matt Peasley, his accounts all made up to date and his clothes and personal effects packed, sprang out on the dock.

"There's your ship, Skinner," he called to the general manager. "I'm through." And he hastened away to the Blue Star office to settle up with the cashier, while Mr. Skinner and his bride entered a taxicab and were driven to their home. And two hours later when Mr. Skinner, warm and dry at last, came down to the office to attend to the task of selecting a new master for the Quickstep, he found Cappy Ricks was back from Europe and on the job.

"I hear you've been having some experience," said Cappy cheerfully as he shook hands with his manager. "Peasley was telling me what he did to you, and all the disrespectful things he said to you. Skinner, my dear fellow, that was an outrageous way for him to act."

"I fired him," said Skinner waspishly. "And while we're on the subject let me declare myself about this man Peasley: As long as I remain in your employ, Mr. Ricks, that man must never command another Blue Star vessel. Do I make myself sufficiently clear?"

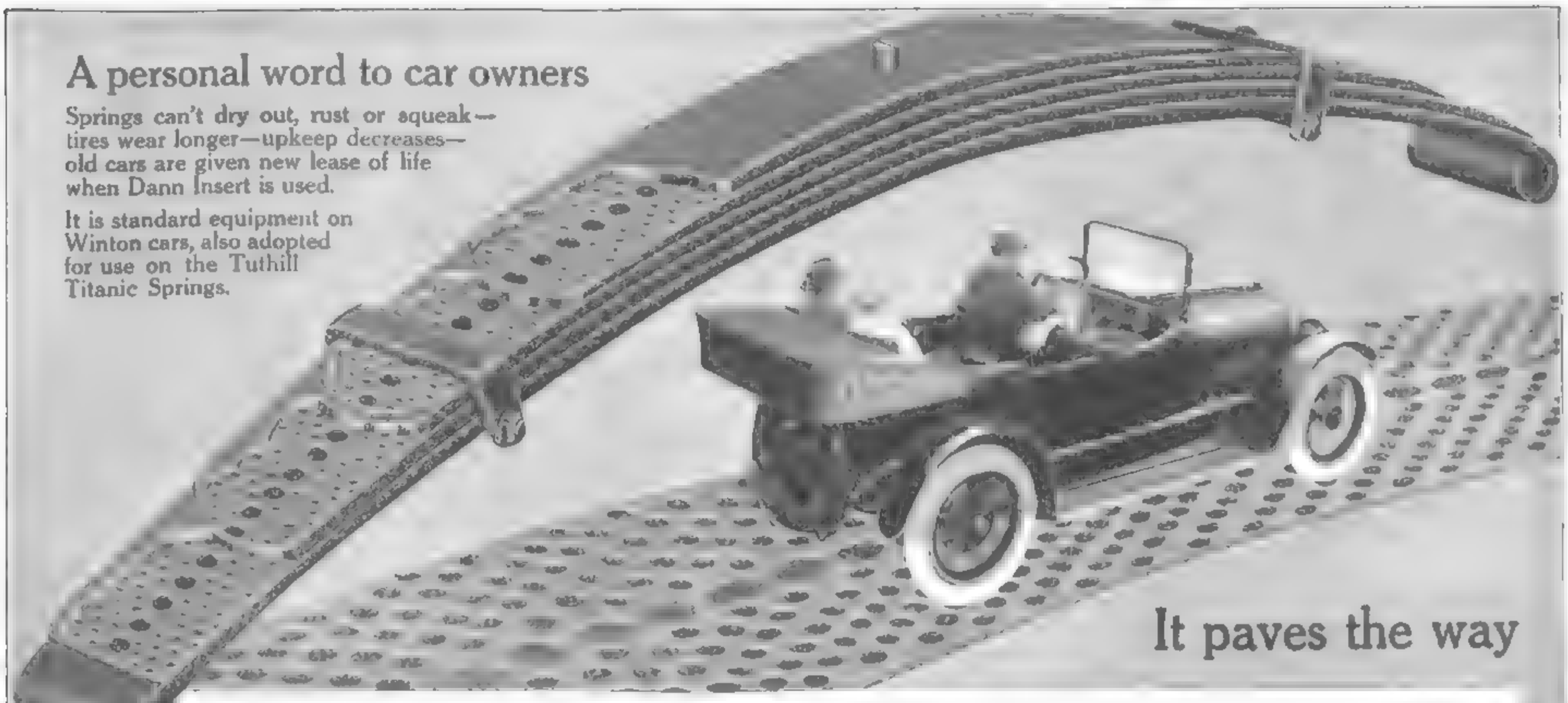
"You do, Skinner; you do, indeed," Cappy answered. "I warned Matt that if you ever fired him I'd have to back you up—and I'll do it, Skinner. I'll sustain your decision, my boy. As long as you're my manager that fellow can never go to sea under the Blue Star flag. The scoundrel!"

"And I wouldn't recommend him to any other owner either," Mr. Skinner suggested.

"I'll not, Skinner. He will never go to sea again. I'm not going to have his license taken away from him—er—Hum! Ahem! Harump-h-h-h! But I'll see that he doesn't use it again. The fact is, Skinner, I'm—er—getting old—and—er—you're pretty hard-worked in the lumber department, so I've—Hum! Harump-h-h-h!—decided to relieve you of the shipping entirely and hire Matt for our port captain. He's on the pay roll at three hundred a month. And—er—Skinner, try to be friendly with the boy for my sake. The young rascal is engaged to marry my daughter, and I—er—it's barely possible he'll take up the business—Hum! Ahem! I'll stick round another year and break him into the landward side of shipping and then, Skinner, d'ye know what I'm going to do then?"

"What?" Mr. Skinner asked dully.

"I'm going to learn to play golf," said Cappy.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Springs can't dry out, rust or squeak—tires wear longer—upkeep decreases—old cars are given new lease of life when Dann Insert is used.
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Dann Insert is a thin, perforated strip of soft, shock-deadening material inserted between the leaves of all the springs. Perforations are packed with specially prepared graphite, insuring maximum efficiency at all times.

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The cost of Dann Insert is very moderate. Saves its cost many times in decreased tire bills, repairs, spring replacements and increased second-hand value. Prolongs greatly the life of the car. Send coupon for cost of Dann Insert for your car.

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Dann Insert is sold in boxes, ready packed for every make and every model of car. Handled by many garages and accessory dealers. If yours doesn't, write and we will see you are supplied. Give your dealer's name on coupon.

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Put Dann Insert in your old car—demand it on your new car

Dann Insert on your new car will be insurance against the constant jar and vibration that will pick your car to pieces, cut down the life of your tires, and make it old before its time.

Dann Insert will enable you to get full enjoyment out of your car. You can drive as fast and as far as your car will take you, without the discomfort and the fatigue that ordinarily attend touring.

Dann Insert in your old car will make it ride better than when it was new. It will prolong its life several seasons longer than you expected. It will give riding comfort and enjoyment that you didn't know were possible, and reduce your tire bills and repair expense amazingly.

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It's all told in our interesting, valuable book, "The Story of the Inter-Leaf Shock Absorber."

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Tell me how much Dann Insert will cost me for the springs in my car.
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My car is——
MAKE
——
MODEL NUMBER

Name

Street Address

Post Office

State

Accessory Dealer

Doing Business with a Business Concern

The business man is an important factor in your daily life and happiness.

He may raise wheat or cattle; he may manufacture flour or shoes; he may run a grocery or a drygoods store; he may operate a copper mine or a telephone company. He creates or distributes some commodity to be used by other people.

He is always hard at work to supply the needs of others, and in return he has his own needs supplied.

All of us are doing business with business men so constantly that we accept the benefits of this intercourse without question, as we accept the air we breathe. Most of us have little to do with government, yet we recognize the difference between business methods and government methods.

We know that it is to the interest of the business man to do something for us, while the function of the government man is to see that we do something for ourselves—that is, to control and regulate.

We pay them both, but of the two we naturally find the business man more get-at-able, more human, more democratic.

Because the telephone business has become large and extensive, it requires a high type of organization and must employ the best business methods.

The Bell System is in the business of selling its commodity—telephone service. It must meet the needs of many millions of customers, and teach them to use and appreciate the service which it has provided.

The democratic relation between the customer and the business concern has been indispensable, providing for the United States the best and most universal telephone service of any country in the world.

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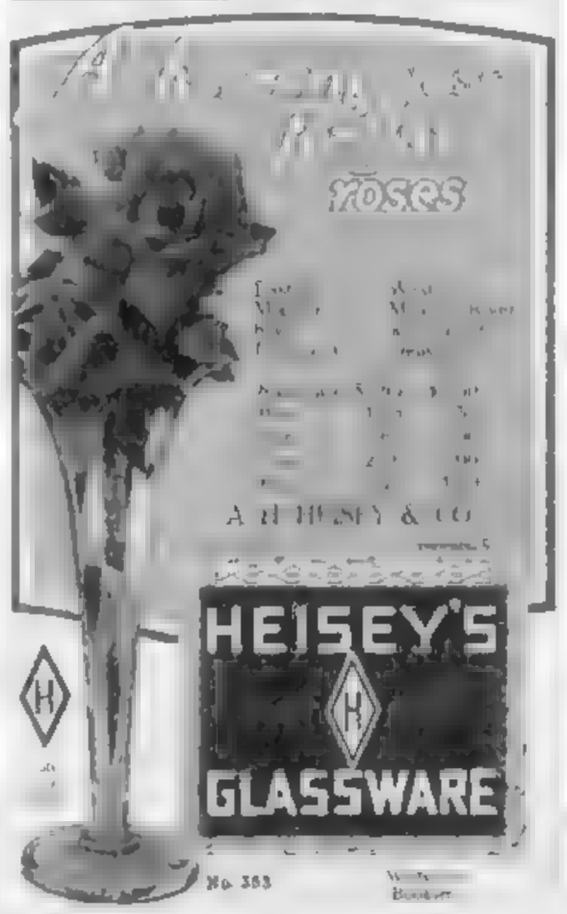


H. R.

(Continued from Page 21)

"They are," he reminded her desperately but proudly, "Mr. Rutgers' men."

"Tell them to go away," she said.

He stared a moment, for as the future consort of the owner of the men she had feudal obligations to fulfill. He remembered that this was America.

"Very good, miss," he said.

She went upstairs. She wished to think. It would probably make her head ache. She therefore told her maid to wake her at six, and taking up one of Edwin Lefèvre's books she went to sleep.

XIV

ON NASSAU STREET twenty sandwich men were parading, ten on each side of the street, in the block where the Ketcham National Bank stood. Each sandwich bore this legend:

ASK THE PRESIDENT
OF THE
KETCHAM NATIONAL BANK
WHY
HE WON'T LET ME
MARRY HIS DAUGHTER.
ASK HIM!
O. K.—H. R. *Sec.*

Besides 12,466 men and 289 women, thirteen reporters read the sandwiches. The men looked pleased—they were seeing a show on D. H. tickets. The women sighed enviously, and opened their Robert W. Chambers in the street as they walked on. The thirteen reporters walked into the bank, went straight into the president's office, and while he still was smiling his welcome asked him why he would not let Hendrik Rutgers marry Grace.

Mr. Goodchild nearly sat in the electric chair. The vice-president fortunately was able to grasp in time the hand that held the big paper weight.

"Remember the bank!" solemnly counseled the vice-president.

"To hell with the bank!" said Mr. George G. Goodchild, for the first and only time in his life.

"Unless you talk to us fully and politely," said a reporter, "we propose to interview your directors and ask each and every one of them to tell us the name of your successor. If you raise your hand again I'll not only break in your face, but I'll sue you and thus secure vacation money and a raise in salary. The jury is with me. Come, tell us why you won't let Mr. Rutgers marry Grace."

Here in his own office the president of a big Wall Street bank was threatened with obliterated features and the extraction of cash! The cause of it, H. R., was worse than a combination of Socialism and smallpox; he was even worse than a president of the United States in an artificial bull market. Mr. Goodchild walked up and down the room exactly thirteen times—one for each reporter—and then turned to the vice-president.

"Send for the police!" he commanded.

"Remember the newspapers!" agonizedly whispered the vice-president. A reporter overheard him.

"Present!" he said, and saluted. Then he took out a lead pencil, seized a pad from the president's own desk and said kindly:

"I'll take down all your reasons in shorthand, Mr. Goodchild."

"Take yourself to hell!" shrieked the president.

"*Après vous, mon cher Alphonse,*" retorted the reporter with exquisite courtesy. "Boys, you heard him? Verbatim!"

All the reporters wrote four words. One of them hastily left the president's room and went up to the bank's gray-coated private policeman, who was trying to distinguish between the few who wished to deposit money and the many who desired to ask the sandwich question—or at least hoped to hear the answer. The sacred precincts of the Ketcham National Bank had taken on the aspect of a circus arena. Hendrik's erstwhile fellow clerks looked the only way they dared—terrified! They would have given a great deal to have been able to act as human beings.

"The reporters are in the president's room!" ran the whisper among the clerks. From there it reached the curious mob within the bank. From there it spread to the congested proletariat without the doors. Said proletariat began to grow. Baseball bulletin boards were not displayed, but the public was going to get something for nothing. Hence, free country.

The Globe man heard one of the bank's messengers call the policeman "Jim." Being a contemporary historian he addressed the policeman amicably.

"Jim, Mr. Goodchild says to bring in Senator Lowry and party."

With that he beckoned to the Globe militant photographer and five colleagues and preceded them into the president's private office.

"Quick work, Tommy!" warned the reporter.

"Flash?" laconically inquired "Senator Lowry." He was such a famous portraitist that his sitters never gave him time to talk. Hence his habit of speaking while he could. He prepared his flash-powder.

"Yep!" and the reporter nodded.

The others also unlimbered their cameras. The Globe man threw open the door. The president was angrily haranguing the reporters.

"Mr. Goodchild," said the Globe man, "look pleasant!"

Mr. Goodchild turned quickly and opened his mouth.

Bang! went the flash powder.

"Hel——" shrieked Mr. Goodchild.

"——p!" said the pious young Journal man, with an air of completing the presidential speech. A good editor is worth his weight in pearls.

The photographers' corps retreated in good order and record time.

"For the third and last time, will you tell us why you won't let your daughter marry Mr. Rutgers!" asked the Globe man.

"No!"

"Then will you tell us why you won't let Mr. Rutgers marry your daughter?"

Mr. Goodchild was conservative to the last. Too many people who needed money had talked to him in the borrower's tone of voice. He could not grasp the new era. He said:

"You infernal ——"

"Sir," cut in the Globe man with dignity, "you are positively insulting! Be nice to the other reporters. I thank you for the interview!" He bowed and left the office, followed by all the others except one.

"I think, Mr. Goodchild, that you'd better give me an official statement," this reporter said. "I'll give the Associated Press man a copy and that will go to all the papers."

"But I don't want to say anything," protested Mr. Goodchild.

"The other reporters will say it for you. I think you'd better."

"He's right, Mr. Goodchild," said the vice-president.

"But what the dickens can I say?" queried Mr. Goodchild helplessly, not daring to look out of the window for fear of seeing the sandwiches.

"If I were you," earnestly advised the reporter, "I'd tell the truth."

"What do you mean?"

"Say why you won't let your daughter ——."

"It's preposterous!"

"Say it. But also say why it is preposterous."

Two directors of the bank came in. They were high in finance. In fact, they were high finance. They, therefore, knew only the newspapers of an older generation, as they had proven by their testimony before a congressional committee. The older director looked at Mr. Goodchild and began:

"Goodchild, will you tell me why ——"

"You too?" interrupted Mr. Goodchild reproachfully but respectfully. "First the reporters and now ——"

The directors gasped.

"You didn't—actually—talk—for—publication?"

They stared at him incredulously.

"No; but I'm thinking of giving out a carefully prepared statement ——"

The higher of the high financiers, with the masterfulness that made him richer every panic, assumed supreme command. He turned to the reporter and said: "I'm surprised to see you here. Your paper used to be decent. Mr. Goodchild has nothing to say."

"But ——" protested the anguished father of Grace Goodchild.

"You haven't!" declared one hundred millions.

"I have nothing to say!" meekly echoed one-tenth of one hundred.

The reporter walked out with a distinctly editorial stride. He began to envy the yellows and their vulgar editors. Mr. Goodchild's efforts to suppress the publication of his family affairs were in vain. He unfortunately sought to argue over the telephone with the owners. The owners spoke to the editors.

"It's news!" the editors pointed out.

The owners regretfully explained to the [illegible] president, "It's news."

"But it's a crime against decency!" said Mr. Goodchild.

"You are right, it's a shame. But it's news!" said the owners, and hung up.

Mr. Goodchild summoned his lawyer. The lawyer looked grave. He recognized the uselessness of trying to stop the newspapers, and realized that there would be no fat fees even if he were otherwise successful. He tried to frighten H. R., but was referred to Max Onthemaker, Esq.

Max Onthemaker, Esq., was in heaven. He finally had butted into polite society. From the Bowery to Wall Street! At last he was opposed by the very best. A lawyer is known by his opponents.

Mr. Lindsay protested with quite unprofessional heat. It was an outrage!

"*Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur*," Mr. Onthemaker solemnly reminded the leader of the corporation bar. "Also, dear Mr. Lindsay, I am ready to accept service of any paper you may see fit to honor us with. My client means to fight to the end."

"Yes, in the newspapers!" bitterly said the eminent Mr. Lindsay through his clenched teeth.

"And with sandwiches! When we ask for bread you give us a stone; but we give you a sandwich. There's no ground for criminal action, in view of the public's frame of mind toward the money power. But if you will sue us for a million dollars' damages I'll name my next baby after you."

Mr. Lindsay hung up with violence, mistaking the telephone holder for Mr. Onthemaker's cranium.

XV

THE reporters of the conservative journals sought H. R. later in the day, simply because the reporters for the live newspapers did. The system was to blame. A daily paper may eschew vulgarity, but it must not be beaten. By using better grammar and no adjectives these papers intelligently show they are never sensational.

The newspaper men confronted H. R. eagerly. It was the day's big story. They asked him about it. He said to them very simply:

"I love her!"

They wrote it down. He waited until they had finished. Then he went on:

"She is the most beautiful girl in the world to me. Don't forget that—to me!"

Those two words would prevent two million sneers from the other most beautiful girls in the world who at that moment happened to reside in New York. Indeed, all his words would be read aloud to young men by said two million coral lips. She was beautiful—to him!

"Her parents oppose my suit," went on H. R. calmly.

"Is this a free country?" interjected M. Onthemaker vehemently, "or are we in Russia? Has Wall Street established morganatic marriages in this Republic or ——"

H. R. held up a quieting hand. Mr. Onthemaker smiled at the rebuke. Two reporters had taken down his remarks.

"I have told her parents that I have proposed to marry Miss Goodchild—peacefully. Get that straight, please—peacefully. I am a law-abiding citizen. She is very beautiful. But I am willing to wait—a few weeks."

"Yes. But the sandwiches ——" began a reporter who entertained hopes of becoming a public-utility corporation's publicity man.

H. R. stopped him with an impressive frown. He cleared his throat. The reporters felt it coming.

"What I have done ——" he began.

"Yes! Yes!"

"——is merely the employment for the first time in history of psychological sabotage!"

The reporters, now having the headline, rushed off. All except one, who whispered to H. R.'s counsel: "What in blazes is sabotage? How do you spell it?"

"Quit your joking," answered Max. "You know very well what it is. Isn't he a wonder? Psychological sabotage!"

The newspapers gave the interview space in proportion to the extent of their Wall Street affiliations.

The public-sentiment corps copied two hundred and thirty-eight letters prepared by the boss, praising and condemning H. R. and Mr. Goodchild. This compelled the newspapers that received the letters to run Grace's portrait daily.

As for Grace herself, crowds followed her. She could not go into a restaurant without having all heads turn in her direction. People even stopped dancing when they saw her. And three of New York's bluest-blooded heiresses became her inseparable companions.

Grace hated all this notoriety. She said so—at times. But her friends soothed her, and developed the habit of looking pleasantly at cameras. That marks the true aristocrat.

H. R. on the third day sent all the clippings to Grace, with beautiful flowers and a note:

"For your sake!"

One of Grace's friends asked to be allowed to keep the note. It reminded her, she said, of the Early Christians. Also of the days of knighthood.

When the merchants of New York perceived that Fifth Avenue had sanctified sandwiching by paying cash for it, and that the better shops elsewhere had perforce resorted to it, they accepted it as one of the conditions of modern merchandising. It did not become a fad, but worse—it became an imagined necessity and as such an institution. The little Valiquet-made statuettes of the ultimate sandwich sold by the thousands, greatly adding to the personal assets of the secretary and treasurer of the society. And what New York did other cities wished to do.

Then the blow fell! On the same day that H. R. sent his Early Christian message to Grace, Andrew Barrett reported that though some of the streets were almost impassable for the multitude of sandwiches, the greater part of the latter, alas, were non-union men!

"They are using their porters and janitors to carry boards," said Andrew Barrett bitterly. "I tell you, H. R., this is a crisis!"

H. R., thinking of Grace, nodded absently and said: "Send for Onthemaker."

Max came on the run. Nearly three days had elapsed without a front-page paragraph for him. Barrett told him about the crisis. Their idea had been stolen and utilized by unscrupulous merchants who were sandwiching without permission and using scabs.

"I get you," said Mr. Onthemaker. Then he turned to the chief and told him:

"H. R., you've got to do something to make George G. Goodchild sue you for a million dollars." He had drawn and kept ready for use sixty-three varieties of restraining orders, writs, and so forth.

"What's that got to do with our ——" began Andrew Barrett impatiently.

"Certainly!" cut in Mr. Onthemaker. "We must fight capital with its own weapon. The money power is great on injunctions. I wish to say that when it comes to injunctions I've got Wall Street gasping for breath and ——"

"Yes, but what about the scabs? Can't you stop 'em?" persisted Barrett. The future of the Itinerant Advertising Agency was at stake.

"Sure! We can hire strong-arm ——"

"No!" said H. R. decisively.

Andrew Barrett, who had begun to look hopeful, frowned at his leader's negative and said desperately: "Something has got to be done!"

When human beings say "Something" in that tone of voice they mean dynamite by proxy.

"Certainly!" agreed H. R. absently, his mind still on Grace. Andrew Barrett stifled a groan. He whispered to Max:

"It's the girl!"

Max looked alarmed, then hopeful. Grace was almost as much news as H. R. himself. Andrew Barrett turned to H. R. and said reproachfully:

"Here we've made sandwiching what it is, and these infernal tightwads ——"

"That's the word, Barrett," cut in H. R. "Go to it, my son!"

"How do you mean?" asked Barrett.

"Advertise in all the papers, morning and evening."

"Nothing," Mr. Onthemaker permitted himself to observe judicially, "is so conducive to front-page publicity as intelligent violence. This is not a strike, but a cause. Look at the militants ——"

"There is something in that," admitted A. Barrett.

"There is something," said H. R. gently, "in everything, even in Max's cranium.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

AMONG your little friends there's sure to be some little one—with an appetite keen from play—and how she does like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter thick on bread or crackers!

Sensible mothers prize these hints from the child's natural unspoiled sense of taste.

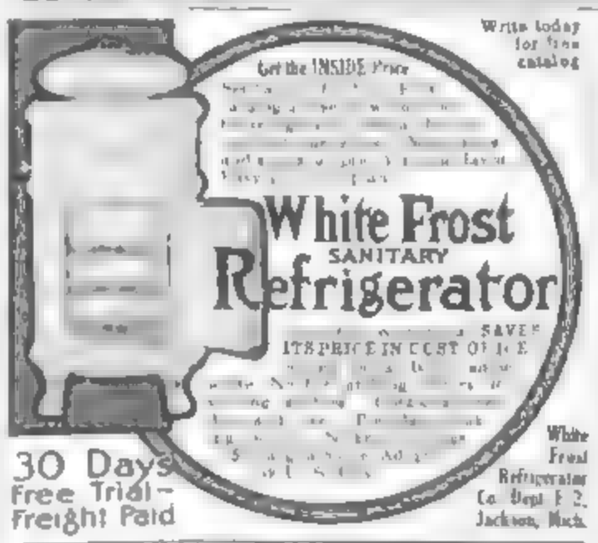
Among grown-ups, too, who appreciate flavor, the choice of peanut butters naturally falls upon Beech-Nut Peanut Butter,—the flavor is there—guarded by the exclusive Beech-Nut Process.

A skillful blending of Spanish and Virginia nuts, the acrid hearts removed, only the nutritious sweet-flavored parts used, delicately roasted, lightly salted, crushed to smooth golden-brown butter.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes in *vacuum-sealed* jars of three sizes—10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents (in the extreme West, a little more). Your grocer has it.

Makers of America's most famous Bacon—*Beech-Nut Bacon*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.



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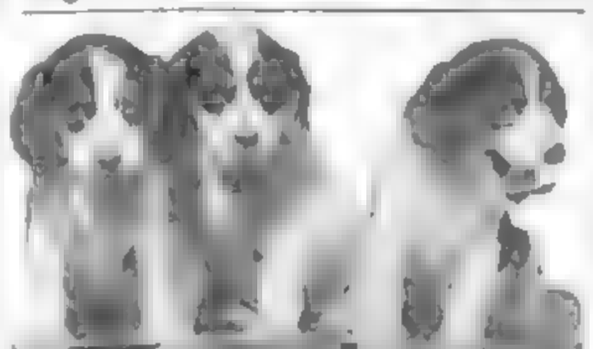

Austin's DOG BREAD

All summer dog troubles come from bad digestion. Feed Austin's Dog Bread twice a day and they will keep in perfect condition—digestion and disposition good, coat glossy, eyes bright, muscles hard.

Send us your Name and Address

And we'll mail you some Austin's free. Also a book, "About Dogs," which delights all dog-lovers. Give us your dealer's name, too, please. Austin's Puppy Bread for small dogs, under six months.

AUSTIN DOG BREAD & ANIMAL FOOD CO
253 Marginal Street Chelsea, Mass.

Investigate its strength and durability, its resistance to moisture, cold, heat and fire, and you'll see why it's *better* than lath and plaster as a *wall lining* for your house.

And it's the *wood core*—the centre layer of kiln-dried wood slats—that makes it better. It's this same feature that *identifies* the *genuine* Compo-Board.

Write for testing sample and interesting book of original decoration suggestions.

Compo-Board is sold by dealers everywhere in strips four feet wide and in desired lengths, from one to eighteen feet.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.
4303 Lyndale Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

What you tell Bill and Jack has made Fatima the most popular 15 cent cigarette in the world. Friends telling friends about "that can't-be-equalled Fatima blend" has made Fatima outsell any other 15 cent cigarette by 3 to 1

FATIMA THE TURKISH BLEND Cigarette

20 Distinctively Individual FATIMAS 15¢

The CIGARETTE with 3 times as many friends

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"Cut Price" Roofing Means "Cut Price" Quality

The General says:

Trying to save money by purchasing cheap roofing is penny-wise foolishness. A man in Iowa saved $8.00 on a cheap roofing and lost 32 tons of hay.

Buy materials that last

Certain-teed Roofing

Ask your dealer for products made by us—they bear our name

Asphalt Roofings (All grades and prices)
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Insulating Papers
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Plastic Roofing Cement
Asphalt Cement
Roof Coating
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Out-door Paints
Shingle Stains
Refined Coal Tar
Tar Coating

General Roofing Manufacturing Company

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Philadelphia Atlanta Cleveland Detroit
St. Louis Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco Seattle London Hamburg Sydney

However this is not a matter of principle, but of making money."

"But if you first establish ——"

"No," interrupted H. R. "If you make money the principle establishes itself. The situation does not call for a flash of inspiration, but for common sense. Listen carefully: Nothing is so timid as capital!"

"Well?" said Barrett, forgetting himself and speaking impatiently.

"Utilize it. Treat it as you would a problem in mathematics. You start with an axiom. Build on it. Capital is timid. Therefore, people who have money never do anything original; that is to say, venturesome; that is to say, courageous. All new enterprises are begun and carried through by people who have no money of their own to lose. I, single-handed, could defeat an army commanded by Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon and U. S. Grant if I could put into the pockets of each of the enemy's private soldiers six dollars in cash. No man likes to be killed with money in his clothes. Money is fear! Fear is unreasoning. I am opposed to injecting fear into the situation. No, sir, instead we must capitalize another human force. Have this printed—big blank margin—all the papers."

He gave them what he had written:

TO THE PUBLIC

We are Union Men but we are for Peace.
We do not hate Scabs. We pity them!
We do not pity Tightwads who make Scabs possible.
We ask for living wages, but also for the respect of the public.
Our Emblem is the Sign of the Ultimate Sandwich.
Every time you see a Sandwich Board without it you may be sure it belongs to a merchant who skimps his Advertising Appropriation.
If he skimps in that what won't he skimp in?
We advertise the High-Class Trade, honest advertisers who skimp in nothing to please the public.
We do not Advertise Frauds or Misers.
We could frighten off the Poor Men whose hunger makes Scabs of them.
We would have the approval of the Labor Organizations and of the Thinking Public.
But we are for the Law!
They can join our Union if they wish.
There is no Initiation Fee.
There is no compulsion to join.
The Tightwad Merchant may not be Dishonest. But ——
The Public must judge calmly.

American Society of Sandwich Artists.
H. R. Sec.

WE NEVER SOLICIT SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Andrew Barrett read it. His jaw dropped and he stared at H. R. Then he declared with conviction:

"Next to the Gettysburg address, this! We — Never — So-lic-it — Sub-scrip-tions! Where does it all come from?"

H. R. solemnly pointed to the ceiling of his office, meaning thereby, like most Americans, heaven. Max Onthemaker looked at him dubiously, the Deity being extrajudicial. Then he shook his head uncertainly. History had told of Peter the Hermit, Mohammed and others.

The public, when it read in the newspapers that these poor men did not believe in killing scabs, but hated tightwads and never asked for subscriptions, unmistakably and unreservedly espoused their cause. The man who skimped was the common foe of the free citizen.

Big Business took the trouble to tell the reporters that this was the kind of labor organization everybody could approve of. It was a check to Socialism. Big Business believes in some kinds of checks. The labor organizations could not condemn a union. They said they also were for peace and against the wretches who capitalized the hunger of their fellows. In twenty-four hours the scab-users surrendered! More clippings for Grace!

The Society of American Sandwich Artists prudently leased three more offices and prepared for the rush. It came. Orders poured in from scores of merchants.

The agent of the Allied Arts Building requested H. R. to vacate. He requested it three times an hour, from nine to six.

"The other tenants object to your sandwiches," the agent explained to H. R.

"Let 'em move out. We'll take the whole building—at a fair concession."

"Move out yourself!" shrieked the agent.

"See our lawyer," said H. R., and turned his back on the agent.

The agent called on Mr. Onthemaker.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" said Max. The agent fled, holding his watch in place.

XVI

IN THE very hour of his great success H. R. suddenly was confronted by the greatest menace to a political career—Wealth!

In one morning's mail he received three hundred and eighty-four offers to become the advertising Napoleon of big concerns, no limit to the advertising appropriations. He added up the aggregate offers of salary and maximum commissions. His income, if he accepted all the offers, would amount to $3,849,000 per annum.

So great is the danger and so widely recognized is it that nobody is worthy of respect until he is threatened by wealth with wealth. Should H. R. accept greatness to-day and let to-morrow bring the littleness? He did not reply to his correspondents. He thus went up in their estimation. To refuse to take money is something. To refuse even to refuse it is everything!

He therefore thought of himself. That made him think of Grace. He had no illusions about himself, but, what was far more intelligent, he had none about anybody else. He was aware that already the world was divided in its opinion of him. To some he was a humbug, to others a crank; to some a genius, to a few a dangerous demagogue.

People respect what they fear. Fear always puts humanity in the attitude of a rat in a corner. That is why people with a passion for making money naturally think of corners. To make millions of men follow is to make millions of dollars shake. But his was an infinitely more difficult problem—how to become the fear of the rich and at the same time be respected by the best element? He had no precedents by which to guide his steps; no example that he might modernize and follow. He reduced the problem to its simplest form. He would preach brotherhood! To stop the mouths that thereupon would call him Socialist he would cover his effort.

He would do something to attract the best element. That would bring in the mob. What begins by being fashionable always ends by being popular. Nobody had ever thought of making goodness a fad. Hence poverty and therefore wealth! He would take the first step that night.

He did. About eleven P. M. an excited feminine voice, more fashionable than a Fifth Avenue voice ever dared to be, called up one after another the city editors of the best papers and asked:

"Is it true that Grace Goodchild has eloped with Hendrik Rutgers?"

"We had not heard that ——"

"It is not true! It is not true!" shrieked the voice in the highest pitch of dismay, and rang off.

Having been told that it was not true the city editors, after vainly trying to get the speaker again, honorably called up the Goodchild residence. Nobody home! That was enough corroboration for any intelligent men, but the city editors dispatched their most reliable reporters to the former residence of the bride. Being prudent men the editors prepared the photographs. The headline was all a matter of final punctuation.

MISS GOODCHILD ELOPES

It remained for the make-up man to put an exclamation mark or a question mark after the word "elopes." The reporters could not get to either Mr. or Mrs. Goodchild or to H. R. or to Grace. The papers, therefore, did not say that the young people, whose courtship was a Fifth Avenue romance, had eloped. That might not be true. But they printed Grace's photographs and H. R.'s, and reviewed H. R.'s meteoric career and called the rumor a rumor. That was common sense. Also all the newspapers spoke about the Montagues and the Capulets.

At about two-thirty A. M. the reporters returned with expurgated versions of Mr. Goodchild's denial. But the pages were cast. The late city editions honorably printed: "Mr. Goodchild, when seen early this morning, denied the rumor."

It was thus at one stroke that the nuptials of Grace Goodchild and H. R. were definitely placed among the probabilities. The average New Yorker now knew it was only a matter of days.

TO BE CONTINUED)

The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush — Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

The one with the popular reputation. Your dentist will tell why.

The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Get a Morning Prophy-lac-tic and a Night Prophy-lac-tic

Buy two Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes next time and use them alternately. A tooth brush for morning and one for night use will outwear two brushes purchased at intervals. The bristles dry thoroughly after each use and so retain their elasticity. The twice-a-day use of a

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Brush your Teeth Up and Down

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

insures a tooth cleanliness that means sound teeth, sweet breath and personal attractiveness. Its serrated bristles curved to fit the arch of the teeth reach all the crevices and other starting places of decay. The big end tuft reaches around the backs of the back teeth—and the curved handle makes it really easy to *clean* the teeth

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Send for interesting free book on the care of the teeth

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When the first little ache signals tooth-trouble, then it is high time to seek out the cause. The cause most frequent is "Acid-Mouth." The way to fight "Acid-Mouth" is to use

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

Nine chances to one, "Acid-Mouth" is weakening the enamel of your teeth. When the enamel breaks, decay germs soon play havoc with the interior soft structure of the teeth

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Pebeco polishes teeth beautifully, purifies the mouth and gives a fine feeling of freshness and keenness.

Nine out of ten people are said to have "Acid-Mouth." If you have it, Pebeco is a necessity. You can make sure if you will

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Educational Division, Box 910
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

CONTRABAND OF WAR

(Continued from Page 10)

Then she could have bitten out her tongue because of that word "steal." She watched him, trembling.

"Steal it? That's good. It'll be pretty nearly a steal. But they say all's fair in love and war—and this is both. I'd do more than that for you—because you're my girl I found for myself."

"But a house! How can you —— Oh, Harry, darling, don't let your love for me egg you on to crime!" She whispered it hoarsely, her teeth chattering. Harry's dare-devil mirth almost rolled him off the fountain's rim.

"Oh, gee! That was funny!" When he had recovered he added: "You could egg me on to most anything. I'm so crazy over you!"

"Oh, Harry, dearest, I'll stick by you forever, no matter what comes!" She precipitated herself and her vow on his breast.

"You bet we'll stick—even if we go to jail!" He gave her a vehement embrace—and giggled. What soldier in the shell-racked trenches was braver than he?

When the twilight enveloped them, and stars lit their grove with intangible gleams of fervor, he said farewell.

"You'll wait for me here every night round seven-thirty or eight?" he pleaded.

"Yes, Harry. Whatever happens, I'll be here waiting for you every night. And if you should be—be stopped—and never come again for long years—I'll still be here waiting for you in the old Garden."

She watched him run skidding down the knoll. Ere she turned homeward she buried the Elsie knives under a heap of pebbles—by this act, as she knew, making herself his confederate. Could she do less for him when it was his love of her that had made him forget the booty he had risked his young liberty to purloin?

The Outlaw's Bride, aquiver and amazed with the wonder of romance, which had descended on her life between the time of leaving and reëntering the white gate to her Hofer dwelling, skirted the side of the house in order to ascertain through the windows, if possible, whether the Gideon grocer's boy had departed or not, and what might be her mother's attitude on the matter of her stripped larder. In tiptoeing to the dining-room window, where lights glowed, she tripped over Hen. He complained that he had lost his knife. Her mother's face wore its fatefullest expression; she talked in whispers.

When Margaret entered, in the hope of learning the worst, Mrs. Metz informed her that Herman's boy was a very handsome fellow—"*Ja;* healthy and very smart," Mr. Metz supplemented—and that he had loudly praised the chicken and the apple-cake! It was difficult to dissemble before such masterly dissimulation, which augured some subtle snare set for the Beloved Bandit. Margaret betook herself to bed.

The June moon lent light enough for her disrobing, a process that to-night was slow with rapture.

Could she be Maggie Metz, and this humdrum Taborville? How far she seemed to have left it behind! Her heart fluttered with delicious terror. She whispered:

"I'll never go back on him, no matter what he does. Even if 'twas murder, I know he wouldn't do it—'cept it was for manslaughter or self-defense."

She saw her future roll out on the screen.

Scene One: Heroine Maggie, in their little stolen home, at black midnight, trembling and praying for the outlaw's safe return. Though at one time very popular socially, she has eschewed Taborville society and given up all her girl friends because they would be a menace to Harry. Ah! His step! Business of glad relief as she rushes into his arms, pretending not to see the heavy bag of booty on his shoulders; for she will never let him know that she knows he is a thief.

Scene Two: Later. Heroine, with baby in arms. Baby like Clara's, but more fat and beautiful. Moonlight. Enter Harry. He is overcome by baby's resemblance to her—chiefly in the eyes—and the sweet sanctity of the moment. Falls on his knees beside her and confesses all. Vows then and there to renounce his wild, hazardous life of crime and go into the grocery business with her father. Once he has found this—the true—outlet for his wonderful business talents, all will be well.

Theater orchestra—needing tuning—obliges with Star-Spangled Banner.

These rapt thoughts possessed her until yawns overcame her. She crumpled down by the bed in her starched, stout and serviceable white nightie, and prayed with sweet fervor for her beloved:

"O Lord, protect him in all his awful crimes and take us both to heaven at the Last Day. Amen!"

Then having placed her trust in the Higher Power, she laid cheek to pillow and dropped into deep slumber.

In ravishing felicity and palpitating panic the days went by. Sometimes Harry was very late in coming. Once he came not at all. Ophelia went only one step farther in mad anguish than did Maggie Metz that eve by Green Gardens' fountain. He was captured—and her own mother had set the snare! Ay, this was the fell purpose that had lurked behind those fibs concerning Herman's boy's compliments to the food.

Her reason was automatically restored at five P. M. the next day, when the Taborville United Evening, and so on, reported further daring exploits of the Rations Bandit, as it now called her precious one—he was safe, near her and free and busy! In the place of Mrs. Songbird Pitto's bowl of cottage cheese he had left a torn print of Perry at the Battle of Lake Erie. As usual, every lock and bar was in place. Margaret felt a wicked throb of pride at her Harry's dexterity and a new tenderness for his noble patriotism gone astray.

When he appeared that evening she flew to his arms and clung there, gasping:

"Oh, Harry! Oh, Harry!"

He squeezed her vehemently.

"Glad as all that to see me? Didn't know you thought me such a bunch!" His delight was manifest. "Couldn't get here last night. I was after that house. Bet you I do get it inside of a week! Then I'll go after some furniture! Look what a wizard I am with the eats! Well, you *wait!* You wait till you see our house!"

Full of lover's gossip, he stayed so late that he missed the last through route, which went halt and maim at nine-thirty.

"Don't worry," he cautioned, taking the situation merrily; "I can sleep outdoors. It's hot as a blanket anyway. No people live in the Great Man's house now, do they?"

"No; it's all closed up."

"I'll sleep on the porch, then, and take the first car over in the morning."

"That'll be five-thirty." Again she thrilled to the sunny courage that feared not capture. She would prove her spirit worthy of his.

"I'll bring you some coffee as soon as it's light."

"Will you? You're great!" He hugged her with enthusiasm.

That secret love and a dual life bring dangers she already knew. Now she must experience their sacrifices too. She must keep herself awake all night or she might oversleep in the morning.

Her beloved, after a dewy night spent partly on the hard boards of the porch and partly in perilous ravages among hostile food ports, must have his hot coffee at dawn. Margaret walked on tiptoes up and down her room until she fell asleep en route and tumbled fortunately—and soundlessly—half over a padded chair. This woke her. It was no time for gentle half measures. She set her teeth, held her eyes staring open by main force, and plunged her head into the pail of ice water she had brought upstairs with her as an ally.

So long as her teeth chattered she found sentry duty easy; but presently the refreshing coolness of her skin brought a delicious feeling of sleepiness. She gave one yearning look at her pillow; the next instant, with shame of her cowardice, she denounced herself as a traitor.

"It's got to be done!" she said aloud, and stuck her foot into the pail, smothering the shriek in a bath towel. This drastic treatment she continued at intervals throughout her long watch. She kept awake; but her longing for slumber was so great and the cool ankle-plunges so unpleasant that, between the set of stars and the wake of dawn, she wept—even though she scorned herself for it, seeing that she was safe, however uncomfortable, while he ——

Ah, heaven! Perhaps even now he lay a bound captive before some waking housewife's jam closet! Before dawn the ice melted and the water became tepid; it

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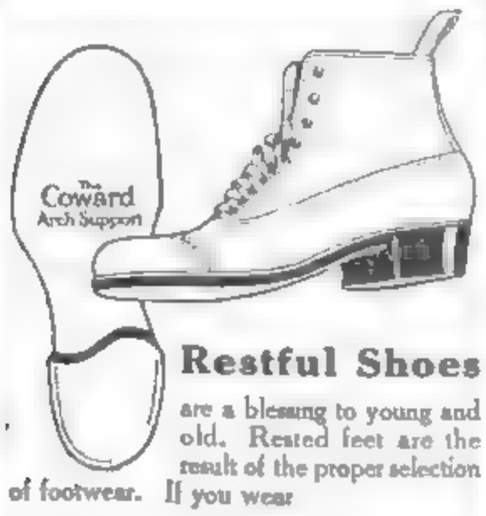

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could no longer be relied on to keep her awake. The fear of sleep was agonizing. She tickled her toes with a feather and prayed.

At the first gleam of pearl on the air she dressed hastily and, carrying her shoes, stole down to the kitchen. Boiling that love cup was a thrilling experience. At any moment her mother might awake—or Hen, who often crawled out for early fishing in the summer mornings. She dared not fry bacon, though there was a pound neatly sliced on a plate close to the larder screen.

The window was open a hand's width. This was a circumstance suspicious enough to warrant crafty investigation. To reach the bacon bait thus temptingly displayed, the thief outside must pass his hand and wrist through the steel jaws of a trap hidden from him by cunningly arranged pots and paper wrappings. When he grasped the bacon the jaws would snap to, holding him fast; for the chain of the trap was nailed to the board shelf.

In horror, turning from this torturous sight, Margaret seized her pail of coffee and some old cups not in daily use, and went in quest of her brave, uttering deep thanks for his providential escape; the tickling feathers of the wings of prayer had borne him afar from danger's fell snare! She found him yawning on the porch.

"Gee! You look fresh as a rose," he volunteered; "and, what's better yet, you smell of coffee." He embraced her fervently. "Say, I slept inside."

"Harry! How? It's all locked tight!"

He answered her airily:

"Locks are nothing to your Uncle Harry! I smashed a bit of glass and uncatched the window, pushed it up and crawled in. Regular cracksman, eh?" His naïve pride was touching, she thought. "Found a couch and some rugs inside, among the boxes of packed stuff in there, and slept warm and comfy, except for a couple of mice that seemed to be nesting in the couch springs and ran round kind of peeved every time I turned over. What's to eat?"

She gazed on him in sweet awe.

"Why, bread, dear. I was afraid to take anything else." She spoke very humbly of her weakness.

"Huh! I wish we had a side of bacon. We could cook it in there in the grate. Too early for anybody to spot the chimney smoke, which wouldn't be much anyway."

He was demolishing his second large slice of bread when an inspiration came to him. As was customary in his moments of daring, he giggled.

"Oh, what is it, Harry?" she quavered forth in apprehension.

"Remember the supper I fetched you Sunday?" Did she! "I think it's worth trying for a breakfast. I'll call on that witch again."

Oh, why had she not removed that trap of death? She seized his arm, her eyes distended; she wailed—uselessly.

"I believe you think I stole that supper," he bragged joyously.

Despite her desperate pleas, which amused him mightily, he scudded down the knoll. If he should round the street corner below the wall and turn along to that treacherous larder window! She clasped her hands and rocked in anguish. Just as she had convinced herself that the worst had happened, she saw him returning. He was even merrier than usual. He bore a piece of bacon in his hands, and a small box.

"What did I tell you?" cheerfully. "Now we'll go inside, make a fire with the box"—he proceeded to break it—"and toast the bacon. It's already sliced, praises be!"

He stepped in and she followed him through the window, worshiping. One pound of sliced bacon normally resembles another pound sliced; this could not be the one she had seen earlier this morning!

They cooked their stolen breakfast in the departed Great One's library, among huge cases of packed books and bric-a-brac. They took their ease on the window seat, and ate their toasted bacon and bread and coffee on a low Oriental inlaid table. She explained to him that the kinsfolk, who were the present owners, were away camping for two months; and that the hired caretaker made only one perfunctory visit daily, usually about noon.

"I'm not going to wait more than another week to get married," Harry stated. "Why waste time? We could live here a while, get married on the quiet, and keep house in here until things go my way; I'd go over every morning to business and you could run home—and who'd know the difference?

You must do it all yourself

Don't imagine that your superiors are going to help you to a higher level or that your subordinates are working hard to push you up. Both are working for *their own* advancements—not yours. You must do the pushing and pulling yourself. If you want a bigger job you must be a bigger man. You cannot advance with a mental equipment that is just big enough for your present job.

The man who goes ahead *bulges out* of the old job because it cramps his growing powers. The department manager who became general manager had first to learn how the other departments—sales, advertising, finance, accounting—were run. He learned banking, transportation, organization, commercial law. He knew so much more than anyone else that they *had* to make him general manager. And he *stayed* general manager because he kept on learning.

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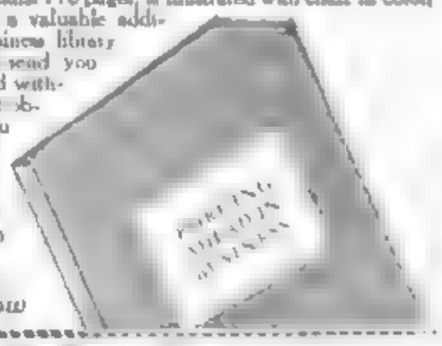

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The famous "Beagle Mercedes" of Europe. No cracking [illegible] sparking points. [illegible] Dealers or direct from us $1.50. HERZ & CO., 235 W. 55th St., New York

HOW ONE PAIR of PIGEONS EARNED ME ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

I am an Indiana man, sixty years old. ¶ Shows what can be done with Plymouth Rock stock and our instruction; how this man's story is in our big free book for 1915, "How to Make Money Breeding Squabs." Start small, grow big. Write today

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 217 Howard Street, Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts.

BILLINGS & SPENCER
Machinists and Auto **TOOLS**
In a tight place, the best is not too good.
Hartford Ct.
TRADE MARK

Wrenches
Pliers
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Hammers
Ratchets
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Better Bicycle Tires For Less Money

$2.48 Each Smooth Tread **$2.75** Non-Skid

It is no longer necessary to pay more than $2.48 to get the best in bicycle tires.

Goodyear Akron tires will give you longest [illegible] $2.48 [illegible] non-skid. We give you [illegible] through wonderful factory efficiency. Goodyear-Akrons cost more for material than most tires selling at nearly twice their price. But our wonderful factory organization makes our manufacturing cost far lower.

Besides, we are content with a very small profit. So you get [illegible] at prices that [illegible] before been approached.

Up to 10,000 Tires a Day Goodyear-Akron Bicycle Tires are built in a factory where the output runs as high as 10,000 [illegible] They are made with [illegible] Goodyear-Akrons bring greater value at lower price.

ASK YOUR DEALER. Responsible dealers will always get Goodyear Akrons for you from our nearest branch when they have none in stock. They know that, dollar for dollar you cannot approach this value. Our prices are the same everywhere: $2.48 each [illegible] non-skid. Accept no substitute.

GOODYEAR AKRON

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires (2384)

Ivory Garters feel good to bare legs

IVORY GARTER, without metal or pads, is comfortable any time, but in scorching weather it is doubly welcome.

Ivory Garter fasteners can't rust or corrode, tear your sock or chafe your skin. An Ivory Garter lessens sweating. It is light as a silk sock, cool and sanitary. There are no pads or extra material on it. And every pair of Ivory Garters is guaranteed satisfactory or your money comes back.

Altogether the Ivory is a most amazing garter, and it simply shatters every garter grudge you ever had. 25c and 50c at most haberdashers. If not at yours, buy from us.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S.PAT.OFFICE

Dealers: Ivory Garters make friends with men who want comfort. Write for our proposition.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans.

Ten-Foot-Pole Salesmanship

THIS photograph was sent to us by a traveler returning from a trip on a St. Lawrence River boat. When the boat stopped at an Ontario town, the passenger, Mr. Billings Cook, walked to the rail of the upper deck. Just as he leaned over, a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* appeared before his eyes and a voice below cried out: "This week's *Post*, sir!" Looking down upon the dock, Mr. Cook observed the scene shown in the picture. By inquiry from the crew of the steamer, he learned that this boy meets each boat that stops at the town and displays his copies in this way. The buyer lifts his purchase from the end of the pole and tosses a nickel to the boy below.

Our Selling Plan Will Develop and Train Any Boy's Reasoning Faculties

Your boy may not need to use a ten-foot pole to serve the customers he can easily get, but the suggestions we'll send will make him think, and he'll find equally clever ways of making sales. By our plan he can get a splendid business experience and at the same time earn his own spending money. Upon request we'll tell him how to do it.

Sales Division, Box 908

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I don't know as I like Hofer's style of house any better than this," he concluded with condescension, as he glanced at the Egyptian scheme of decoration, which a very famous artist had designed.

"Hofer! I wouldn't live in a Hofer house!" she snorted proudly.

"You would if I lived there!" he retorted gayly, kissed her several farewells, and departed, leaping merrily down to the car.

It was still too early for her parents to be astir when Margaret reëntered the kitchen. She felt curiosity about that bacon; so she looked into the pantry.

The trap was gone; also the bait. Instead, there was a piece of paper, pinned down and bearing large, irregularly printed letters:

"Your submarine tactics is against international law. Food blockade must be effective.

"By order of Kaiser, Germany;

"Per Karlsruhe."

Mutely wondering what the message might mean, Margaret stole into her room. She would be less apprehensive hereafter. Her fears were an insult to a man who could detect and nullify danger in such fashion—instantaneously! That evening the Taborville United Evening, and so on, related the complete emptying of four pantries during the night. The trap suggested to her that her mother was using only local and personal means against the thief; and so her deepest anxiety was at an end.

Mrs. Metz had vetoed sharply Mr. Metz' impulsive plans to advertise the theft of that Sabbath meal in the Taborville United Evening, and so on, and to go to Gideon on Monday and give Herman a piece of his mind.

"Wait!" she said. "We don't know everything yet. One thing sure, we'll tell Gretchen he came and we think he's a fine fellow; so she will feel bad for such tempers as going out all day when he is coming. Let her worry! Maybe Herman writes to us something; then, you see, you are foolish to spend carfares. Also, one thing sure, I don't make a fool of myself in the paper like Mrs. McCullup and Baum."

As always, her counsel prevailed. On Wednesday a note came from Herman saying briefly that he was glad his son had such a good time at their house on Sunday and was so taken with their daughter. If the war showed signs of a speedy conclusion he would come himself on the following Sunday.

"Rosa, what is this he says here! I go at once over and ask him." Mr. Metz reached for his coat. His wife took it away from him.

"No! We wait till he comes; then we ask it. Don't argue, poppa. I got hunches."

He noted with trepidation the light in her eye. It indicated that Mrs. Metz—in mundane matters the most practical of women—had reached once again a point where mere facts palled. She was about to adventure into the psychic.

"What kind of hunches, Rosa?"

"I don't know—but I got them."

Sunday passed without Herman. Monday came and found them still in the dark. Mr. Metz could hardly be restrained; but Mrs. Metz' hunches still counseled watchful waiting. A few days later Herman wrote again; the letter revolutionized the household régime. Mrs. Metz spent the day in the store with her husband, so that they might discuss it between customers and away from all possible eavesdropping by the children. Herman wrote:

"*Dear Friend Heinrich:* What I never suspected to happen is, my boy goes over every night since he meets your girl. Seventy-five cents for nine days one way and seven days the other way, since he stays two nights now all night to Mr. Schmidt, your friend's house next door. All what we can't afford! He makes me no rest, saying I should make the payments to Hofer right off, so he can get married. I said I would write you something; but Heinie says no—better not butt in till the house is bought. Hofer says your girl's got plenty of fellows crazy over her and if Heinrich don't hurry he won't get her."

"Ach, you see, Rosa? I told you Hofer is my friend." Mr. Metz paused in reading to make this aside.

"And I say, so Heinrich has got plenty of girls crazy over him, and rich girls also; but I say no, money is nothing to us; friendship all, we stand united for Germany." "Bluffer!"—this from Mrs. Metz. "Hofer says, also, I should make payments to him for their house, so as to fix the marriage quick; for maybe you don't think my boy is such-a-much. He comes in my store to tell me this. Then he says: 'Well, Mr. Metz, I buy a box of tea biscuit.' I don't take his dime. I say: 'Mr. Hofer, since now they want to starve Germany, tea biscuit is twenty-five cents a box. Such hardships war makes.' And he pays me a quarter.

"Friend Heinrich, that is my answer when they tell me my boy is not so much. So Sunday I come over and we fix the wedding—so Heinrich don't have to car-ride no more. Such expenses can't go on. It is wasteful. How crazy he must be for your girl when he goes every night, and two times so late he misses car home. They should get married. Greetings!

"Your friend, HERMAN METZ.

"P. S. If you still got Rosa for your wife you could give her my greetings.

"Y. F. H. M."

"Rosa, if your hunches is working, now is the time they should show up something."

Thus Mr. Metz capitulated and called on that which, from experience, he feared. The problem was beyond human power to solve.

"Poppa, my hunches has got me scared." She spread before him the scrawled paper left by the thief on her pantry shelf and pointed to the signature.

"What's this? What has it to do?" Mr. Metz chattered fussily, peering through his thick spectacles.

"It says: 'By order of Kaiser, Germany; per Karlsruhe.' Poppa, the thief that takes my pound of bacon and my Sunday cooking is German. Also, some nights he takes from houses all over town—what he couldn't do except he stays in town all night to do it!"

"Rosa, you think ——" The paper in his hand shook.

"Wait! When is the first time he steals something? You don't notice such things. A man's got no hunches. It takes Rosa. The first time is the day we get Herman's first letter! The paper comes first and says he steals Kinred's boiled ham and Rosset's cruet stand ——"

"Rosa, what you say is all foolishness. To make out Herman's boy comes over to Taborville and steals a ham, when his father keeps a grocer store! That is not a hunch, Rosa—that is a heat stroke."

Mrs. Metz passed over the affront lightly. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes glistened.

"Don't annoy me! Herman says: 'Let us stand united for Germany!' Then again he says: 'When they want to starve Germany.' Poppa, it is so plain I don't wonder you don't see it! Now wait!" She opened a soiled, battered book she had brought with her.

"What has Heinie's geography schoolbooks to do here?" her mystified spouse demanded, following in amazement her rapid turning to a map of the state of Indiana.

She plucked a steel hairpin, straightened it for a pointer and dug it into Taborville.

"Look, poppa, Taborville is right by Bubble Wash Creek. Gideon has no creek. Don't talk. Listen! Water is high in Bubble Wash right now. A boat could go on it. Watch now, poppa, where the hairpin goes—here, along Bubble Wash, and down—down; and here some more creeks comes in, always making bigger ——"

"That don't look like creeks, Rosa; that could be railroads."

"It could—if you want to annoy me! The fact is a creek don't flow into a railroad, but a river. So Bubble Wash always gets bigger and faster, and can carry boats into Wabash River. Now watch the hairpin, poppa! Here Wabash comes—always going down the map—rivers don't run uphill, poppa—and comes into Mississippi, and then goes down—where you think, poppa?" Her voice was husky with the pressure of excitement.

Mr. Metz shook his head.

"I better not mix in. It's your hunch."

"Into Atlantic Ocean! Where is German warships, waiting to take food to Germany! Yes, poppa. Herman's boy is breaking neutrality! Not only food he takes but cruet stand, knives and steel trap, and pewter lids off Jewly Baum's steins—all what the paper says they need in Germany for the

(Continued on Page 60)

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1915 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co

Tobacco that puts the hush on that hankering!

Prince Albert just lets down the bars and leads you right into the jimmy pipe and cigarette makin's pasture; just issues a peace permit to smoke away all day long *without* a nipped tongue or parched throat—and makes you realize *for once* that you never tasted such happy days tobacco in your whole life! *The patented process fixes that*—and muffles the bite!

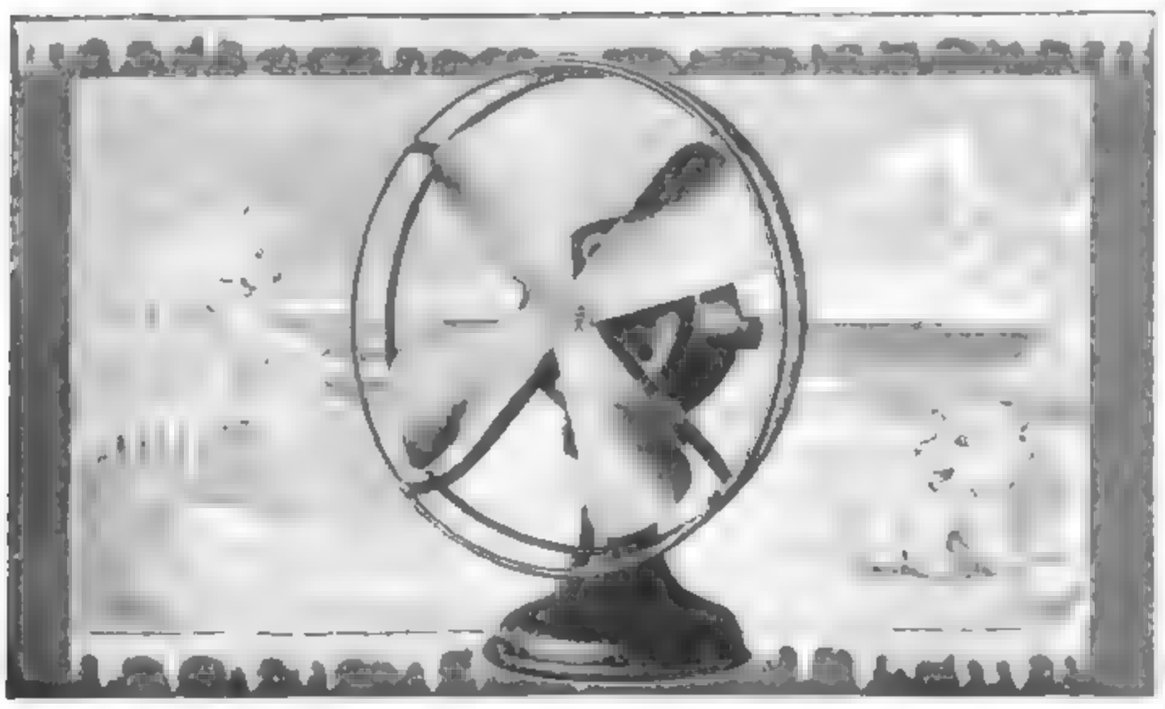
You men who roll your own, or who *would smoke a pipe if you dared,* we say, draw your chairs in close and listen, because Prince Albert has made thousands of smokers *change their notions;* has dug thousands of friendly old pipes out of dusty, dark corners! But there are thousands still to know the joy Prince Albert puts into a makin's cigarette and into a pipe.

No matter how sensitive your tongue or throat may be, it's an odds-on bet you'll pick P. A. for keeps if you'll loosen-up and let it break into your system for a spell! You sure *won't let it get out* once you sift in some of that P. A. flavor and aroma. And it's passed on to you—*with all the cards on the table*—that there isn't a bite in a barrel of Prince Albert, *no matter which end you open!*

Any regular kind of a citizen is invited to land on some P. A. as soon as he can *inside the speed limit!* For Prince Albert will prove out so true, rolled into a cigarette or jammed in a jimmy pipe, that you'll stay up pretty late trying to get your fill before the cocks call the opening of the next a. m.!

Prince Albert awaits your howdy-do in every corner of the nation. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c. It's a wise hunch to hit the trail to the pound crystal-glass humidor with the sponge-moistener top which keeps P. A. at high-top-notch perfection. Also, in handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Polar Cub Electric Fan

$5.00

Never before has it been possible to buy such an efficient fan for such a reasonable price.

This is the fan that everyone can afford—the fan that you have been waiting for. No longer need you swelter on summer days and nights. The Polar Cub Electric Fan brings you refreshing coolness without prohibitive cost.

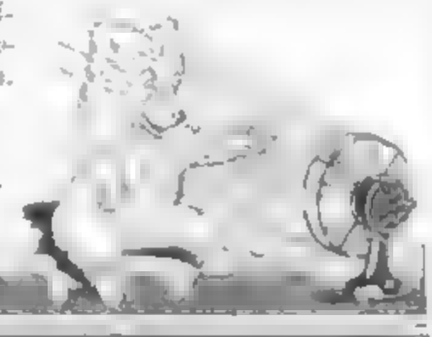
It can be run six hours for an average cost of one cent. It operates on either direct or alternating current, 105 to 115 volts. It is 8 inches high, has 6-inch blades, is adjustable to any angle and is handsomely finished in velvet black with nickel trummings. Every fan is fully guaranteed.

Make your home comfortable by buying several of these individual fans. Increase the hot-weather efficiency of your employees by equipping your office with them.

Traveling men, stenographers, men and women who spend the summer in furnished rooms or stuffy hotel rooms—all can afford the Polar Cub Electric Fan.

Buy the Polar Cub of your dealer. But if you have any trouble in finding it, write us, giving your dealer's name; we will tell you where you can buy it or see that you are supplied.

Write for illustrated folder giving full details of this efficient, low-priced fan.



THE MYSTO MANUFACTURING CO.
400 Foote Street New Haven, Conn.

DEALERS: If you haven't stocked the Polar Cub Electric Fan, write us promptly for particulars and prices

You would hardly dream that a woman who is the mother of seven children and who does her own housework and sewing would have enough time to develop and maintain a business big enough to enable her to spend $500.00 for the college education of two of her children.

Yet that is exactly what Mrs. Hester Cunningham, of Michigan, succeeded in doing. And now that these two children have graduated from college, she is putting her money in bank.

The point about Mrs. Cunningham's achievement is not that she had more time on her hands than one would imagine, but that she made use of the very little spare time that she did have.

The money to defray the college expenses of Mrs. Cunningham's two children and the money she now has in bank was earned by looking after the local subscriptions and renewals of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

If you should like to accomplish what Mrs. Cunningham did, you will be interested in our plan for turning your spare time into cash. Address

Agency Division, Box 913 THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Philadelphia, Penna.

(Continued from Page 58)

war! Contrabands!" She paused, breathless and glittering with intellectual triumph.

Mr. Metz was impressed; but he considered:

"Rosa, by the time that food gets to Germany it ain't very appetizing."

"What is that to such a united nation?"

"You think he can get enough food to do any good, snooping round Taborville? A ham don't go so far in Germany."

"I say in every town on Bubble Wash there is somebody sending food—not only Taborville. Spies everywhere! They arrange it all long before the war. German efficiency!"

"Rosa, are you sure your imagination isn't working too much?"

"There is the map—government, not Rosa, makes it. Imagination is something I never had; only a woman sees some things what to a man is dark."

"That is so," he admitted. "Anyhow, it will be better that I write Herman now to come for sure on Sunday." He reached for pen and paper.

"And to not make Hofer any payments till he hears what we got to tell him." Mrs. Metz returned sharply to routine and business matters. "Hofer's a man that can look out too good for himself. I'm sore about that quarter."

Mrs. Metz was not only justly proud of her culinary art; she was kind-hearted and hospitable. On Saturday she cooked extensively, so that she might break the startling news to Herman with savory accompaniments. Lest Herman's boy should confiscate this supper for the military exigencies of Potsdam, she packed it over to the store and shut it up safely in the big ice chest.

Of all this Margaret knew nothing. The day found her so deeply immersed in her own thoughts that even the odors of fine viands penetrated not with significance. Mrs. Metz and her hamper were no sooner diminishing on the horizon than Margaret set off for Green Gardens, with a sweeping cloak over her arm, which hid an ancient, bulging carpetbag.

On Thursday eve her beloved hero had come to her with scowling brow and set jaw. A hitch prevented the desired house from becoming his at once. Either they must wait, which was not to be considered—"Certainly not, Harry!"—or they must elope on Sunday to Kingdom Corners, near by, be married by some nice parson—"Oh, any parson, Harry!"—and make the Great One's mansion their secret marital home.

It was not the customary arrangement for two hearts made one; but, as they stood and planned it, steeped in sweet pea and rose vines, with the balmy moonlit air translating their theme in the irresistible terms of June's language to youth, it was seen to be not so much romantic and wondrous as natural and proper.

"Why waste time, since young love is only an annual, like us?" the verbenas queried fragrantly. "I urge it," boomed the big bass frog in the fountain bowl. "Don't keep me waiting!" crinkled the bronze baby. In all Green Gardens there was not an argument raised against it.

Therefore on this prenuptial Saturday, Margaret, unmindful of parental designs, was preparing the Great One's library for habitation. From the cedar chest she abstracted cushions and bedding and sundry other comforts. She brought over a hat and street attire—useful if they must flee for his life suddenly to foreign parts. Lastly she carried—in a large paper bag, very carefully—the bridal veil, tucked on a wreath. She had stitched it surreptitiously by the bright moonlight, when the household was still but for her father's rhythmic snore.

On her last trip home, after carefully closing the library window and drawing a rambler spray over the cut pane, she passed the time of day with Clem Chicker, the caretaker, who was making his perfunctory daily round. Clem was seventy, deaf and wooden-legged.

It so happened that Clem sat him down to rest on the fountain rim and poked idly among the grass and pebbles with his walnut limb. It also happened that he met Mr. and Mrs. Metz coming from the store to lunch, and exhibited what he had found. Mrs. Metz knew that silver blackens, though Clem did not; she bought the knife and silence from him for a nickel.

"In Green Gardens he finds it, eh?"

"Don't talk to me, poppa! Silence is better—till I get a hunch."

On Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Metz sat at their table with two guests. Only light refreshments—salad, sandwiches, sherbets and cakes—were served at this hour, the grand spread being later. Unexpectedly to his hosts, the designer of Hofer Houses had accompanied Herman Metz, of Gideon. Mr. Hofer had a grievance: He desired to know why Heinrich Metz, of Taborville, had advised Herman not to lay down the first payment—considering the pains he, Hofer, had been at to spur on the match. He mentioned *sotto voce* the tea-biscuit incident and looked tenderly hurt, as only a very round, plump blond man can.

Herman Metz was weeping softly into a cup of sherbet, while Rosa, hairpin and geography in hand, expounded. He was of the same type as Heinrich Metz, Senior, with all points emphasized—taller, fatter, balder and shorter-sighted.

"And all this—you found it out with a hunch?" he queried mistily from time to time. "It is almost too much to believe it."

"Don't take it so hard, Mr. Herman Metz," the lady of the house urged. "Your mistake is you made too much of Germany with your boy instead of America. Hyphen is no good. One country is enough to make a man patriotic. When there is two, it muddles. *Hoch* America! and Gideon *Über Alles!* would have done better by your boy than Stand United for Germany. No, Mr. Herman Metz—let us stand united for Hoosiers!"

"And for the home," Mr. Hofer supplemented, cracking a pecan with his teeth. "Every Hoosier should have his own home. Let us trust the future, friends. What is three hundred down?"

There were no takers. Rosa gave him a cold look.

"What I say, Mr. Herman Metz, is we should go now and look for your boy if he is hiding in Green Gardens, where he buries the knife. The paper last night says: 'All Taborville begins to be roused.'"

"Would I have to make good all that food, you think?" Herman put by his sandwich as though the taste had suddenly gone from it. "*Ach*, what a wicked war! Such sufferings of noncombatants!"

"When will Dove of Peace come brooding?" Heinrich asked of the company in general.

"Trust the future. Buy a dovecote today for the young folks." Then Mr. Hofer added casually: "What is two hundred and seventy-five down?"

"Another time will do for dovecotes, Mr. Hofer," Rosa said tartly, appearing not to notice his voluntary reduction. "Just now we got to go and save Herman's boy, what is plotting against United States Government neutrality over in Green Gardens."

"Taborville United Evening last night says he didn't take anything Friday night," Heinrich put in; "so why he stays over I don't see. I don't want to annoy you, Friend Herman—but maybe somebody shoots him!"

"Come, let us look at the bright side, Mr. Herman Metz," Rosa spoke cheerily, "till we find out worse. Only I say again: Hyphen is no good. If you had raised your boy all Stars and Stripes this would not happen. To try to put two heads on American eagle is something I don't advise. It is all right like God makes it. Don't annoy it."

Mrs. Metz rose and led them forth. Halfway to the Gardens she stopped and sent Mr. Hofer back for the ladder.

"This is not a time for pride and thinking of Sunday clothes, Mr. Hofer. Carry it on your shoulder like when you first come to America whitewashing by the day. It's nothing against you."

As generalissimo she led the way round the wall down to the cartracks. They must not cross the clear spaces of the Gardens, but must surprise their quarry in his lair by a rear attack. Under Rosa's directions the ladder was planted firmly in the earthbank from which rose the five-foot wall.

One by one, Mrs. Metz preceding, they mounted and rolled over the top and dropped, with jarred grunts, among the shrubs. It was a gasping, apoplectic feat; all further action was postponed for some minutes.

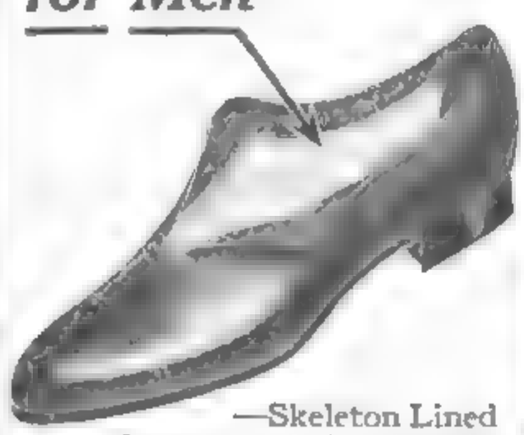
The air was very hot and still. In panting they drew in more of it than in ordinary suspirations; and it became apparent to them presently that all was not well with the balmy air of Green Gardens. They regarded each other—mute, distressful, interrogative.

"Last year I saw Chicago Stockyards," Mr. Hofer volunteered. "This is like it."

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

Here's the Summer Shoe for Men



—Skeleton Lined

for coolness—an exclusive Florsheim feature that prevents chafing at the heel and eliminates all warm weather foot troubles.

Why wear leather lined low shoes for Summer when cloth lining absorbs perspiration and outwears the linings ordinarily used? Every Florsheim low shoe is **Skeleton Lined.** Priced at $5 and up to $7. A style for every taste.

Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request.

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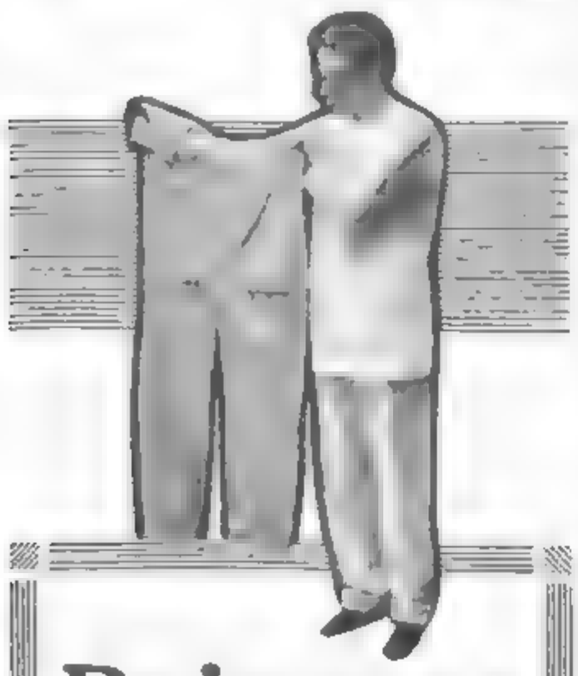

Pajamas Perfected

Stylish One-Piece Pajama
Called Pajunion

The coat of this ideal summer sleeping garment can't [illegible] Nor can the trousers slip down. It is a cool, [illegible] pajama suit, without any binding trouser [illegible] The [illegible] ever [illegible] come in all patterns

Write for Sample Swatches
and illustrated list. There are 117 other Styles of

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

For All the Family—All the Year

You can buy the Pajunion from several thousand good dealers at regular pajama prices—$1 to $3—or direct from us if your own dealer hasn't it. Send your dealer's name when you write.

H. B. Glover Co., Dept. 33, Dubuque, Iowa

"If I lived in Taborville I would get vaccinated; but Gideon is very healthy."

Under the circumstances it was not tactful of Herman to touch on municipal rivalries in so blunt a fashion. Mrs. Metz recalled in one clear flash all her personal and unavenged affronts at the hands of his Gideon son, and she felt inspired to doctor his self-complacency.

"As a father, Mr. Herman Metz, do you smell nothing?"

"*Lieber Gott!*"

"If nothing smells like this I hope I never smell something," was Mr. Hofer's expressed wish.

"Rosa, this is no time for hunches. If Herman's boy is dead, tell us!"

"*Lieber Gott!*"

"I say this is all foolishness, Rosa, Friend Herman, Mr. Hofer. Friday his poppa saw him. Two days only—even without ice. No, no! All foolishness! It could be a cat?"

Heinrich's pleading looks met only the sternest regard from his better half.

"It could—if you want to annoy me!"

"I don't believe it; but to hear such things spoken upsets me." Tears mixed with the summer dew on Herman's cheeks.

"Why did I come here, carrying ladders? To find out something. Let us go where it leads us—and no longer depend on hunches. As a business man and builder of Hofer Houses, I say I never made one dollar by a hunch. Dreams after bedtime, my friends; but in daytime, dollars and cents."

He intended Mrs. Metz to experience just the particular feeling that submerged her. Her eyes flashed steel; her tone came from the deeps of a wrathy wound:

"*Ja*, Mr. Hofer; we all know how you are in business hours! Twenty-five cents for tea biscuit!"

"It gets worse while you wait," Heinrich contributed, not alluding to the tea biscuit. "Let us go and see for sure if it is Herman's boy."

"*Lieber Gott!*"

"Which I don't believe. Even without ice ——"

Perspiring, they thrashed their way through the thicket, whither it beckoned them with increasing authority. When it became altogether unbearable they came suddenly into an earthy space under the slope of the shrubbery, and stepped almost on ——

"Don't look!" Mrs. Metz screamed, and waved her handkerchief in Herman's face.

She was mistaken. The long, tapering, rough-board, odoriferous shape was not a coffin. Being instructed in architecture, Mr. Hofer was able to point that out at once. On examination the object proved to be a rude boat.

It was about ten feet long and four feet high to its deck. Timbers, from cordwood to barn doors, were utilized in its construction. It flew the Stars and Stripes; and its name was United States United Sons of Taborville Superdreadnought, painted with large black pride. It was armed with stovepipe cannon, saws, axes, knives, baseballs, marbles, a cruet stand, a steel trap, and other ammunition.

Aft, it carried supplies [illegible]ies, bread, jam, and a bowl of cottage cheese—this last assisting in tincturing the air. The worst, the insufferable odor came up through the open hatch.

"Rosa, this boat is not built to sail Bubble Wash."

"Poppa, is it the time to annoy me, when we don't know what is passed away in there? Mr. Hofer, you got better eyes than the other gentlemen. Lean over and look in, and ——"

"*Danke schön*, Mrs. Metz. It is by your hunches we come here—carrying ladders—and so all the honor to discover the corpse should go to you. Ladies first!"

Her expressive countenance revealed Mrs. Metz' opinion of this gallantry; but Rosa was no shirker. She grasped her nostrils firmly, covered her mouth, and leaned over Tophet. When she lifted her face it was pale.

"Mr. Hofer, forget selfishness and look."

Emulating her simple precautions, Mr. Hofer peered within.

"*Ja*, I see two legs and boots."

"*Lieber Gott!*"

The father's optimism fled. In spite of Heinrich's supporting hands Herman collapsed and rolled weeping to the sod. He knelt there, clutching at the dreadnought, and moaned.

"Should I go get the coroner?" Mr. Hofer asked, evincing eagerness to depart.

Looking Into Her Husband's Affairs

Yes, Mrs. Carter Inx keeps her eye on the "Mr.," but they really get along beautifully. If you'll give them a place in your home, you'll be more than repaid in the amount of sunshine they radiate over your desk. The only attention they require is a little

Carter Inx

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Here's a quarter. Send me Mr. and Mrs. Carter Inx.

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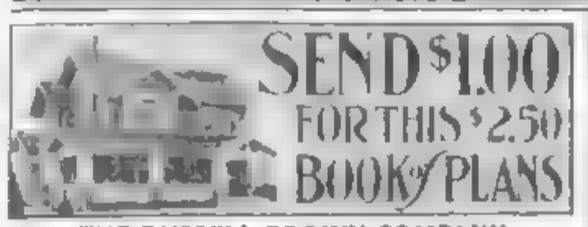

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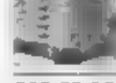

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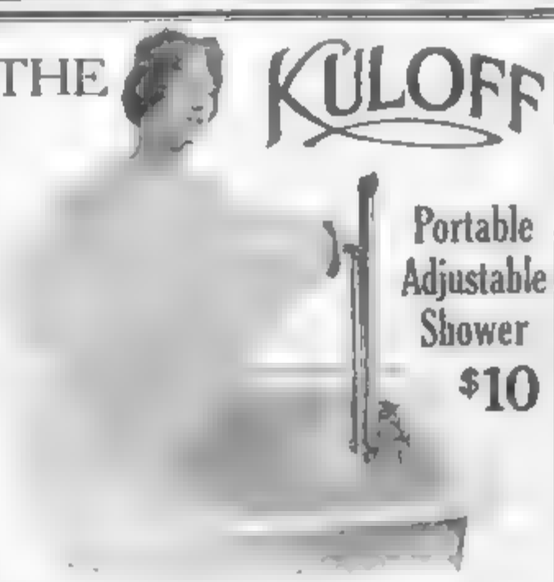

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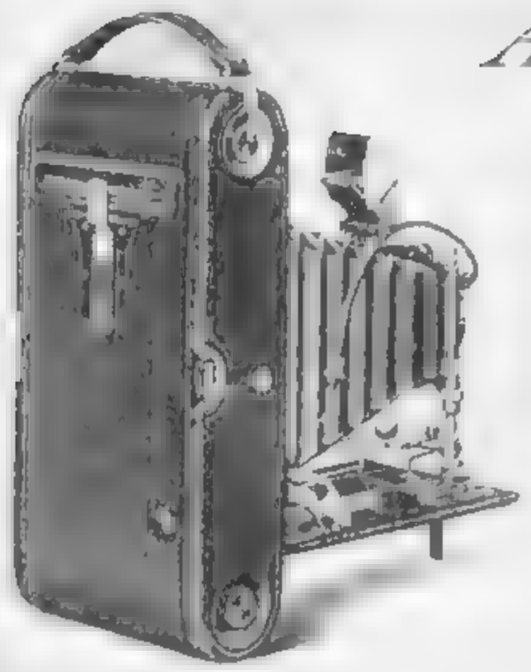

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$25.00 a Week to Students This Summer

We have 500 positions for students who can devote all or a part of their time this summer to representing *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

What Others Did Last Summer

Last summer nearly seven hundred students—both young men and young women—took advantage of our scholarship and cash offers. Many earned from $50.00 to $100.00 a week; hundreds earned over $25.00 a week.

LLOYD G. HALL, of the University of Nebraska, now of the University of California, received $2200 for fifteen weeks' work.

MERLE H. MOFFET, a young student in the University of Michigan, earned more than $1000 in the months of August and September alone.

MISS L. C. POWELL, of a well-known university, was enabled to enjoy a trip through Yellowstone Park, the Northwest, and an eight-hundred-mile cruise down the coast, at the same time netting enough money to meet her college expenses for the following Senior year.

ELMO E. SIMON, of Western Reserve University, earned $100 a month in addition to clerking in one of the busiest retail shoe stores in Cleveland.

MISS STELLA WILLIAMS, of Randolph-Macon Women's College, earned $1900 during the summer, it being her first effort in Curtis work.

These are just a few examples. Hundreds of others made three or four dollars a day. If you are interested in making money this summer, let us hear from you. You can work in your own locality or elsewhere; alone or in company with other students.

AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 909

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"No, Mr. Hofer!"—firmly. "You should help me now pull off these boards and get out the body. Reputation we can still protect." Rosa seized an ax and began a vigorous ripping and smashing. "Take off your coat and fancy vest, Mr. Hofer, and assist me."

The first object brought to light and dragged forth was a large tub. For the moment the body was forgotten; they looked no farther than the contents of the tub, whence rose the indigo fragrance that staggered them.

"*Lieber Gott!* Jack Ripper!"

"*Verdammt!*"

Mr. Hofer ventured a closer inspection of the remains, which were, as the distracted father had indicated, chopped very fine.

"Is that your Heinie?"

Mr. Heinrich Metz rubbed his spectacles and peered in. Mrs. Metz pushed him aside furiously.

"Are you fools all?" she stormed. "Was your boy stuffed with oatmeal, Mr. Herman Metz? This is Mrs. McCullup's haggis."

"Aggie McCullup?" Herman inquired with solicitude; he was still too dazed to utter reproaches.

"Boy or girl or dog?" interrogated Mr. Hofer tersely, and refused to wither.

"Haggis is nothing human. Haggis is Scotch cooking. *Gott sei dank*, no German makes it!"

Mrs. Metz' venom was excusable in a psychic nature whose hunches had betrayed her to ridicule. She saw Mr. Hofer's plump face maneuvering for the supercilious twist, and blazed on him:

"Mr. Hofer, if you were not so greedy to sell houses nothing like this would happen! You should put on your coat and vest when a lady is present!" She plunged into the wrecked hull of the United States United Sons and worked forward. They heard her angry words and then a yelping discourse, as from some young thing with its ear pinched.

There was a heavy bump against the battered hull and it fell; a squirming heap spilled over it. Mrs. Metz, though literally upset, held tightly to the auditory organs of her son Hen and Master Winky Baum. In the writhing mound were Tod and Macpherson McCullup, Alphæus Sewell, Smudge and Smoke Pitto—dark-dyed villains in skin and heart—and Jack Rosset and Willy Kinred.

The mystery of the Rations Bandit was solved without further investigation. The United Sons of Taborville had only exercised in a new form—under war's inspiration—the old right of contraband that sons naturally claim against a mother's pantry. In their intrepid state of mind the odors from the evolutional haggis could not intimidate.

"To give them whackings—all—would be a privilege," Mr. Hofer remarked as he observed the youths scrambling over the wall in a mad rush for friendly harbors. He surveyed the lady of hunches, not yet risen, with more than a hint of satisfaction. "Allow me to haul you up, Mrs. Metz!"

He selected his words; they were not forced on him. Her glance suggested that she realized the distinction.

"Where you going now, Rosa?" her husband asked innocently, seeing her marching up the steep slope without regard to them.

"I'm going home! Where you think I'm going—San Francisco Exposition? Don't annoy me!"

She strode on and affected not to hear Herman reiterating the unfavorable opinion he had formed of hunches. He considered them provocative of discord rather than an aid to harmony in the home. From that point he seemed to branch easily to the subject of Woman Suffrage, of which he was not in favor.

Whether it was a shadow on the window of the Great One's library or a sound from within that caught Mrs. Metz' attention as she crossed the porch is immaterial. She stood, glued as it were, waving her hand backward for silence. Obeying the signal, Herman and Heinrich tiptoed up, one on each side of her, and peeked in. Mr. Hofer also pushed into the group.

With a muffled "Heinie! *Verdammt!*" Mr. Metz recognized his son.

Harry looked at his watch and took up his cap. Gretchen was in the act of donning her hat when he stopped her, evidently requesting something she was blushingly reluctant to grant. He urged her, and untwined her fingers from the paper bag she held. Yielding, she drew out something white and gossamery and adjusted it on her blond head. The white net trailed about her like dew dripping from a rose; it wrapped holiness about her young, sturdy beauty. June of the full flower looked out from her eyes, which were eager, wistful and unafraid. Harry threw his cap aside again and took her in his arms.

"Our Gretchen! How sweet! How sweet!" her father murmured with wet eyes. He took his wife's hand.

"*Süsses Mädchen!*" Mr. Hofer agreed, genuinely moved. He patted Herman on the back in congratulation on his daughter-in-law.

Presently the wreath was put back into the bag and the young couple, properly hatted for their elopement journey to Kingdom Corners, emerged to the porch and met their elders face to face. The bride flung herself as a shield before her outlaw's breast—only to hear him say sheepishly: "Hello, poppa! *Wie geht's?*"

In the mellow hour, when little but picked bones and rare crumbs was left on the table—when the elders nudged each other and laughed with intimate joy, and the young couple held hands unashamed in the midst of the adoring group—Mr. Heinrich Metz said:

"*Ja!* I say, what would I do without Rosa's hunches? Always when she has one something happens—but never what the hunch says. When she had the hunch that Clara Kinred's fellow wouldn't marry her, that night our dog died, *ja!* Five minutes only he was sick! That's what makes it so valuable. You don't know what to expect; but it comes."

Mr. Hofer lifted his goblet of sherbet, bowed to Rosa and congratulated Mr. Metz on his wife. He did it handsomely. Thereupon Rosa relented completely and allowed her husband to sign for half the payments for the young people's house.

"What is two hundred and fifty down?" she asked generously before Mr. Hofer could put the same question with different numerals. Then, as he agreed—he realized that he had again "met up with Rosa"—she added: "For luck, you give me back a quarter, Mr. Hofer!"

Mr. Hofer gallantly crossed her palm with the requested silver, and thus the tea-biscuit incident was closed.

"*Ach, Liebchen!*" her father murmured tenderly to the bride-to-be. "So you will be still our Gretchen—Gretchen Metz—and live in a Hofer house just like ours. Ain't it wonderful? Such happiness! Everything for you just like always it was. It's too lucky!"

Margaret looked at him amazed.

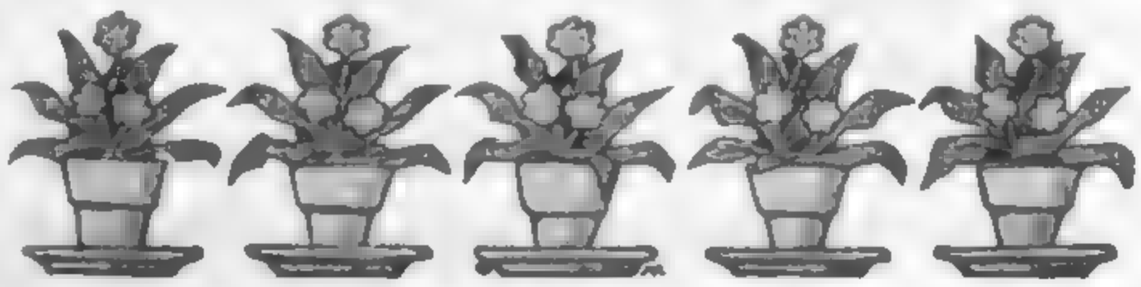
"Why, poppa! It isn't a bit the same! It's just as different!" She turned her incredulous eyes on her beloved.

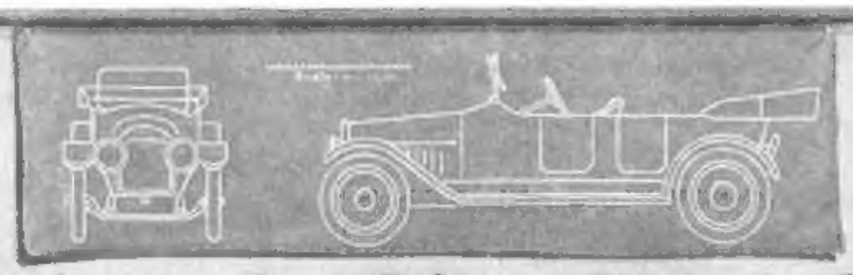
"Nothing like it!" he agreed.

"So long as summer is like it is, my good friends"—Mr. Hofer spoke while pocketing carefully the jointly signed purchase agreement—"young folks and old folks will get dreamy and see lots of things the way they don't happen. Something romantic is what we all must have sometimes; and when such sweet smells of flowers is in the air, that's when it goes to the brain. Even little boys makes ships and goes to war! What is so romantic as building houses for young couples? If you could see what is in my heart ——" He tapped his coat and the papers crickled an echo. "None can laugh at the others, because all are caught the same. *Ja*, my friends, if people did not have some imagination the race would not go on. Now it does."

"In the good old summer time!"

Mr. Herman Metz, of Gideon, clinked his glass with Rosa's and led off into the song. One and all—laughing and clinking—they took up the strain.





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"At $795 we can sell over 30,000."

But no!—We stop at 20,000—that's the limit of output for this model this season. Oakland high standards of care in manufacture forbid a greater number.

So there will be 20,000 owners at the wheel of this new OAKLAND SIX—proving its power and speed—proud of its name, its beauty, its performance.

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Poor horns spell Death,—A *Stewart* spells safety

Motor Age, April 29th, says: "A stitch in time will save more than nine lives . . . . Not sufficient attention has been given by police authorities to the matter of some satisfactory warning signal . . . . There is legislation requiring two independent sets of brakes, but nothing as to the competence of the warning signal . . . . What can be done is to demand the use of warning signals adequate for the average bad condition of our cities . . . . It is safe to conclude that a better signal would reduce the number of accidents . . . . It is just as important to have a good warning signal as it is to have good brakes—the warning signal is a complement of the brake—a horn sufficient for a quiet street cannot be considered adequate for the noisy street."

Unless motorists see to it that their cars are equipped with a *proper* warning signal, the police of various cities will surely be authorized by law to start an annoying system of inspection, because, beyond a doubt, a very great number of daily accidents are due to the want and use of a *proper* warning signal.

Insurance companies may even refuse to issue accident policies on cars that are not equipped with a *proper* warning signal.

Using a *proper* warning signal *oftener* will avoid many of the accidents that are now daily occurrences.

Too often one *forgets* to sound the warning signal, or, if used, the ineffectual little "squawk" or "buzz" of most signals is not heard above the din of city traffic, and an accident is the result. A *good* warning signal under the same conditions would certainly warn persons of impending danger and they would look out for you and *help save* themselves.

Very often a truck or trolley car that is about to run you down will be stopped if you carry, and *sound*, a warning signal that is *sure to be heard*.

Don't take your life and the lives of others in your hands a day longer. Put a Stewart Warning Signal on your car *today*, and make automobiling safe for yourself and the public.

A $5 bill invested in a Stewart Warning Signal is the cheapest accident insurance you can buy. It's the only real accident insurance, because it PREVENTS accidents.

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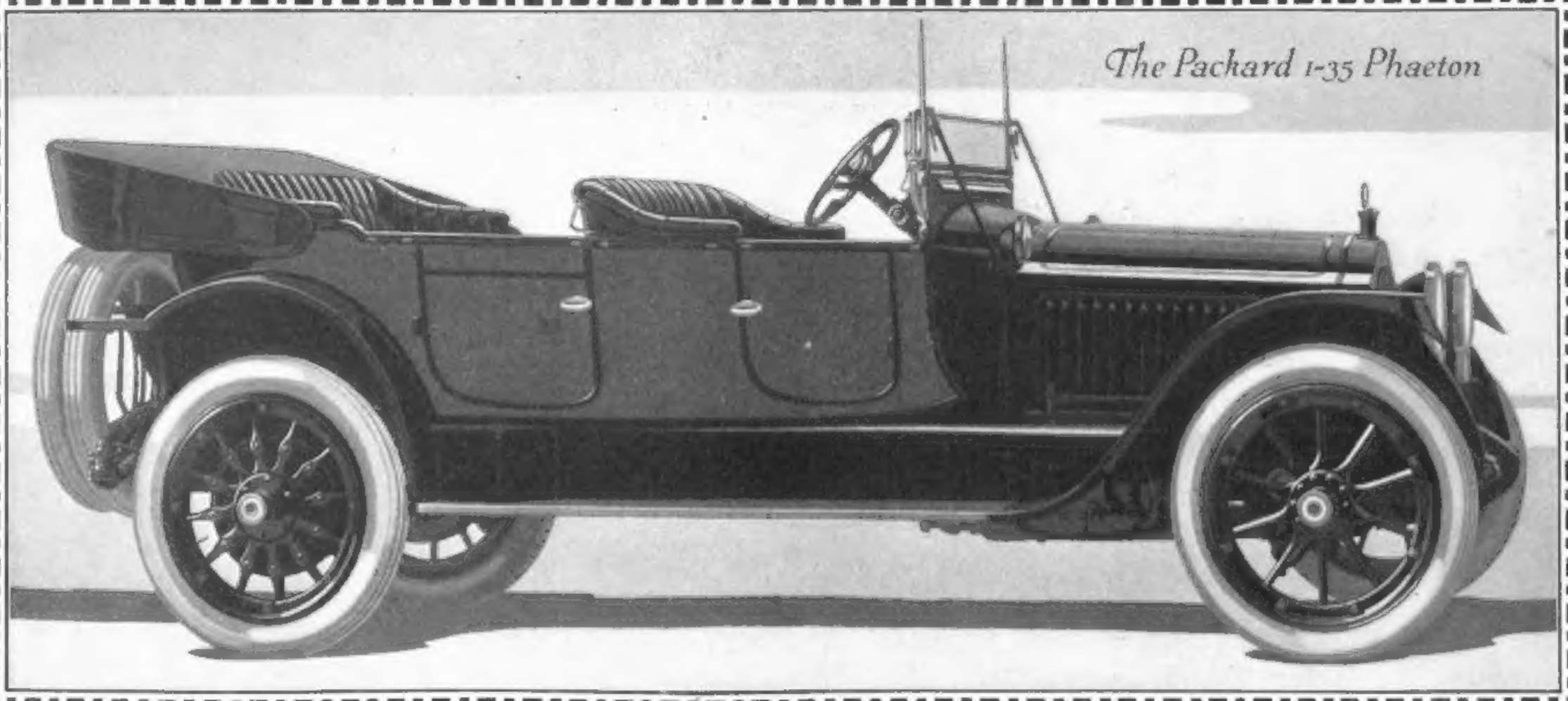

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